

THE LEATHERNECK

July, 1927

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(See page 59)





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NUMBER 7

The Fall and Rise of "Skeeter Bill"

THE BEST indication that business depression hadn't interrupted the market in dye-stuffs was Skeeter Bill. Even the noise from the other end of the Plains Bar, where a half dozen wild Easterners were lapping up tall ones, and singing songs of the broad prairie-e-e-e, could hardly down the conflict of colors which adorned Cheyenne's champion "bull-dogger." Upon his head was cocked a beaver hat of wondrous green, green like the sea, or grass—or a recruit on his first day in camp. Below this came the brown of a wind-tanned face, gained in the ordinary days when Skeeter Bill rode range in a battered Stetson and a three-day's growth of beard. Around his neck fluttered a yellow kerchief of Japanese silk, flaunting his monogram in purple initials, rampant upon a bucking cayuse of violent blue. Carrying on, Skeeter Bill's shirt was of cerise, a passionate cerise, while furbelowed garters of a pale pink held back his sleeves from his sun-baked wrists. Then a six-inch belt, shutting off his wind and his appetite, carved in beasts and birds and flowers and fauna; leading to Agora chaps of the wildest red, and thence to filigreed boots, rowelled something after the fashion of a windmill. Such was Skeeter Bill, dressed only as a rodeo champion can dress, leaning against the bar of the Plains Hotel, ostensibly watching the distillery wrecking Easterners, but, in reality giving the bad eye to one "Crip" Hinkle, of Bovina, Texas.

Possibly you've never been one of the screaming mass that packed itself in a grandstand at a rodeo, or Frontier Day celebration? Then, let it be known that one thing which is fertile in the arid West is tradition. When Buffalo Bill died they walked past his casket in a five-hour stream, then buried him on top of a mountain, to keep him in sight. Kit Carson had a town named after him; and you can buy the bullet that killed Wild Bill Hickok in nearly every pawnshop in Denver. Therefore, what is more consistent than that the old-time sports of ropin' and ridin', and bull-doggin' be kept alive, with a three-day celebration

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

in any one of a score of towns—especially when tourists are willing to give up convention rates at the hotels, and the grandstand admissions pay off the prize list and the advertising expense, and leave enough to fill the school fund for six months of the year?

Hence, the gathering in Cheyenne. Hence the sightseers from the land of the gang-fight—and Skeeter Bill leaning against the bar, watching "Crip" Hinkle, of Bovina. "Crip" was on crutches, and "Crip" wore no clothing of the rodeo. His weather-worn Stetson slanted lazily over one eye, and his blue overalls were stuffed into cow-boots that were spurless and chafed by many a day of service. But just the same the daily program of Frontier Day events bore the name of "Crip" Hinkle in the bull-dogging contest for the championship of the world!

"Hit shore beats all git-out," said Skeeter Bill, with a little uncertainty in his voice as he turned to Poudre River Ross, at his elbow. Poudre River brushed an imaginary speck of dust from his chameleon shirt, then shifted closer.

"You mean about 'Crip' Hinkle? Hit shore is. You know why he ain't got no trimmin's on?"

"No! He shore ain't dolled up none, that's certain fact."

Poudre River dallied with his glass of beer.

"Escaped from a hospital. Said he was goin' to come up here an' lay you low ef it took th' last ten minutes of his life. An'—"

Skeeter Bill leaned his thin frame excitedly forward—only to be jerked back into position by the pawsome hand of a touring celebrant.

"You'll pardon me, old fellow, but I've just had an argument. Bull-dogging—does that have something to do with bulls or dogs? Or both?"

"Bull-doggin'?"

Skeeter Bill straightened a little at the mention of his best accomplishment. "Hit don't deal none with either. Hit's

got to do with steers. You see, hit's this way. They lets loose a longhorn that's plum scared, and run him down the track in front of the grandstand. Then a puncher shoots along on a cow pony, takes a jump out of his saddle, grabs the steer by his horns and throws him. The boy that does hit quickest, he's the champeen. I'm hit."

"You don't say—"

But already Skeeter Bill had turned his back on the visitor and had jammed his somewhat cadaverous face into that of Poudre River.

"You ain't meanin' he's goin' to do somethin' low down? Ain't goin' to swing a gat or nothin'—"

"Him? No! He's just after that there world's record. Says he'll take hit with his eyes shut, even if his hips is cracked. That's how he was in th' hospital down Bovina way. Busted himself up on Tar Baby in the buckin' horse contest at Amarillo, and they put him in the hospital. But he snuck. An' Skeeter—"

Poudre River leaned closer, his face dark and foreboding. Skeeter's eyes popped slightly.

"Uh huh!"

"Hit's Fidgity Ann!"

"No! You ain't sayin'!"

"I'll tell th' world!" answered Poudre River. "Hit's Fidgity Ann. He's plum gone on her. That's why's he was ridin' in the buckin' horse class at Amarillo, jest so's to shine up."

"But—" and there was a bellow in Skeeter Bill's voice—"Fidgity Ann's mine! That's all there is to hit, shore an' certain. Fidgity Ann's mine!"

"Is she?" It was a new voice. Skeeter Bill turned to glare at the hobbling form of "Crip" Hinkle, pausing at the door. "These here Wyomin' cowboys shore git a lot o' funny notions."

"We ain't got no chapparral hangin' on our eyebrows," retorted Skeeter Bill. But "Crip" Hinkle already had banged his way through the door on the way to Frontier Park. Skeeter watched after him contemptuously. "An' he's goin' to throw a steer an' beat my time—for Fidgity Ann!" he seethed. "Ain't

some folks' egotism plum ructionous?"

Whereupon he took his vengeance in glaring at the celebrating Easterners at the end of the bar. Poudre River looked at the clock and hurried on. Outside, a circus band, trailing the parade toward the lot, passed with its blaring noise, accompanied by the announcements of the grand-d-d-d, glittering-g-g and glorious side attraction of Frontier Days, with performances afternoon and evening. Skeeter Bill hardly heard. For a long time he stood there, then suddenly veered—to hasten to Frontier Park, there to cross the track, just as the announcer was shouting the name of Fidgity Ann Jackson, of Pilote Butte, as the successful rider of Thunderation, and the champeen lady buckin' horse tamer of Wyoming, bar none! Skeeter Bill hurried forward. He brushed through the crowd of wranglers and punchers who had surrounded Fidgity Ann, took her somewhat excitedly by a sleeve of her buckskin coat, and pulled her to one side.

"What's this here 'Crip' Hinkle stuff?" he asked.

"Land o' gophers!" exclaimed Fidgity Ann, and Skeeter Bill believed he saw a light of joy in her eyes, "did that fool 'Crip' come up here?"

"Like as if you didn't know," snapped Skeeter Bill with sudden suspicion. "Yeh, he's up here, 'lowin' he's goin' to beat my time."

A far-away look came into the eyes of Fidgity Ann.

"'Crip's' shore got nerve!"

Skeeter Bill dug a spur into the gravel track and turned. There was something about the manner of Fidgity Ann that was not at all comforting. Even Skeeter knew the vanity of woman. And when a man escapes from a hospital, travels a thousand miles, throws away his crutches that he may vault from a speeding horse to the horns of a plunging steer—and all for her, it's a terrific handicap. Skeeter's heart thumped distressingly. His lips drooped. The shouted greetings of bedecked cowboys, of wranglers and ropers and wild mule riders, received little response from him.

Usually Skeeter was boastful. But now there was only a glare in his eye when he entered the corral—a glare that grew fiercer as he saw "Crip" Hinkle lay away a pair of crutches, hobble forward, and scramble—with the aid of a cow-puncher—into his saddle, ready for his try to the bull-dogging record of the world.

"Give 'im hell!" came the shouted screech of "Crip." Then the corral gate shot open, a bellowing steer plunged forth and out upon the track, pursued by "Crip" and his escort, roaring, shouting, squawking, ready for the moment to vault, tense in the eagerness of uncertainty—

And right then—when every muscle was rigid, when the grandstand had hushed in the intensity of its excitement, when the band had stopped to play, when everything was crucial and dead-still except for the pounding of hoofs and the bellowing of the steer, a voice echoed over the field, high and shrill and comforting—but not to Skeeter:

"Get him, 'Crip.' Hang-g-g-g to him!"

That voice was Fidgity Ann's! Skeeter Bill turned his eyes from the track—in

spite of the fact that "Crip" was just leaving his saddle.

"Git me the roughest, toughest, orneriest steer in that there layout!" he ordered. "Hear me—git me a go-devil! I'm goin' t' lay him cold—I'm goin' t' lay him cold! That's—"

But a great shout had come from the track, a shout—then a scurrying courier. "Whar's Skeeter Bill?"

"Here—why?"

"He's clipped two-fifths of a second off your record!"

"'Crip'?" Skeeter's eyes went goggle shaped. "You ain't sayin'—!"

Then with his arms waving, his green beaver hat pulled tight over his eyes, his red chaps flying in the wind, Skeeter Bill whirled toward his pony.

"Lemme through there!" he shouted to the thronging cowboys. "Where's my helper? C'mon here, Red. Less us swing to it! Where's that longhorn?"

"Track ain't clear yit!" shouted the gate tender.

"Well, git 'er clear. I'm rarin' to go! Where's that longhorn?"

"Comin' up! Outen th' way thar, you punchers!"

Then the corral gate swung open again, while a longhorn swerved to the track, Skeeter Bill and his helper behind it. Pounding, galloping down the gravel fairway they went, the steer in the lead, Skeeter Bill's rowels cutting deeper and deeper into the flanks of his pony, the speed growing greater and greater with every clump of hoofs, the shouts of the grandstand rising steadily toward that crescendo where it would hush in nervous expectancy, as Skeeter Bill made his leap.

On and on, while the y-e-e-e-u-u-u-p-p-p of his helper sounded high and eerie and shrill. Then the stillness, and again that voice, persuading, even as she had persuaded "Crip:"

"Git 'im, Skeeter! Hang-g-g-g to to him!"

Skeeter dropped his reins. He loosed his feet from the stirrups. His hands went clawlike; he veered in his saddle, then vaulted.

A great crash—and with it the greater shout of the grandstand. Skeeter Bill had leaped and caught fair. With a bel-low, the steer stumbled, swung Skeeter to the ground, dragged him for a distance of ten feet, then righted in its last struggle—and there was still three seconds to go.

"Lay down, dog-gern it!" gasped Skeeter, "lay down—"

Then suddenly his efforts ceased. For a wild shriek had come from somewhere, a shriek as of laughter—a shriek that was joined by thousands of others. Simultaneously, Skeeter Bill felt a breeze where there should be no breeze at all. A quick look out of a corner of his eye caught sight of a dangling red Angora chap leg. Instinctively he loosed his hold on one horn of the steer and felt for his hip pocket. It wasn't there. That brief drag on the gravel track had done its work. Skeeter Bill was, to put it politely, undone!

Wildly he grasped again at the horn of the steer—then just as suddenly let go. More wildly he tore across the track, to where there flaunted the red letters of a banner announcing the cowboy's dance in the pavilion that night; he tore it from its fastenings, wrapped

it hastily about him, then fled from the track as the shrill, shrieking laughter followed him, and the steer roamed aimlessly down the track. Skeeter Bill, Skeeter the champion, had fallen!

Far away behind the corral, Skeeter Bill found his sanctuary. There in the protection of a pair of too short trousers borrowed from a negro hostler, he slumped against a pile of grain sacks, his beaver hat crushed and dirty, his cerise shirt rumped, his yellow 'kerchief sagging, his dignity, his position annihilated. Out on the track they were proclaiming "Crip" Hinkle the champion bull-dogger of the world, with a record of two-fifths of a second better than that of the downfallen Skeeter Bill. And Skeeter could see, by looking through a chink of the corral, "Crip" Hinkle making his bow to Fidgity Ann even before he turned to the grandstand. Gall and wormwood were in the heart of Skeeter Bill, sufficient even to drown the stinging of the gravel scratches where his hip-pocket had been.

Long Skeeter sat there, staring at the dance banner which had formed his toga in his flight from the track. Unheard were the shouts of the grandstand now. Unheard was the circus announcement, proclaiming the night show that was destined to take everyone who wasn't at the dance. Unheard was the band, the blare of the bugles in the military tournament, the clattering of hoofs and the squeals of the squaws in the Indian race. Far had been the fall of Skeeter Bill.

"Dance tonight!" he seethed, as he kicked at the banner. "Dance tonight. Oh, 'Crip' 'll be there, dancin' on his crutches. An' if hit hadn't been for that ornery, low down critter o' steer flesh, I might ha' been—"

The last event flashed down the track, and Skeeter Bill ceased his reveries to watch the outpouring of the grandstand. But he did not move. Nor had he moved an hour later, when the sudden clouds of mountain shower let go their burden.

The clouds traveled on. The sun came forth again, to dry the spots of dampness on Skeeter's cerise shirt. And then it was that Skeeter leaned forward with sudden solitude.

"You pore, misfortunate little sonva-gun!" he burst forth, staring at the ground. "Hang me fer a hoss thief ef you don't look worsen I did, with my back clothes tore off."

Quite gently he reached forward and picked up the queer, misshapen, horny little form of a "water-puppy," brought from its hole beneath the earth by the sudden rain. Solemnly he studied its outlines or lack of them. Slowly he viewed its every ugly feature, then grinned, for the first time that afternoon.

"Hit's good you're harm'less," he mused. "You're shore bad enough lookin'! Hard t' tell whether you're a Gila monster or a devil on wheels."

Then his head perked quickly at the thought of a pet aversion.

"Them derned Easterners!" he snapped, and turned in a hurried search for a tomato can. A half hour later he ambled into the bar of the Plains Hotel, made his way slowly to where the same group of celebrants still sang—a little thicker now—and waited until one of them had turned his back to the bar.

Then quickly he placed the water puppy on the mahogany and slapped the celebrant on the back.

"Say, podner," he asked in simulated thickness, "you shее th' shame thing I do?"

A shriek and a scramble. Then laughter, as a far-seeing bartender explained the life, habits and harmlessness of the water puppy. Skeeter Bill slouched on. His mission had been accomplished in that one shriek of fright. Quite aimlessly he heard from the other end of the bar: "Shay, listen! Thash goo' idea! Lesh take it ou' to circus an' scare somebody—huh?"

But Skeeter Bill had lost interest. Through the door leading to the lobby he had seen the hobbling, wobbling form of "Crip" Hinkle, fanning his way into the main dining room, while at his side there walked the doting Fidgity Ann! Skeeter Bill suddenly decided to eat in the grill.

A sort of hopeless meal—perfunctory, unrelished. Then stealthily he made his way to the stairway of the hotel and to his room. Pain and nervous fatigue called for arnica and bed. Disgrace and dishonor called for solitude. But rebellion called for action. And from down the street, where the first of the Chinese lanterns were being lighted in the open-air pavilion, came the sounds of the fiddle and the "ikcordeen," as the cowboy orchestra warmed up for the first dance. Skeeter Bill dived for his suitcase.

"Derned if I'm goin' to quit!" he snapped. "Yeh, an' I'll ask her to dance with me, too!"

But the fires of resolution began to dim when he passed the crowds at the edge of the pavilion. He heard a snicker, then a chortle, then a plain, ordinary cowboy guffaw. But he went on. A gangling form showed before him; it was Poudre River, grinning, and then sticking forth a hand.

"I'm shore pizen sorry, Skeeter," he proclaimed, "but gosh, you looked funny!"

"Don't need to beller it all over th' outfit! Where's Fidgity Ann?"

"Over there in Lover's Roost."

Poudre River jerked a finger toward an improvised cozy corner.

"She's sittin' out with 'Crip' Hinkle."

"Is, is she?" Skeeter's voice was belligerent. He strode forward. A moment later he glowered into the semi-darkness and swung his arms aimlessly at his sides. "I want this here dance, Fidgity."

"Shootin' snakes, Skeeter," she pleaded, "I'm plumb sorry, but I ain't dancin'."

"Ain't hurted?"

"Me? No. But 'Crip' here ain't just feelin' right an'—"

"Well, I ain't runnin' none o' 'Crip's' funerals. I—"

"No," drawled "Crip," "seems t' me's if I was sorta runnin' yourn, Skeeter. How'd it come you didn't throw that there steer this afternoon?"

"'Crip,' you'll be th' death of me," giggled Fidgity Ann. "Land sakes, Skeeter, if you could ha' saw yourself comin' apart, you'd ha' died a-laffin'. I never seen nothin' funnier'n—"

"Whar's a rope? Whar's a rope!"

It was the voice of Poudre River, as that personage scampered through the pavilion, his arms outstretched, an excited being at his side.

"Whar's your own?" snapped someone in reply, but Poudre River did not stop to argue the point.

"Ain't nobody got a rope?" he squawked. "This here man's in trouble!"

"Ain't goin' t' hang him, air yuh?" Longboy Rawlins, from Wind Lake, drawled into the excitement. Poudre River turned upon him a gleaming eye.

"Why don't you sell them jokes? Whar's a rope? They's trouble comin' up—them there sports went out to th' circus an' dropped a water puppy in front o' the giraffe an' stampeded him. Whar's a rope?"

"Gi-raffe?" Skeeter Bill felt a sudden gush of heat through his veins. It had been his water puppy. "A gi-raffe ain't goin' to hurt nobody."

"He's goin' t' hurt himself, ain't he?" squawked Poudre River. "An' he's worth ten thousand dollars! Hey, where's a rope?"

"Ain't none here—"

It was Longboy, suddenly serious. "Ain't even a cow pony inside four blocks. 'Whar's th' gi-raffe—?"

"Somebody help me—quick!" The little circus man scrambled back into the group. "Quick! He's come back into town again. He's tearing down the street now—headed straight for the pavilion. He'll jump for this place first thing—looks like a tent. If he ever gets on this floor and breaks a leg—I'm gone—I'm gone!"

Poudre River rushed aimlessly away, into the milling crowd of cowgirls and cowboys—helpless without their ropes or their ponies. Skeeter Bill turned balefully toward Fidgity Ann.

"Why ain't your side-wheelin' hero out settlin' this here rumpus?" he asked sharply.

"Crip" Hinkle flared up from his cozy corner cushions.

"Me?" he asked. "Me—how'm I goin' t' do anything on them there?" and he motioned toward his crutches.

From the edge of the pavilion came a series of jumbled shouts. The cowboys milled, then sped away, in a vain rush for horses tethered four blocks distant. Far down the street Skeeter Bill saw the vague form of the sky-scraper animal as it rocked its way along, scampering from side to side under the bright lights, scattering the crowds, stabbing forth its long legs in their staccato steps, waving its still longer neck as it sped on in its panic-ridden flight. Again Skeeter turned toward his conqueror.

"Y' bull-dogged a steer on crutches, didn't you?" he asked, scathingly.

"Gimme a pony with step-ladder legs and I'll git him!" rapped "Crip." "All I got's crutches."

"Yeh—" answered Skeeter with a sudden inspiration, "an' I'm takin' 'em away from you!"

A squeal from Fidgity Ann as Skeeter Bill leaped forward. A spasmodic struggle from "Crip" Hinkle. But in vain, Skeeter Bill had seized the supports and, whirling, already had dived from the front of the pavilion.

"Lemme at the spotted cayuse!" he shouted. "Hey, Poudre River, help me mount these here crutches!"

"Mount 'em?" Poudre River stared—and stood inactive. Skeeter Bill glanced

Continued on page 54

Here's some of the Good News!!

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF "THE LEATHERNECK"

"Red Flosser's Handicap"—By Hugh Pendexter

"Captain Jimmie Bones and His Devil Dog Marines"

(We don't know who perpetrated this, but it's good)

"The War Cross"—By A. Bryan Lasswell

"Training a Marine"—By Alzo Wynn

LET THAT SUBSCRIPTION COME IN

The LUCK of SUNLOVER

By HARRIS DICKSON

Author of "Old Reliable," "The Black Wolf's Breed," etc.

A ROUGHLY-DRESSED white man slunk through the sassafras thicket, followed by a mournful-looking flop-eared hound. At each step a pair of handcuffs clinked in his pocket. He walked straight up the ridge, watching a negro who sat on a log just inside the rail fence, so intently that he didn't see another white man coming toward him on a horse. The dog stopped and growled; the constable halted behind a tree and waited until the planter rode past on his sorrel pony, for this land and all that was in sight belonged to the man on the horse. Buck Hines knew that the boss must get out of sight before his tenant could be officially bled.

When the pony disappeared, Buck's eyes shifted back to his quarry, who still sat upon the log, but was looking directly at him. The constable moved briskly—he rarely got to see any negro who saw him first. Sunlover Sam recognized that slouchy hat, yet made no effort to run. Buck Hines beckoned to him from the edge of the woods and called, "Come here, Sunlover."

The constable had displayed no acuteness; anybody who knew Sunlover Sam could always find him sitting on that sunny log in a corner of his field—especially when there was plenty of work to do. Sam wasn't afraid of work; he naturally loved to sit on that log and watch it.

At the call the negro rose and stretched himself languidly—a chocolate-colored checker-shirted doll, a two-hundred pound baby-faced doll with the shoulders of a gladiator. His gingham shirt gaped at the throat; his lips gaped in an amiable grin; and gingham galuses sustained his breeches. Having no galluses to sustain himself, Sunlover drooped on the top rail, then tumbled over the fence and went to meet the constable. The tawny hound sniffed at Sam's heels.

"Mister Buck, don't let yo' dog bite me."

"Terror ain't goin' to bite—not till I tell 'im; he's just takin' yo' smell. He knows the scent of every nigger in this county."

"Say he do?"

"Sure. Next year at twelve o'clock if I was to show him a warrant for Sunlover Sam, he'd tree you in Kingdom Come."

"Uh! He sho is a wise-lookin' dog."

"Sure. Have you got that four dollars and six bits?"

"No, suh, Mister Buck; ain't picked my cotton yit."

Buck thrashed his boot-leg with a rawhide whip. "All right, the Judge is goin' to put you in jail if you don't pay them costs."

With stupid curiosity the negro eyed a document that Buck Hines produced. "Mister Buck, what is dat you got me 'scused of on dat paper?"

"Disorderly conduct."

"Mister Buck, I warn't never 'rested an' warn't never at no cote," protested the negro.

"Tried in your absence." Buck dangled the handcuffs; Sunlover turned shy. "I'll pay ev'ry cent of it dis comin' Saddy night," he declared.

"You've been promisin' that for three weeks. But I'm goin' to let you off one more time. Meet me under the shed of the old gin, Saturday night. This is your last chance." The constable snapped the manacles a time or two, by way of emphasis, then took a short cut to the public road where his horse was hitched.

Sam climbed thoughtfully over the fence then turned and gazed contemptuously after the retreating constable, and sang in a low, melodious voice.

My name is Sam;
I don't give a dam;
'D ruther be a nigger
Dan a po' white man.

Sam knew that there was something crooked about this proceeding; he knew that the boss would protect him, and raise Cain with that constable. But Sam could not afford to tell the boss and fall out with Buck Hines. A fool nigger tried that once; and the constable kept arresting him until he proved something on him, in spite of the boss. "I'm bound to git dat money from somewhar. Reckon I'll start de boss a-laffin', an' tackle him fer five."

Sunlover sat down on the log again, thrust both hands deeper into the void of his pockets, and hunched himself deeper into an angle of the fence. The warm October sunshine slanted across his field. Cotton bolls were open, and long snowy tears hung down, weeping to be picked. His empty cotton sack lay on the ground beside him. "Huh," he grumbled, "dat cotton won't make a hundred poun' o' lint to de acre. White folks'll git all o' dat. Naught's a naught an' figger's a figger; all fer de white man, none fer de nigger."

This time he heard no rustling in the sassafras thicket, and did not know anyone was near until a voice whispered close to his ear: "Wanta do leet biz-ness?"

The startled negro slipped from his log as an old mud-turtle splashes off into the slough. "Hello, Joe, what make you slip up on me unbeknownst?"

The man smiled, resting both elbows on the top rail. Sam remembered when this swarthy foreigner first came peddling amongst the negroes, with a comical red cap on his head, and a dangling tassel. Syrian, Turk, or what-not, the white folks called him "Joe Turkey." Amongst themselves the superstitious negroes called him "Snake-Eye," and were afraid to look into those black, shining eyes that glittered so queerly.

"What dat you say?" Sam glanced cautiously around him to be sure that the boss had gone.

"Wanta do leet biz-ness?" Snake-Eye

noddod significantly towards the unpicked cotton.

"Sh!" Sam warned. "Boss is comin', you better git."

"Leet biz-ness, this night—mebbe—" The seductive foreigner smiled, showing his yellow teeth, and rattled some silver in his pocket. Sam listened to the music of that money and stared at the unpicked cotton in his field. He thought of Buck Hines, thought of Terror, who could trail him to Kingdom Come, then shook his head.

"I come—this night," Snake-Eye whispered, and moved backward step by step with eyes fixed upon the negro. Sam felt a chill creep up his spine. "I come—this night." Sam knew what he was saying from the way he moved his lips. Then Snake-Eye disappeared in the thicket.

Sunlover shivered. "Huh! dat sho is one persuadin' man."

But the shiver was gone in an instant. The day was warming up, the fence corner getting mighty comfortable. So was Sunlover Sam. His perfectly empty sack spiced the delicious languor of his idleness. Three dresses moved between the cotton rows in the bottom—three blue-checked gingham dresses, one big and two little, all made off the same piece; three kinky heads kept bobbing and bobbing at their work, one big head and two little ones that seemed made off the same piece. Sam dangled his foot, watching his wife and children as they picked. Suddenly he sprang up and shouted. "Molly, you an' Sue drive dat hog outen yo' ma's goober patch." The children chased the hog, cornered him in the cabin-yard and got him out, while Sam resumed his attitude of exclusively mental activity. "Huh! dat hog keeps eatin' dem goobers continual. Twixt hogs an' white folks, 'twont be nothin' lef' fer niggers dis year."

Liza gave him a sidelong glance. "Sam, aint you gwine to pick no cotton today?"

"Shet yo' mouf, Liza; when a man gits his bizness in a jam, ain't he got to set down an' study 'bout it?"

Liza picked on; Sam sat down and studied until late in the afternoon, when the sorrel pony came fox-trotting along the ridge. The planter glanced across Sam's cotton patch; he saw Liza and the children, but no Sam. "I'll bet that nigger hasn't picked twenty pounds today," he said to himself.

The boss reined up beside the fence, a straight-built competent young fellow, weather-beaten and tanned. He caught Sunlover hanging over the top rail, limp with laughter.

"Hello, Sam, what are you laughing at?"

"Nothin' 'tall, Mister Will, jes kinder smilin' at dat fool hog."

"What has he been doing?"

"Taint what dat hog is been a-doin' hisself—hits what he got did to him." Sam gulped and choked, and sputtered

it out. "You see dis here log? It's holler plum from one end to de yudder—an' crookety. Dat's how come I ain't never tuk notice of it bein' holler. Dat pig is been sneakin' through and rootin' in Liza's goober patch. Dis mornin' I jes happened to ketch 'im. Den I sez to myse'f, sezzi, 'I'm gwine to play a prank on dat hog.' So I pulls down de rails and turns dis end o' de log over; bein' it's so crookety dat, throwed bofe ends outside de fence. I nacherly couldn't he'p rollin' on de groun' to laff; dat hog she was gwine to be bumfoozled. No suh, no suh, I aint lost no time from pickin'. Pears like de faster I laffs, de mo' faster I kin pick. Ev'y time I picked up to dis end o' de row I cut my eye round to see what dat hog was doin'. He kep projecting mongest dem sassafrasses jes like he aint got his mind sot on goobers. De minit he thought nobody warn't payin' no 'tention, he tuk a shoot into dat holler. When he come out de yudder end—dat's when de fun tuk place. He dodged out like he want to git away from dar right brief so I wouldn't know what he come in at. Fust thing he know, dar was de fence befront him, an he say to hissef, 'Taint no fence belong here? How come?' Dat kinder 'duce 'im to stop an' ponder. He squint dis way, an' he squint dat way, an' blink dem eyes solemn like. Pears to me he specify to hissef, 'Is I been through dat log, or is I aint been through dat log?'

"He couldn't rightly git de hang of how 'twuz. Den he march back to whar he started at. He stop an' grin jes much as to say: 'Here I is at de front end o' dis log an' got a fool notion I done been through.' Dat hog sorter smile, it tickle 'im so turrible; an' he scramble through dat log once mo'. Mister Will, dat sho was one 'sprised hog when he busted out an' fotch up against dat fence. He couldn't believe he own eyes. It tuk him back so scan'lous dat he kep on saying nothin' to nobody; but he done a mighty heap o' studyin'. Den he got pestered wid de way things was goin', an' lowed he wuz gwine to git through or bust. So he runs to de front end o' dat log agin an' dive in. Ev'y time he come out, an' aint got nowhere, he run aroun' an' go through dat log agin—roun' and roun'—same as a flyin' jinn. Dat's how come I's hangin' on de fence. When he come out de very last time he look up an' ketch me laffin' in he face. He give one big snort an' went tearin' off through de bushes. Lissen to dat racket; he's ackin' like a plum crazy hog."

"Certainly is." The planter turned and listened to a hog crashing about in the underbrush. "I hope that will keep him away from your goober patch."

"Yas suh, he aint comin' back here no mo'; dat hog think he's hoodooed."

The white man threw back his head and laughed in chorus with the negro

Sunlover eyed him keenly, and seized the psychological moment: "Mister Will, I needs five dollars mighty bad."

"What's the matter? Anybody sick?"

"No suh; I jes needs it."

The young planter dismounted and sat on the top rail of the fence. He appeared to be deliberating; Sam anxiously watched the indecision flicker across his face. His eyes fell upon the cotton sack and Sam got nervous. The planter's lips tightened. He dropped off the fence and kicked the sack—empty as it had been that morning. "Sam, I'm not going to tell you again that you must get your cotton out of this field."

"I 'lowed to have a bale picked out by day atter tomorrow."

Then the planter saw something else: "Sam, yonder's that plow, lying right where you left it four months ago—right where you took out your mule."

Sam glanced at the plow, looked closer to make certain. "Sho is, Mister Will, right in de very same place. You got a mighty good 'membance. Ev'y day I been sayin' to mysef, 'Sam, why'n't you clean up dat plow? Mister Will don't love to see his plows lyin' in de gullies.' But, Lordee, you sees how 'tis when a man gits so busy he can't hardly turn roun'?"

Sam failed to win a smile. "Get to work," was all the boss said, and then watched Sam start at his picking.

It had been a bad cotton season in that section of the hills. Everybody was discouraged—the white people into more desperate efforts, while many negroes were discouraged into no effort at all. Day in and day out the planters urged their tenants, struggling to get the cotton picked by negroes who now realized that there would be nothing in the crop for them. Most of these negroes had already consumed more than their share of the crop in the shape of provisions drawn from the plantation store. That is what the boss was thinking about as he rode away.

Joe Turkey also knew all about this situation. He knew too the cumulative power of repeated suggestions. He stole back at dusk and found Sam hanging on the fence, securely as if each elbow were fastened with a clothes pin. Sam knew he was coming, but couldn't keep away.

"Better do leet biz-ness," Joe insinuated with a glitter of his hypnotic eye. "I buy some cotton; boat come—go down river same time."

Sam almost turned his back; else he could not have said it: "Look here, Mister man, you sho is skull-draggin' 'round a mighty dangersome place. Better not let dese white folks ketch you buyin' seed cotton from deir niggers."

The Oriental shrugged his shoulders. "White man no hear; black man no tell." With a jerk of his thumb he indicated Sam's field: "You—get nutting; him—everyt'ing he get."

"Dat's the troof. Cose I aint aimin' to sell no seed cotton—but what is you payin' dese udder niggers?"

"Tree, fo', Fi' sack—ten dollar, mebbe—cash." Snake-Eye emphasized the "cash" so strongly that Sunlover turned away.

Next morning the sun flared across that field without premonition of the shock that awaited him. Sam, Liza, and the children were picking with both hands. "Liza, you all got to scratch gravel mighty fast ef you wants to keep up wid me," Sam kept saying. The sun did not stop, but the boss stopped when he rode by. The sun did not smile; the boss did.

For two days Sam worked with flying fingers, and it was late on Saturday evening before he let his family quit. Liza wanted to sit down when she reached the cabin. "Git up, Liza, an' cook some grub; I got plenty bizness yet," he urged.

Immediately after dark Sunlover strolled whistling towards the store. He rounded a bend in the path, then circled through the woods and came back to his own cotton house. Working noiselessly on hands and knees without a light, he filled sack after sack with loose cotton and ranged them beside the door. "Dar's six, an' dey'll fetch ten dollars. Boss ain't gwine miss 'em neither—not atter I does two mo' days good pickin'." He climbed cautiously out of the high door, ran around the edge of his field and struck the river path.

It was a narrow and winding little river. Sam could see distinctly along its starlit middle, but strained his eyes to peer into the shadows on the edge. Something like a long black tongue ticked out from the willows; a formless phantom moved towards him. Sam saw a pair of eyes, glowing like a panther's in the dark; a skiff grated against the bank and Snake-Eye stepped ashore.

It was early in the night; Snake-Eye had insisted that it be early, as he had a long way to travel, and must watch his chance to slip past Morgan's Ferry. That cotton must be hid before daylight.

Sam led the way. Neither man spoke, the Oriental following the negro and clambering behind him into the cotton house. Snake-Eye immediately lifted out two sacks, tied their corners together, swung them across his shoulder and started. Sam stumbled at his heels with two others. "Whem!" the negro grunted when he dropped his load at the river bank.

Snake-Eye whispered, "Go git more; I fix him in boat."

Sam shook his head! that ten dollars worth of cotton might slip away while he was gone. "You got to come wid me."

"Ver' good." They hid their booty, concealed Snake-Eye's boat and made swift return with another sack apiece. Snake-Eye threw his sack into the boat.



Sam caught him by the arm. "Wait a minit, Joe; I wants my money befo' you puts dat cotton in de boat."

"Quick—we load him—somebody come—mebbe."

"Nobody aint comin' no quicker ef I got dat ten dollars in my pocket."

"Ver' good." Snake-Eye gave the negro a folded and crumpled bill.

"Joe, how much is dis?"

"Ten dollar—cash—mebbe." Snake-Eye swiftly stowed the sacks in his skiff.

Sam smoothed out that bill very carefully and rubbed his fingers over both sides of it; but he could not make out the figures. He scratched a match; Snake-Eye whirled and jostled his arm; the match went out. "No maka Da light."

"I'm bleeged to see how much dis is." Another match sent its shadows flickering across the black, intent face. "Joe, you done made a big mistake; dis ain't but five dollars."

"So," Snake-Eye assented. "Fi' dollar plenty."

"Joe," Sunlover spoke with the dogged certainty of a slow mind—"Joe, you tole me right plain you gimme ten dollars fer five sacks; I done fotch six—one fer good measure."

Snake-Eye answered rapidly, and gesttulated. "I pay fi' dollar—fi' dollar; cotton much cheap."

"I aint gwine to sell dis cotton fer no five dollars."

"Ver' good." Snake-Eye tumbled the cotton out of his skiff, stepped in and began adjusting his oars. "Goo' night."

Sunlover stared at him stolidly, then looked back along the dark path through those lonesome woods. Snake-Eye leaned forward and braced his oar against a log, preparing to shove off. "Goo' night."

"Hole up, Joe. Put 'o mon; 'taint right, but you kin have 'em fer five."

Snake-Eye had known it all the time. He never knew a negro to refuse half price at the last moment, rather than tote his cotton back and risk getting caught. He did not even smile as he handed Sam the bill.

"Joe, dis bill is got one corner tore off, an' a big red blot on it. Maybe 'taint no good?"

"It ver' good money." That being all he was going to get, Sam wadded it into his purse while Snake-Eye kept wadding sacks into the skiff. Without even a "good night" the foreigner cast himself adrift.

"Dar now!" Sam muttered to himself. "Dat's just what a nigger oughter git when he fools 'long wid po' white trash. I'm gwine to set up nights studyin' some kin' o' low-down trick against Snake-Eye."

Sunlover hustled out of those dark woods; he could not help picking up his feet a little faster every time an owl hooted behind him. Making a wide detour, he approached his cabin from the far side. Liza stood in the glare which

streamed through his door and Sam knew that something had happened.

"Name o' Gawd, Sam, whar you been? Boss come 'long an' looked in yo' cotton house—'peared like he want to see you mighty bad."

Sam got wobbly in the knees. "Looked in my cotton house?"

"He mighty pleased at dat."

"Pleased?"

"Yas; he say we done good work pickin'."

Sunlover kept up a mighty lot of thinking. "What time was dat when de boss come 'long?"

"D'reckly attter you lef'. Us hollered fer you; den de boss tole me to fetch de lantern—he wants to see how much cotton us had."

"Den what he say?"

"He want to know how come all dat cotton stuffed in dem sacks. I aint heerd you say nothin' 'bout sacks, but I tole him you didn't have no waggin, an' 'lowed to hang dem sacks crosswise o' de mule an' git 'em to de gin."

Sam recovered from his scare; the boss must have looked in at that cotton house before Sam and Snake-Eye carried those sacks away. "Well Liza, I'll jes step down to the sto' an' see de boss."

Sam wanted to see the boss, and then again he did not want to see the boss. He dragged one foot behind the other and argued at every step. Before reaching the gin Sam shied off sideways and ducked out of the public road when he saw Buck Hines waiting for him. He had forgot—but the constable hadn't.

The boss had a private office in the rear of the store; Sam peeped through the window. Mr. Will was talking to a couple of tenants, and Sunlover knew from the way he smiled that no canker of suspicion festered in his mind. Without hesitation the negro tapped on the door. "Come in, Sam. You other boys please step outside and shut the door."

"Sam, I looked at your cotton awhile ago." The negro's pulse beat quick. "You probably have a little over a bale; six sacks full, and about as much again on the floor."

Sam squinted up at the ceiling as if making an accurate calculation. "I reckon dat's jes' a leetle bit less dan a bale an' a quarter."

"All right; here's that money you needed; don't let the other tenants know about it. I must treat everybody alike, and they say you are my favorite." Five silver dollars clinked into Sam's palm. He let out one of his justly celebrated laughs. "Thankee, boss; I warn't 'spectin' dis. When I git's lucky, sawdus' is jes as good as brains."

The boss laughed with him. "Don't you bother about brains or sawdust either; try a little sweat." Then he wheeled in his revolving chair and began sorting some papers on the desk. Sam straightened his face so the other negroes wouldn't see him grin, and was already drifting out.

"Oh, Sam, I forgot; we are going to start to ginning on your cotton the first thing Monday morning." Sam's legs gave way; he reeled against the door. "Sim Wiggins will come by your house at daylight and haul it in his wagon."

Sunlover choked and stammered and talked fast. "Yas suh; but, Mister Will, I didn't 'low to gin no gotton ontill next Wednesday when I got three bales. I hates fer my cotton to git mixed wid udder nigger's cotton—day all de time claimin' you got some o' deirn."

"That's all right; we'll keep yours separate."

Sam stood first on one foot, then on the other. "Boss sence I come to study real good, d'aint nigh a bale up dar—d'aint good half a bale."

"What are you talking about? I lifted two of those sacks, and saw what you had on the floor."

"D'aint nigh half a bale," Sam persisted.

"I'll make you a bet. Early in the morning we will look at that cotton together. If you don't admit that it's more than a bale I give you a fine cigar."

When Sam's mind came back to him he was standing in the back door, trying to think. "I'm gwine to need sho nuff brains. Sawdus' aint no 'count in such a humbug as dis."

The store clock pointed to nine. Sam's mind pointed across those deserted fields—anywhere to get away. He stumbled down the steps, turned the corner of the store, and his first impulse was a grin: "Ole Buck Hines is gwine to wait a mighty long time fer dis money." The grin froze solid when he thought of Terror—Terror, who had taken his "smell" and could tree him in Kingdom Come. The negro began to run, behind the stable, through the mule lot and cut across the field—running with his neck bent. At the fence beside the public road Sam halted as suddenly as he started, his face towards that far line of gloomy trees where the river doubled in its course and circled round to Morgan's Ferry.

"Snake-Eye aint nigh had time to pass dat ferry; ef I could jes head 'im off an' buy my cotton back—give him dis extra five dollars to boot—"

Catch Snake-Eye! That suggested an idea, an idea that was never hatched in a head full of sawdust. Sam tumbled over the rail fence and turned back along the public road, still running. "Oh Mister Buck! Mister Buck!" he shouted. "please suh, hole dat dog—somebody done stole my cotton."

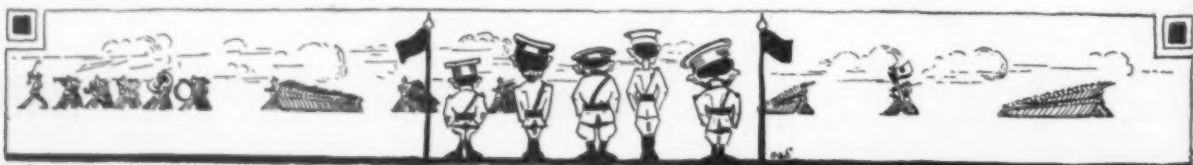
"Who was it?"

"Dunno, suh; he gwine down de ribber right now in a skiff. Hurry up, Mister Buck, we kin head 'im off at Morgan's Ferry."

"Have we got time?"

"Ride swif', Mister Buck. I'll take de ribber. He's pullin' a heavy skiff-load o'

Continued on page 55



The ISLAND of GUAM

By Chief Marine Gunner Emory T. Ozabal

GUAM was discovered March 6, 1521, by Fernando de Magallanes, then on his voyage around the world. He named the group of islands "LATEEN SALIS ISLANDS" because of the shape of the sails on the native proas, but immediately changed the name to "LADRONES" because of the thieving propensity of the inhabitants. Guam was not occupied until January 22, 1565, when a squadron sent out by Philip II of Spain landed on the island. The settlement was only temporary, and after a religious celebration the force sailed away. On January 3, 1588 the English pirate, Cavendish visited the Island. The first white man to settle on Guam was a "PEDRO" survivor of the wreck of the "CONCEPTION" lost near Tinian (a neighboring island) in 1638. On the 15th of June, 1668, a permanent settlement was made by the Spanish, after several years' effort by Padre Diego de Sanvitores. For many years the aborigines were in rebellion against the Spanish, but after persistent hill and jungle fighting the males were exterminated, and the women taken by the conquerors. From about 1700 peace reigned, schools and churches were built, the land tilled and Guam became fairly prosperous under a succession of Spanish governors, notably Don Francisco de Vallalobos, 1831-1837, and Don Felipe de la Corte, 1855-1866. The name of the islands was changed late in the 17th century to "MARIANAS" in honor of Maria Ana de Austria, but although under the American occupation this name and the official name Guam, (without group designation) were used, the world at large still thinks of the islands as the "LADRONES."

Guam was captured by the United States without a struggle. On June 20, 1898, the "Charleston" commanded by Captain Henry Glass, U. S. Navy, and three transports steamed into Apra Harbor, and opened fire on the abandoned Fort Santa Cruz on an island in the harbor. The Captain of the port boarded the "Charleston," received the first news of the Spanish-American War, and was ordered to request the Governor to surrender. On the following day, Governor Don Juan Mariana and his staff proceeded to Piti and surrendered to Lieutenant Braunersreuther. The Governor, staff, and troops were carried away as prisoners of war. Mr. Francisco Portusach assumed the governorship, was later relieved by Don Jose Sisto, and on February 1, 1899, Guam was formally taken over in the name of the United States by Commander E. D. Taussig. Captain R. P. Leary was ordered to Guam as the first Naval Governor, arriving August 7, 1899. Since 1899 the United States Navy has given Guam a succession of governors.

Guam is 30 miles long, and from 4 to 8½ miles wide. The island is of volcanic origin, with considerable coral additions, giving a total area of about 225 square miles. It is 1,506 miles from Manila, 1,353 miles from Yokohama, 3,337

miles from Honolulu, 5,428 miles from San Francisco, and 7,988 miles from Panama.

The island is hilly over almost its entire area, the highest point, Lamlam on the west side, having an elevation of 1,334 feet. Mt. Tenjo near the head of Apra Harbor is 1,013 feet high.

The natives, Chamorros, are descendants of the aboriginal women and Spanish settlers, with admixtures of Mexican, Filipino, and later of American blood. The usual language is Chamorro, although Spanish is still spoken, and English is used by a great many inhabitants. The population is about 18,000, and over a thousand Americans, mostly service personnel and their families. The principal towns are Agana, the capital, Sumay on the South shore of Apra Harbor, and Inarajan on the southern coast of the Island. Probably 75 per cent of the population live in towns.

Guam has a splendid school system with 24 schools, 108 teachers, and 3,000 pupils. There is a Catholic Cathedral in Agana and a number of parish churches, a Baptist Mission, and services are also held by a Navy Chaplain. Among the clubs are the Officers' Club, Elks' Club, Young Men's League of Guam, etc. Outdoor sports are much indulged in including swimming, tennis, 9-hole golf course, riding; each winter a 6-team baseball league puts on a series of well played games.

The principal export product of Guam is Copra. Among other local products are bananas, coffee, oranges, limes, betel nuts, cocoa, pineapples, kapok, beche de mer, tobacco. The principal imports are canned foodstuffs, clothing, building materials, sugar, household furniture and utensils, cigars, cigarettes, gasoline and automobiles. Seventy-five miles of good cascajo roads serve the island. Passengers, mail, and freight arrive and depart on Army and Navy transports and supply ships; there was recently inaugurated a passenger and freight service from San Francisco and outgoing, to Manila. Communication with the outside world is maintained by radio and cable. Guam is a prosperous, contented island with good government and low taxes.

Orders and Regulations With the Force and Effect of Law in Guam

SECTION XXII

Departments of the Government

5. Military Department:
 - (a) Military Training.
 - (b) Guam Militia.
6. Police Department:
 - (a) Police.
 - (b) Insular Patrol.
 - (c) Forestry.

Military Department

1. The Military department of the Island Government consists of the Guam Militia, Active and Reserve. The Guam Militia is under the supervision of the Military Board, composed of the Senior

Marine officer, Aide to the Governor or Senior Militia officer and the Inspector-Instructor (Chief of Police). The Inspector-Instructor is directly in charge of all military training of natives, and of the Guam Militia. The Assistant Chief of Police is also Assistant Inspector-Instructor, and in the outlying districts, the Insular Patrolman acts as local Instructor and Supervisor of drills and instructions.

2. Strength of Guam Militia:

Majors	3
Captains	9
First Lieutenants	5
Second Lieutenants	20
Enlisted	896

3. The Militia drills on the first and third Sunday of each month. They participate in all Official and Public ceremonies, such as Memorial Day services, dedication of schools, etc.

4. The Uniform of the Guam Militia is white hats, (Navy pattern), white shirts, soft collar, white scarfs, for officers, white trousers and white shoes. The officers wear the same rank devices as officers of the Army or Marine Corps and the non-commissioned officers wear blue chevrons.

Police Department

Insular Patrol Headquarters:

1 Officer, U. S. Marine Corps—Head of Police Department, Guam; Chief of the Insular Patrol. Chief of Police.

1 Sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps—Assistant Chief of Police, Assistant Chief Insular Patrol.

1 Private First Class, U. S. Marine Corps—Warden, Civil Jail, Member Insular Patrol.

Headquarters No. 1, Agana:

1 Private First Class, U. S. M. C.—Sanitary Inspector; Member of Insular Patrol.

1 Private First Class, U. S. M. C.—Traffic Patrolman; Member Insular Patrol.

9 Privates First Class or Privates—District Patrolmen.

Headquarters No. 2, Piti:

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Headquarters No. 3, Agat:

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Headquarters No. 4, Sumay:

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Headquarters No. 5, Yigo:

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Headquarters No. 6, Merizo:

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Headquarters No. 7, Inarajan

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Headquarters No. 8, Yona:

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Headquarters No. 9, Barrigada

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Headquarters No. 10, Dededo:

1 Private First Class or Private—District Patrolman.

Subdistrict, Cotal:

1 Civilian—District Patrolman.

Subdistrict, Tarague:

1 Civilian—District Patrolman.

* * *

Native Police

Headquarters, Agana:

1 Sergeant—Chief Clerk, Interpreter and General Assistant.

1 Sergeant—Outside Overseer, (Working Parties).

1 Private First Class—Outside Overseer, Truant Officer.

3 Private First Class or Private—Turnkeys, Civil Jail.

6 Private First Class or Private—Guards over Prisoners.

The authority of the Insular Patrol extends over the entire Island, including its contiguous waters, outlying reefs and islands, and every patrolman has authority in any part of the island, but confines his work to the district assigned to him unless ordered to some other.

It is the duty of every member of the Patrol to maintain peace and order, apprehend all offenders against orders and regulations in force, and to bring them before the proper authorities without delay. Each member of the Patrol is a peace officer, charged with the enforcement of all laws and regulations in effect on the Island, and as such, is considered on duty at all times, and authorized to make arrests at any time and place, with or without a warrant, as provided by existing laws, rules and regulations. Those in outlying districts, are, in conjunction with the District commissioners, often the sole agent of authority in the district.

The Sergeant of the Patrol, also Assistant Chief of Police, is charged with the discipline and efficiency of the patrolmen. It is his duty to see that his men are familiar with the laws of the Island and the territory over which they operate; and that they are soldierly, energetic, efficient, courteous and impartial in the proper performance of both their military and civil duties.

The Warden of the Civil Jail is charged with the care, cleanliness and internal administration of the jail; with the subsistence of the prisoners, their security and discipline.

He has immediate charge of the prisoners and the jail records, under the Chief of Police. He assigns prisoners to work according to their age, sex, condition, ability and adaptability. Civil prisoners handle all the garbage of the town of Agana, clean the streets and Agana River, are occupied cutting down steep grades on roads, repairing roads in the town of Agana and the roads maintained by the Island Government. They build new roads and trails and ten of them are employed on the Government Farm at Libugon.

The duties of the Insular Patrol are both Civil and Military. It is the pri-

mary law enforcement body of the Island. It is charged with the enforcement of the game laws, sanitary regulations, traffic laws and regulations, forestry laws and regulations, and all other orders, regulations and law of the Island. It is charged with the maintenance of law and order and brings all offenders before the proper tribunals; petty offenses, such as stray animals, sanitary infractions, unlicensed tuba trees, dogs, etc., are brought before the local Commissioners, who, sitting as a petty magistrate, awards an executive fine not to exceed Five Dollars; serious offenses are brought to the head of the Police Department, (Chief of Police) who investigates and adjusts the cases, either dismissing it, awarding an executive fine or holding the offender for court. No case of criminal action may be entertained in the Island Criminal Courts before being investigated and held for trial by the head of Police Department.

The Patrolman in the outlying districts is in a position of authority where he is called upon to act upon his own initiative, exercise his own discretion and judgment, and must be a reliable, level-headed man. He is solely responsible for the maintenance of peace and order in his district. In fact, he is the only law enforcement officer in his district. He enforces sanitary regulations, game laws, speed and traffic regulations, checks up on dog licenses, tuba trees and licenses, the manufacture and sale of Aguardiente and other intoxicants, the unlawful cutting of hardwood and fruit trees and government timber, superintends the work under the local Commissioner, of combating the Aspidiotus Destructor, which has threatened to destroy the coconut crop of the island; inspects and reports on the water supply of his district as well as the condition of the roads and bridges. He takes charge of the citizens of his district in combating forest fires, and any other public emergency.

In addition, the outlying patrolman is required to constantly patrol his district and become thoroughly familiar with it, the activities therein, and its residents. He is instructed to keep a watch on all transients in his district, their actions and business; on all persons holding or dealing in firearms, ammunition, cameras, kodaks and surveying instruments; on all coastwise shipping trade; to see that no unauthorized landings are made, and to report all landings and departures to Patrol Headquarters. Patrolmen may be called upon to act as Coast Patrols, Scouts, Observers, Interpreters, Guides, Mappers and Signalmen. In addition, they act as instructors of the Guam Militia in their districts, and are charged with the training discipline and attendance at drills, of the militiamen, who are all able bodied males from the age of 16 to 21 years in

the Active Militia, and from 21 years to 25 years in the Reserve.

To execute their duties properly, the conduct of all Patrolmen must be irreproachable, both as men and as Marines. They must be honest, reliable, impartial, even-tempered, energetic, alert and indefatigable. They must merit the respect and gain the confidence of the people. They must learn to determine the true value of the information acquired, and to sift the wheat from the chaff. And to gradually build up sources of information that they know from experience to be reliable.

It is the duty of the patrol to gain information not to give it. They must be under obligation to no one, and free to act absolutely according to existing orders and the law without malice or partiality.

The Marines assigned to Insular Patrol duty in Guam are always specially selected, and are the men best fitted for the work that is available at the time. They are more or less "on their own," and rise or fall by their own performance of duty. They have their own mess and quarters, establish their own routine, and are permitted and required to get results in their own way, provided it is consistent with existing laws and regulations. They are first placed on duty as patrolmen in Agana, under the direct supervision of the Assistant Chief of Police, where they are taught the nature of their duties and required to familiarize themselves with the laws and customs of the Island, while performing patrol duty in the town of Agana. Then, as a patrolman in an outlying district is due for relief upon expiration of his tour of foreign service, a trained man is ready to send out in his place.

The uniform is that of the U. S. Marine Corps in the field, with a distinctive nickel or brass badge which is worn on the front of the shirt. But he is authorized to wear any uniform whatever, including civilian clothes, which the nature of his duties seem to warrant.

Fortunately, the native of Guam is not inclined to viciousness or lawlessness or acts of violence, and is, on the whole, quite respectful of law and order; and the work of the Insular Patrol is, in proportion, less arduous and difficult, which is the main reason that the maintenance of law and order on the Island can be entrusted to so numerically small a force of patrolmen.

Part of the duties of the Chief of Insular Patrol and the Chief of Police:

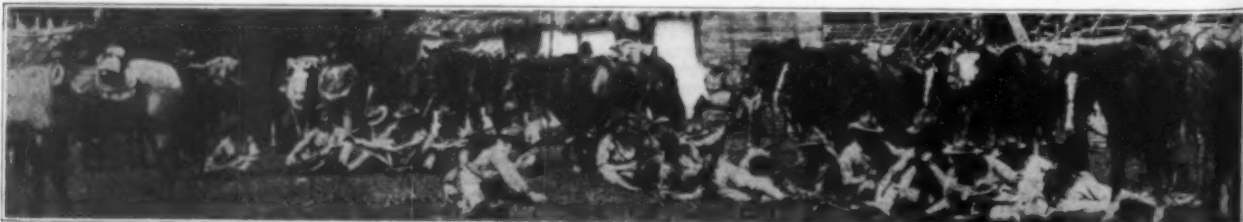
Judge of the Police Court and authorized to award executive fine.

Authorized to administer oath.

To appraise property, damaged by livestock, authority final and not subject to revision by courts of Guam.

The settlement of defining and bounding properties.

Continued on page 59



The DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL

By Donald Edward Keyhoe

JUAN FERNANDO stared gloomily from the windows of the Aviation Officers' Mess into the fast-falling Guam night. Before his somber eyes the reef-locked waters of Apra Harbor rolled in restless discontent, while the sullen roar of the surf seemed to mock his bitter mood.

Morosely turning from the window, he flung an irritated glance at the two white-clad officers who had remained in the Mess long after dinner. Ordinarily, he would not have minded this enforced stay, but tonight he could hardly hide his impatience to be gone.

Every second that he stayed at the Mess, he knew he was losing ground with his chosen bride, Ana Maria, one of the belles of the island. A certain Pedro Velasquez—boaster and idler in Juan's estimation—was but recently returned from Manila. Even now he would be taking advantage of Juan's absence, speaking alluring words for the willing ears of the capricious Ana Maria.

Months past, when Pedro had left Guam on a trading ship bound for Manila, Juan had secretly exulted. There had seemed little chance that Pedro would ever return to blight his hopes. Now, when Ana Maria had just agreed after much persuasion to his ardent pleadings, her former suitor had come back with many curious gifts with which to win back the affections that had once been his—gifts that speedily served their purpose, as Juan had sadly found.

Lapsing momentarily from his carefully acquired headboy manners, he gritted his teeth and muttered an almost forgotten phrase of his boyhood days.

"Tatamona take him!"

The two officers turned toward him in surprise. He stiffened nervously, expecting a rebuke.

"What's the trouble, Juan?" inquired Captain Sinton, who was a newcomer to the island.

Juan relaxed, for the captain's easy good nature was already known to him.

"Nothing—captain, sir," he said with deference. "I no mean to talk, sir. I thinking out loud."

The captain turned to the young, bronzed lieutenant.

"What's the matter with him, Blake?" Blake grinned.

"Oh, that's one of the old native superstitions," he said carelessly. "Tatamona, from what I can make out, is a hard-boiled demon—devil of darkness, or something like that. I guess Juan is looking for some way to get rid of his new rival—I heard one of the roomboys chattering about it this morning."

"It's a wonder they don't get over such superstitions," observed Sinton. "But about this Tatamona—what are his official duties, if any?"

The headboy was watching the two officers with carefully concealed con-

tempt and scorn. Did the *Americanos* think he had such childish illusions—he, in whose veins ran Castilian blood, slightly mixed, perhaps, but still Castilian?

"He catches unwary natives on dark nights," Blake told him. "I've heard he looks like a huge bat. Others say he is a giant cuttle-fish. My roomboy says he hangs out in the Devil's Punchbowl, near Tuson Beach."

"Never heard of it," declared Sinton. "It's a cavern about one hundred and 50 feet deep," explained Blake. "Shaped like an inverted punchbowl, with a small hole at the top. The cavern itself extends back underneath the opening, so that no one has explored it very much. It's pretty thin at the edge."

"A man might be lowered into it on a rope," suggested Sinton. "Let's try it sometime."

Blake shook his head.

"I wouldn't advise it. The Punchbowl is a queer, gloomy spot. Lord knows what's down there besides the bats and spiders. You see, there is water at the bottom and it might contain almost anything."

Sinton pushed back his chair and stood up.

"Well, I think I'll have to take a look at it anyway. What do you say to going over next Saturday?"

"On duty," replied Blake tersely. "Otherwise I'd go. You might get Juan for a guide—providing you went in bright daylight."

Sinton laughed and both men left the room. Juan tiptoed to the window once more and gazed for a moment toward Piti, beyond which lay Tuson Beach. When he left the Mess a few minutes later there was a strange gleam in his eyes.

Night had descended with its accustomed tropical glory. A golden moon lifted high above Mount Tenjo, bathing the tops of the waving palms in a radiant splendor, and turning the smooth *cascajo* roads into chalk-white boulevards. Turning aside for a procession of rickety bulcarts, drawn by wide-horned carabao, Juan lifted his face toward the cool, purple heavens, dotted with a myriad brilliant stars.

The gloom which had filled his soul was entirely absent. Not even when he reached the *nipa* hut in which dwelt the adored Ana Maria, and heard Pedro's boasting voice, did his sudden good humor fail him. Stealing forward in the shadow of the wall, he listened carefully.

"I have done well, little Ana," Pedro was saying in his oily, assured voice. "In this year I have learned that for a clever man money is free to be taken. And there is a great world you do not

know. No one else can do such things for you—bring you fine presents, and offer all this to you."

Juan's smile became grim as his lips drew back over his teeth. After a moment he heard Ana's soft voice, deeply troubled:

"Oh, Pedro, I do not know what to say. There is Juan, you know. I have promised—"

Juan's heart stirred with a quick gladness. But Pedro's next words caused him to clench his fists.

"What of him? He is only a cheap servant, while I am already owner of a store in Maniia—a shop where the American ladies buy such trinkets as these I give you. Juan is stupid, a weakling—he can never make you happy."

He lowered his voice swiftly, so that Juan had to creep to the very edge of the unscreened window to hear.

"I tell you—little Ana—I am rich. Even within this coat are sewed many bills of money. More than two thousand dollars—here, feel where I hold your hand. And all this to buy you pleasures!"

Juan's eyes glistened. Without a sound he stole back to the roadside, where he stood for a second or two as in thought. Then he walked swiftly away.

The following evening Juan slipped away from the Mess at an early hour, on a plea of sickness. He arrived at the home of Ana Maria just after dusk. Pedro had not arrived. Juan took up his position at one side of the road, watching carefully for his arrival. At last Pedro appeared, a hundred yards away. Hurriedly Juan entered the *nipa* hut, purposely startling Ana Maria with his nervous haste.

"Do not be afraid, *cara mia*," he began abruptly. "I know that you are troubled—and that you are not sure what to do. But you will not break your promise to me—"

He paused to glance through the window. By the glow of a lamp in a nearby hut he saw Pedro approaching.

"I said 'perhaps,' Juan," murmured Ana Maria, looking at him with frightened eyes. "But now—I wish sometimes I could go away, perhaps to see the great world outside, and—"

Juan broke in eagerly, lifting his voice in apparent excitement.

"I know, Ana—I understand. You think I can not do such things, but you are wrong. I have a secret to tell you—one that you must not repeat, even to yourself. Remember the lost treasure chest, that the Spaniards hid when Guam fell to the *Americanos*?"

A step sounded outside, then ceased. Ana Maria did not hear, in her rapt attention to Juan's rapid words.

"I have found it—*cara mia*. My father knew, but feared to tell for fear of trou-

Continued on page 58





By Capt. J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R., Personnel Section U. S. Marine Corps

Annual Training, Marine Corps Reserve

Annual training for the Marine Corps Reserve begins Sunday, June 12, 1927, at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., with the arrival of the 303rd Company, New York City, Capt. Philip DeRonde, 304th Company, Brooklyn, First Lieutenant Roger E. Kirchhoff; 305th Company, Philadelphia, First Lieutenant Howard S. Evans; 309th Company, Philadelphia, First Lieutenant Windsor B. S. Stroup, a total of 248 officers and men in the Companies.

Leaving New York City at 9 a. m., Sunday, June 12th, a special train consisting of coaches, baggage, and dining cars will be run direct to Quantico. It will pick up the Philadelphia Companies on arrival in that city.

Upon arrival at Quantico, Va., at about 4:45 p. m., the Provisional Battalion will be met by a band and the Officers in Charge of Training.

Training will be under direct charge of Major Clarke H. Wells, U. S. M. C., who will be assisted by the following officers:

1st Lt. A. C. Cottrell, Adjutant and Mess Officer Reserve Officers' Mess.

Capt. John M. Arthur, Instructor Reserve Officers.

Capt. Marvin G. Holmes, Inspector Reserve Battalion.

Capt. Fred G. Patchen, Instructor Reserve Officers.

Capt. Raymond E. Knapp, Instructor Reserve Officers.

Capt. Joseph J. Staley, Morale Officer.

1st Lt. Thomas McK. Schuler, Inspector 303rd Company, F. M. C. R.

1st Lt. Ralph W. Culpepper, Inspector 305th Company, F. M. C. R.

1st Lt. Harry W. Bacon, Inspector 304th Company, F. M. C. R.

Ch. QN. Clk. Beans Eagan, Quartermaster Reserve Units.

Marine Gunner Chas. Eurlon, Inspector 309th Company, F. M. C. R.

Training will begin Monday, June 13, 1927, at 7 a. m. with a duty schedule that will keep each organization busy from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Training of Reserve Officers

Reserve Officers, 28 in number will be given a special course of instruction at the Marine Corps Schools under direct charge of Capt. John M. Arthur, U. S. M. C. This course in brief covers most of the subjects taught in the Basic School.

Training will begin Monday morning at 7 a. m. and as will be seen from the

schedule will keep all concerned very busy.

The first training class will be composed of:

Captains A. H. Branham, V. A. Bar-raco, H. G. Fortune, B. T. Fay, T. H. Hart, A. E. Lyng.

First Lieutenants R. E. Barrett, St. J. R. Childs, C. F. Crisp, J. B. Griffin, J. F. Gillikin, O. B. Kaufman, J. D. Marine, H. S. Wheeler.

Second Lieutenants H. H. Coit, C. B. Grace, Jr., J. B. Gracy, D. G. Davie, G. W. Eakin, L. W. Johnson, E. C. Johnson, B. Kalisch, H. M. Keller, A. E. Mead, R. W. Sooy, P. Sullivan, C. E. Warburton, R. I. Whyte, T. P. Barton.

310th Company, F. M. C. R.

The 310th Company, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, New Orleans, La., Captain Richard R. Day, U. S. M. C. R., Comdg., and Second Lieutenant Alfred A. Watters, U. S. M. C. R., has been placed on a drill pay status. This organization is recruited principally from college men and High School graduates. Training orders have been issued placing this unit on active duty July 9th to arrive at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., for a two weeks period of training to begin, Monday, July 11th.

303rd-304th Companies, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve

The Memorial Day Parade in New York City consisted of fifteen thousand regular troops, National Guard, Naval Militia, and Veterans Organizations. The 303rd Company, Captain Philip DeRonde commanding, 1st Lieutenant R. B. Fisher commanding 1st platoon, and 2nd Lieutenant M. V. O'Connell commanding 2nd Platoon, presented an excellent appearance at the head of the 1st Battalion from the U. S. S. "ILLINOIS," and the 304th Company, 1st Lieutenant Roger E. Kirchhoff commanding, 1st Lieutenant F. V. McKinless, Jr., commanding 1st platoon presented in review at the head of the 2nd Battalion from Brooklyn, and likewise presented an excellent appearance.

The Reviewing Officer expressed his complete satisfaction with the appearance of the Marine Corps Reserve Companies, and Colonel Charles E. Warren, commanding the Old Guard, serving as the Guard of Honor of the Day was

especially complimentary in his remarks.

Second Lieutenant Stephen E. Gillis, U. S. M. C. R., recently commissioned Second Lieutenant, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, was First Sergeant of the 306th Company, F. M. C. R. Lieutenant Gillis is the first non-commissioned officer to be promoted from the ranks of a Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Company and assigned to duty as a Company officer in his organization. Lieutenant Gillis also served as a non-commissioned officer in the Regular Marine Corps. He joined the 306th Company as a private and rose through the grades and was made First Sergeant at Quantico, Va., in 1926. He is a student at the University of Detroit and is an outstanding football star.

Lieut. Colonel R. B. Creecy, A. A. & I., inspected Headquarters, 7th Regiment, Marine Corps Reserve, on May 9th and the 303rd Company, on the U. S. S. "Illinois," foot of 96th Street, that evening; and inspected the 304th Company, 1st Lieutenant Roger E. Kirchhoff commanding, the 16th of May. Both Companies are preparing to leave for Quantico June 12th on a special train, for their annual field training, and are looking forward to this event with a great deal of pleasure.

The monthly dinner of the Reserve Officers of the Marine Corps, resident in Greater New York, was held at 7:00 p. m., Thursday, May 19th, in the grill-room of the Army and Navy Club, 30 West 44th Street, New York City. After the dinner the Marine Corps shield, presented to the club by Captain Sydney D. Sugar was inspected. A meeting of the Reserve Officers' Association in the Board of Governors' Room followed.

306th Company Participates in Memorial Day Parade

United States Marine Corps Headquarters, Recruiting District of Detroit, 508 Equity Building, Detroit, Michigan.

May 31, 1927.

From: Inspector-Instructor, 306th Company.

To: The Commanding Officer, Central Reserve Area, 1405 Howard Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Subject: Memorial Day Parade.

1. The 306th Company participated in the Memorial Day Parade, at Detroit,

Michigan. The assignment in the Parade was that of Michigan State troops which placed the Marines as First Company in the Naval Battalion in columns of Platoons. The Company Commanded by 1st Lt. W. V. Calhoun and the two platoons by 2nd Lt. S. Gillis and the First Sergeant respectively. The strength of the Company which was augmented by four recruiters from this District was seven squads, of seven men each.

2. The Undersigned viewed the parade from a point of vantage and considers it a duty to make the following comment.

"The officers and men of this Company may well be proud of their organization, for the military bearing, general neat appearance, conduct of march, and the applause of the spectators along the line of march. Without hesitancy it can be said that this Company was the best appearing military organization in the line of march.

"Detroit may well be proud of its Marine Corps Reserve Company, which they demonstrated by their generous applause, an honor not given by them to other units in the same generous measure."

3. The press commented most favorably on the presence of Marines in the parade. It has been years since Marines under arms have paraded on the streets of Detroit.

—Jacob Reinhard.

Personals From the 306th Company

Corporal Reginald G. Sauls of the 306th Company is another prospective heavyweight fighter who is training hard in preparation for bouts during the coming training session, and his buddies will watch his bouts with interest.

Corporal Thomas H. Belcher is a long distance swimmer of note and expects

to show the Marines at Quantico some new wrinkles in the art made famous by Weismuller.

Sergeant Peter Rogalski, the bayonet expert of the 306th Company who compiled a wonderful record with that weapon last summer, is expected to cop all records and prizes and show Quantico what a real bayonet expert can do.

306th Company to Be Guard of Honor

Lieutenant William V. Calhoun, U. S. M. C. R., commanding 306th Company, has been requested to furnish a guard of honor consisting of a sergeant, corporal, and eight men, to Mackinac Island on July 25th, to assist in the opening of the Governor's Convention there, at which President Coolidge is to be a guest.

The Adjutant General of the State as well as the Governor of Michigan were present when the 306th Company acted as a guard of honor for General Summerall and they presented such a fine appearance that the Adjutant General requested that a similar guard be furnished for the above mentioned function.

Promotion of Enlisted Personnel, 306th Company

The following promotions of enlisted personnel attached to 306th Company, have been made, with rank set opposite their names:

James S. Cant, First Sergeant.

Henry C. Todt, Gunnery Sergeant.

Reginald G. Sauls, Corporal.

Louis Latourelle, Private First Class.

Reservist Drives 156 Miles to Attend Drill

Private Cummings A. Berlin, U. S. M. C. R., a member of the 306th Company, Detroit, Mich., lives in a village near Flint, Mich., a distance of 78 miles, and still manages to attend one drill a

month, making a total of 156 miles each drill. With the advent of good weather, he promises to better his attendance. This is indeed a commendable record.

Private First Class Charles Neilan of the 306th Company, Detroit, Mich., is touted as a coming boxer by people who have watched him in his recent workouts at the local Y. M. C. A. Neilan is putting in a lot of work preparatory to embarking for Quantico with that Company, and the 306th Company is rooting for him to clean up all comers at the training camp during the coming summer.

Percentage of Attendance at Drills Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies

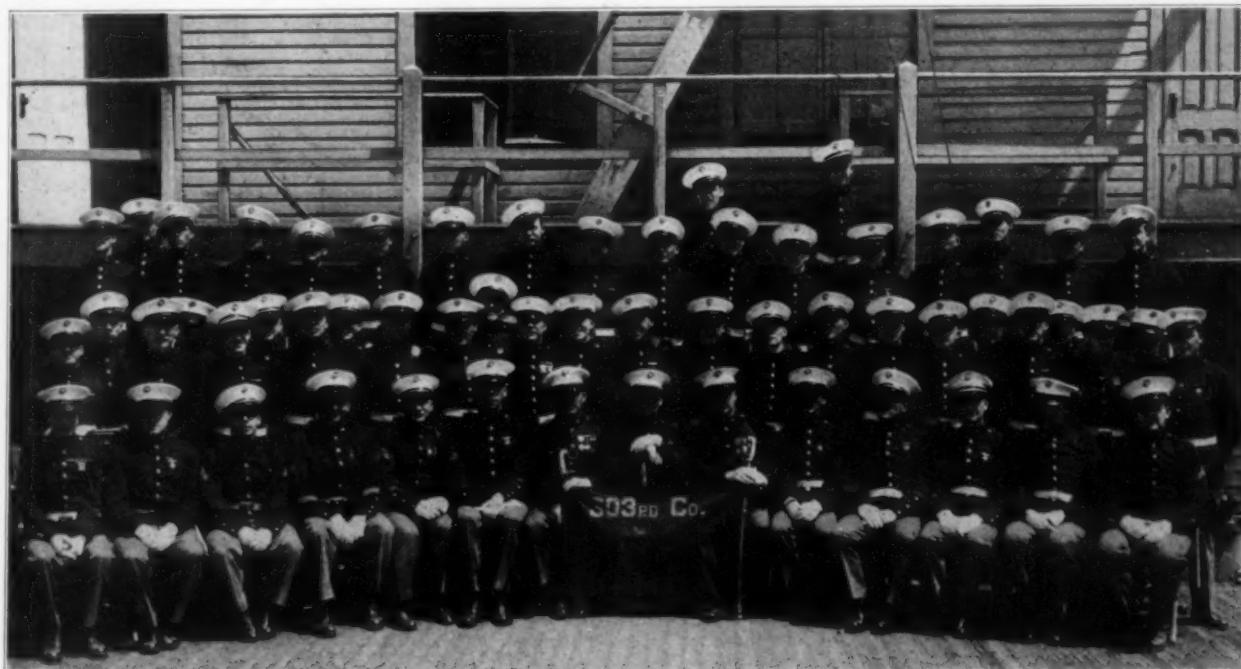
	Feb.	March	April	May
Company	%	%	%	%
301st	71	74	77.3	62
302nd	70	79	80	73
303rd	83	88.6	89.2	88
305th	91	91.2	86.2	91
306th	66	69	81.5	83
307th	68	72	74	62
309th	75	77	81.3	73

LOS ANGELES NEWS

Major E. M. Reno, U. S. M. C., arrived in Los Angeles on April 15, to take over the duty as Instructor-Inspector of the 307th Co., U. S. M. C. R. In addition to this duty he will also have charge of all Reserve activities in the Los Angeles Area. He has established his headquarters, temporarily in the Marine Corps Reserve Armory at Exposition Park.

On Monday, April 18, the Naval and Marine Corps Reservists of Los Angeles, were the guests of Sid Graumen at Graumen's Egyptian Theatre, to see "Old Ironsides." Everyone agreed that

Continued on page 51



This photograph of the 303rd Reserve Company of Marines was taken on Decoration Day morning on the Quarterdeck of the U. S. S. "Illinois"—their armory located at the foot of West 96th Street, New York.—Underwood Photo.
Captain Philip De Ronde, 1st Lt. Milton O'Connell, 2nd Lt. Robert Fisher.

Going Over The Side Four Times With a Parachute

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, The Intrepid Flyer

FOUR times death has reached out of the sky for Charles A. Lindbergh, Air Corps Reserve, and now a contract air mail pilot, and four times Lindbergh has quietly "gone over the side" with his trusty parachute and landed safely to win the distinction of being a "fourth degree member" of the famous Caterpillar Club.

It was less than a year ago and while Lindbergh was a cadet at Kelly Field, that the first call was heard. During combat practice among several S.E.s, his pursuit ship and that of another student collided. As they hung suspended for a moment in mid air, both airmen left the scene of what, a few years ago, would have been a disaster, and floated gently down to earth.

Then after his departure from the Army Air Corps, Lindbergh, while testing a privately constructed airplane at Lambert Field, St. Louis, and a few months following his collision, was forced to jump at 300 feet. While at an altitude of 2,000 feet Lindbergh's plane suddenly slipped into a left-hand spin, and despite all his efforts it wouldn't come out. In saving life No. 2, the pilot received a bruised shoulder.

Lives Nos. 3 and 4 were saved while Lindbergh was engaged in piloting mail planes towards the close of last year out of St. Louis. On the third occasion, he ran into fog after dark near Chicago and tried unsuccessfully to make Maywood. He dropped a flare, but it refused to function, and then he tells the story himself:

"I continued on a compass course of 50 degrees until 7:15 p. m., when I saw a dull glow on the top of the fog, indicating a town below. There were several of these light patches on the fog, visible only when looking away from the moon, and I knew them to be towns bordering Maywood. At no time, however, was I able to locate the exact position of the field, although I understand that the searchlights were directed upward and two barrels of gasoline burned in an endeavor to attract my attention. Several times I descended to the top of the fog, which was 800 to 900 feet high, according to my altimeter. The sky above was clear with the exception of scattered clouds, and the moon and stars were shining bright. After circling around for 35 minutes I headed west to be sure of clearing Lake Michigan, and in an attempt to pick up one of the lights on the Transcontinental.

"After flying west for fifteen minutes and seeing no break I turned southwest hoping to strike the edge of the fog south of Illinois River. My engine quit at 8:20 p. m., and I cut in the reserve. I was at that time only 1,500 feet high, and as the engine did not pick up as soon as I expected I shoved the flashlight in my belt and was about to release the parachute flare and jump when the engine finally took hold again. A second trial showed the main tank to be dry, and accordingly a maximum of twenty minutes' flying time left.

"There were no openings in the fog and I decided to leave the ship as soon

as the reserve tank was exhausted. I tried to get the mail pit open with the idea of throwing out the mail sacks, and then jumping, but was unable to open the front buckle. I knew that the risk of fire with no gasoline in the tanks was very slight and began to climb for altitude when I saw a light on the ground for several seconds. This was the first light I had seen for nearly two hours, and as almost enough gasoline for fifteen minutes' flying remained in the reserve, I glided down to 1,200 feet and pulled out the flare release cable as nearly as I could judge over the spot where the light had appeared. This time the flare functioned but only to illuminate the top of a solid bank of fog, into which it soon disappeared without showing any trace of the ground.

"Seven minutes' gasoline remained in the gravity tank. Seeing the glow of a town through the fog I turned towards open country and nosed the plane up. At 5,000 feet the engine sputtered and died. I stepped up on the cowl and out over the right side of the cockpit, pulling the ripcord after about a 100 foot fall. The parachute, an Irving seat service type, functioned perfectly; I was falling head downward when the risers jerked me into an upright position and the chute opened. This time I saved the ripcord. I pulled the flashlight from my belt and was playing it down towards the top of the fog when I heard the plane's engine pick up.

"When I jumped it had practically stopped dead and I had neglected to cut the switches. Apparently when the ship nosed down an additional supply of gasoline drained to the carburetor. Soon she came into sight, about a quarter-mile away and headed in the general direction of my parachute. I put the flashlight in a pocket of my flying suit preparatory to slipping the parachute out of the way, if necessary. The plane was making a left spiral of about a mile diameter, and passed about 300 yards away from my chute, leaving me on the outside of the circle. I was undecided as to whether the plane or I was descending the more rapidly and glided my chute away from the spiral path of the ship as rapidly as I could. The ship passed completely out of sight, but reappeared again in a few seconds, its rate of descent being about the same as that of the parachute. I counted five spirals, each one a little farther away than the last, before reaching the top of the fog bank.

"When I settled into the fog I knew that the ground was within 1,000 feet and reached for the flashlight, but found it to be missing. I could see neither earth nor stars and had no idea what kind of territory was below. I crossed my legs to keep from straddling a branch or wire, guarded my face with my hands and waited. Presently I saw the outline of the ground and a moment later was down in a cornfield. The corn was over my head and the chute was lying on top of the corn stalks. I hurriedly packed it and started down a corn row. The ground visibility was

about 100 yards. In a few minutes I came to a stubble field and some wagon tracks which I followed to a farmyard a quarter mile away.

"After reaching the farmyard I noticed auto headlights playing over the road side. Thinking that someone might have located the wreck of the plane I walked over to the car. The occupants asked whether I had heard an airplane crash and it required some time to explain to them that I had been piloting the plane, and yet was searching for it myself. I had to display the parachute as evidence before they were thoroughly convinced. The farmer was sure, as were most others in a 3-mile radius, that the ship had just missed his house and crashed nearby. In fact, he could locate within a few rods the spot where he heard it hit the ground, and we spent an unsuccessful quarter-hour hunting for the wreck in that vicinity before going to the farmhouse to arrange for a searching party and telephone St. Louis and Chicago.

"I had just put in the long distance calls when the phone rang and we were notified that the plane had been found in a cornfield over two miles away. It took several minutes to reach the site of the crash, due to the necessity of slow driving through the fog, and a small crowd had already assembled when we arrived. The plane was wound up in a ball shaped mass. It had narrowly missed one farm house and had hooked its left wing in a grain shock a quarter-mile beyond. The ship had landed on the left wing and wheel and skidded along the ground for 80 yards, going through one fence before coming to rest in the edge of a cornfield about 100 yards short of a barn. The mail pit was laid open and one sack of mail was on the ground. The mail, however, was uninjured.

"The sheriff from Ottawa arrived, and we took the mail to the Ottawa Post Office to be entrained at 3:30 a. m., for Chicago."

The circumstances surrounding Captain Lindbergh's fourth emergency parachute jump were almost similar to those of the third jump. He took off from the Lambert-St. Louis Field at 4:20 p. m., made a five minute stop at Springfield, Ill., an hour later to take on mail and then headed for Peoria. Weather reports telephoned to St. Louis earlier in the afternoon gave flying conditions as entirely passable. About 25 miles north of Springfield darkness was encountered, the ceiling had lowered to around 400 feet and a light snow was falling. At South Pekin the forward visibility of ground lights from a 150 foot altitude was less than half a mile, and over Pekin the town lights were indistinct from 200 feet above. After passing Pekin the plane was flown at an altimeter reading of 600 feet for about five minutes, when the lightness of the haze below indicated that it was over Peoria. Twice the pilot could see lights on the ground and he descended to less than 200 feet before they disappeared from view.

After circling in the vicinity of Peoria for 30 minutes, the pilot decided to try to find better weather conditions by flying northeast toward Chicago. He had ferried a ship from Chicago to St. Louis in the early afternoon, at which time the ceiling and visibility were much better near Chicago than anywhere else along the route.

For the next half hour the flight northeast was at about 2,000 feet altitude and then at 500 feet. There were now numerous breaks in the clouds and occasionally ground lights could be seen from over 500 feet. After passing over the light of a small town a fairly clear space in the clouds was encountered. The pilot pulled up to about 600 feet, released the parachute flare, whipped the ship around to get into the wind and under the flare which lit at once. Instead of floating down slowly, however, it dropped like a rock. The ground was seen for only an instant and then there was total darkness. Meantime the ship was in a steep bank, and being blinded by the intense light the pilot had trouble righting it. An effort to find the ground with the wing lights was in vain as their glare was worse than useless in the haze.

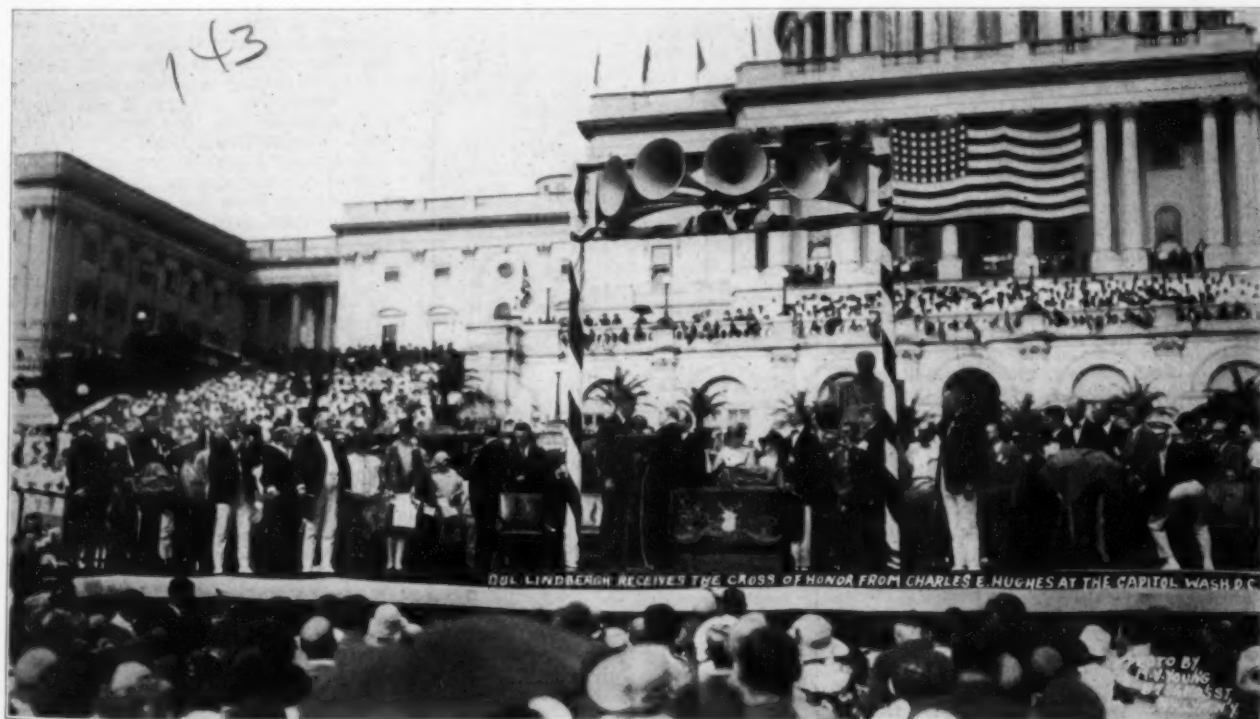
When about ten minutes of the gas remained in the pressure tank and still not the faintest outline of any object on the ground could be seen, the pilot decided to leave the ship rather than attempt to land blindly. He turned back southwest toward less populated country and started climbing in an attempt to get over the clouds before jumping. The main tank went dry at 7:51 p. m., and the reserve twenty minutes later. The altimeter then registered approximately 14,000 feet, yet the top of the

clouds was apparently several thousand feet higher. Rolling the stabilizer back, the pilot cut the switches, pulled the ship up into a stall and was about to go over the right side of the cockpit when the right wing began to drop. In this position the plane would gather speed and spiral to the right, possibly striking the parachute after its first turn. The pilot returned to the controls, righted the plane and then dove over the left side of the cockpit while the air speed registered about 70 miles an hour and the altimeter 13,000 feet. The ripcord was pulled immediately after clearing the stabilizer. The Irving 'chute functioned perfectly. The pilot left the ship head first and was falling in this position when the risers whipped him around into an upright position and the 'chute opened. The last he saw of the DH was as it disappeared into the clouds just after the 'chute opened. It was snowing and very cold. For the first minute or so the parachute descended smoothly and then commenced an excessive oscillation which continued for about five minutes, and which could not be checked. The first indication of the nearness of the 'chute to the ground was a gradual darkening of the space below. The snow had turned to rain and, although the 'chute was thoroughly soaked, its oscillation had greatly decreased. The pilot directed the beam from his 500 ft. spotlight downward, but the ground appeared so suddenly that he landed directly on top of a barbed wire fence without seeing it. The fence helped to break his fall and the barbs did not penetrate the heavy flying suit. The 'chute was blown over the fence and was held open for some time by the gusts of wind before collapsing.

After rolling up the 'chute into its pack Captain Lindbergh started towards the nearest light. He soon came to a road, walked about a mile to the town of Covell, Ill., and telephoned a report to St. Louis. The only information he could obtain in regard to the crashed plane was from one of a group of farmers in the general store, who stated that his neighbor had heard the plane crash but could only guess as its general direction. An hour's search proved without avail. Captain Lindbergh left instruction to place a guard over the mail in case the plane was found before he returned and went to Chicago for another ship. On arriving over Covell the next morning he found the wreck with a small crowd gathered around it, less than 500 feet back of the house where he had left his parachute the night before. The nose and wheels had struck the ground at about the same time, and after sliding along for about 75 feet it had piled up in a pasture beside a hedge fence. One wheel had come off and was standing inflated against the wall on the inside of a hog house a hundred yards further on. It had gone through two fences and the wall of the house. The wings were badly splintered, but the tubular fuselage, although badly bent in places, had held its general form even in the mailpit. The parachute from the flare was hanging on the tail skid.

There were three sacks of mail in the plane. One, a full bag from St. Louis, had been split open and some of the mail was oil soaked but legible. The other two bags were only partially full and were undamaged.

(Reprinted from the February issue of "U. S. Air Services.")



Colonel Lindbergh receiving decoration from Mr. Charles E. Hughes during Flag Day exercises at the Capitol. A detachment of Marines kept back the Crowd.—Photo by M. F. Young, Brooklyn.



A.T.M.

WORCESTER DETACHMENT

On Wednesday evening, May 25th, the Worcester Detachment, Marine Corps League gathered at the Winter Garden of the Hotel Warren for a buffet lunch, business meeting and to listen to several interesting speakers.

The Winter Garden was gaily trimmed with Marine Colors and banners, and welcomed about seventy-five members to witness a very delightful occasion. The affair was limited with the exception of two speakers to an entire marine gathering, bearing out the suggestion that more harmony would prevail if only marines were present.

The speakers of the evening were Captain Roland F. Andrews, the Editor of the Worcester Daily Gazette, whose brother-in-law lost a leg with the Marines in France; Major Archie F. Murray, an Army Officer who has gained widespread recognition with the 26th Division overseas, and who, by the way, is a good friend of the Worcester Detachment and instrumental in our organization; Major J. D. Murray, U. S. Marine Corps, recently appointed Chief of Staff of the New England Division, who spoke regarding the New England outing at Riverside, Boston, on July 6th, and Captain Arthur Lyng, the Paymaster of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment at Boston, who addressed the gathering on the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund, was most timely and interesting.

Nine o'clock was the zero hour as designated in the notices sent out by the Commandant, W. Karl Latons and from then on it was every man for himself to furnish entertainment and renew friendship, also to spin yards of yarn about the past and present.

Plans are ready and well under way for a rifle team as Worcester has a very good range located in a suburb, also plenty and splendid material, but when we tell you that Ernie Stake will probably head the team you will more than realize that you are going to welcome some competition among the detachments of the New England Division. Perhaps it may be well to suggest that for future convention we have a short rifle match, with the various detachments to enter.

A huge concert is to be sponsored in the fall for the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund and our Commandant has been allowed to head the committee for this cause. We have never asked for public support in any activity but this time to look forward to the public for their loyal support for such a worthy cause as the aforementioned. We firmly believe and I know that every member of the detachment believes that the cause is a worthy one, also a just one and we find that the honor of this obligation places us in the position to discharge the same.

Within a day or so a check will be mailed to National Headquarters to show that we have passed the one hundred mark in membership. This year we have not gone out after members, but we have made the times and entertainments of the detachment so pleasant that they have voluntarily come forward and paid their 1927 national dues and also prospects have signed up without further word. We do not want any lukewarm members in the detachment and it always seems to be the best way to eliminate them.

If the occasion permits itself the Worcester Detachment hopes to extend to Joe Raker, National Judge Advocate, a hearty welcome. With all this for the interesting reader, we must sign off.

SEE YOU IN ERIE IN NOVEMBER.

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR

War Department
Washington, D. C.

May 9, 1927.

Dear Captain Dunbeck:

Mrs. James Carroll Fraser has just brought to my attention your present detail, and I want you to know that every member of the Second Division Association is going to be extremely grateful when they know that you are such an important part of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association.

With your permission—I want to designate you as the official representative of the Second Division Association with the Belleau Wood Memorial Association.

I can give you that official recognition now and, at our Reunion here in Washington—June 2, 3, and 4—I shall see that it is properly ratified by the Association in convention assembled.

We are all grateful to Mrs. Fraser for her magnificent work in preserving Belleau Wood for posterity. I am glad that she has one of the outstanding soldiers of the old command working with her.

If I can be of any service to you personally, or as President of the Second Division Association, I hope you will feel free to call upon me and, any report of your activities which you can send on to be presented to the Reunion, will be properly appreciated by us all.

Yours most sincerely,

HANFORD MacNIDER,

Pers., Second Division Assn.
Captain Charles Dunbeck,
U. S. M. C., retired,
Care AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.,
11 rue de Scribe,
Paris, France.

JOSEPH SIMMONS WILKES DETACHMENT, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

At our regular meeting on June 2nd, 1927, the members of this Detachment presented Captain P. D. Cornell, U. S. M. C., Officer in Charge, Recruiting District of Salt Lake City, with a handsome engraved silver cigarette case and the Captain was the guest of honor at a Dutch Lunch which took place after the meeting. Captain Cornell expects to receive orders any day detaching him from Recruiting Duty at Salt Lake City and as he has been a loyal and untiring worker for the Marine Corps League in this city and was instrumental in getting this Detachment started the members planned this special "blow out" for him. After the presentation the Captain responded with a little speech and said that even though he would be transferred from this city shortly that no matter where he was sent for duty he would always try and keep in touch with the members of this Detachment and that he was proud to be a member of our organization.

On May 25th, 1927, about 25 members of this Detachment with their wives or sweethearts spent the evening dancing at the Chanticleer Grill in this city. It is believed that dances and get-together parties of this sort that will be held during the summer months will be the means of getting more new members in our Detachment and that it will help to get those old members back who were with us in 1925 and 1926.

Sergeant Albert Feller of the local recruiting force was unable to attend our meeting on June 2nd, although he had good and sufficient reasons for not being there. Sergeant Feller and Miss Helen Angerbauer were married on the night of June 2nd, 1927, and it was a lucky thing for Feller that the Recruiters or members of this Detachment were not wise as to where and when the marriage was taking place or the happy couple might have spent several unpleasant hours being confined within the "limits" of the City Jail. Feller had heard what had happened to one former recruiter and member of the Detachment, Howard W. Casey, who was married on Sept. 7th, 1927, and more than likely thought he had better keep still as to the time and place the marriage would take place. Casey and his wife were taken from their home after they were married and were kept in the City Jail for several hours and then were escorted back home on a Fire truck by the Fire Department, recruiters, members of the league, and wedding guests. Since then Mr. and Mrs. Casey have forgiven everyone who had a hand in the kidnapping on their wedding night.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars in this city extended an invitation to all ex-service organizations to attend Memo-

rial services on Decoration Day at their plot in the City Cemetery and the Marine Corps League was represented by about 15 members who all wore their Marine Corps League caps.

The letter that this Detachment received from the National Commandant informing us of our good work in trying to keep our old members and getting new members was read at our meeting on June 2nd and after same was read all members present gave "three rousing cheers" for the National Commandant and the Marine Corps League and promised to put forth extra efforts to increase our membership for this year.

Mr. R. S. Beaver, former Vice Commandant of this Detachment, addressed the members on June 2nd, and urged all members to subscribe to The Leatherneck, he stated that The Leatherneck was more or less the official paper of the League and that every member should subscribe to the magazine at once. Beaver's talk was a good one and I believe that before long more members of this Detachment will be ready to sign up for The Leatherneck. Beaver is on the road traveling most of the time and stated that when he received his copy of The Leatherneck that he read same from cover to cover and that it was worth more than the price to be able to keep track of your old buddies whom you associated with in 1917 and 1918.

Our next regular meeting will be held on June 16th and after that date this Detachment will only hold one business meeting each month, the other date set for meetings will be spent in either having parties up the Canyons or Dancing or bathing parties at Saltair on the Great Salt Lake where you can just lay flat on your back and float for hours at a time, you members who like salt water ought to be sure and stop over a day in Salt Lake in your travels East or West and really enjoy the wonderful scenery this city offers.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Our drive is on for new members in the Saginaw Detachment of the Marine Corps League. So far we have been successful in a city of this size, as Ex-Marines are scarce as (hen teeth) we have signed up six new members in one month.

We have a total of 16 members all loyal Ex-Marines, in our Detachment.

Some of the new members never knew there was such an organization as the Marine Corps League, and they all seemed to be pleased with the organization and are giving their utmost support in the good cause.

We have a Belleau Wood Memorial Fund started which we expect to put over the top in the near future.

At the last meeting Comrade Arthur T. Lippert was elected paymaster, and is giving his utmost support to keep the Saginaw Detachment up to the front.

Captain Chester L. Fordney, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Officer, has furnished us with a nice Club Room to hold our meetings. And last but not least is our local Recruiting Sergeant, Scottie W. Bauer, who has been pushing with all of his might to keep the Saginaw Detachment together and sign up new members.

FULLER DETACHMENT—MARINE CORPS LEAGUE, 508 EQUITY BLDG., DETROIT, MICH.

May 5th, 1927.

TO ALL EX-MARINES AND MEMBERS OF FULLER DETACHMENT.

1. Please accept this invitation to attend a BANQUET, at 6:30 P. M., May 10, 1927, at the Union League Club, 35 West Grand River Ave., at \$1.50 per plate.

2. Now, Mr. Marine, you are called upon to do your utmost to help promote the welfare of the Fuller Detachment. How can you read the daily accounts of Marine activities and still sit back and have no interest in this SEMPER FIDELIS organization.

3. Your Commandant, Ben H. Winters, is earnestly trying to awaken your lacking spirit of EXPRIT DE CORPS, and has directed the Paymaster to arrange for this BANQUET. Several out-of-town speakers will be present, one will be Commandant Cecil Stickney, of the Belleau Detachment, of Toledo, Ohio, and possibly Captain Chester L. Fordney, of the Saginaw Detachment, and who has just returned from Nicaragua. Several other surprises are in store, so come out with a happy smile and a welcome handshake.

4. Do not forget you are also eligible to join the MARINE CORPS RESERVE.

H. W. SCHWAB,

Adjutant.

PAYMASTER TALKS

By A. E. Beeg

I have just finished reading the June issue of The Leatherneck and have finally come to my senses that it's about time for me to begin some more information for my readers and therefore I have issued the orders to my trusty friend, Mr. Typewriter to get busy. Here we go!

Belleau Wood

During the closing days of the month of May I received a check from the New York Detachment No. 1. of New York, in payment in full for their quota of the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund. Just think how handy those \$150 strong, wholehearted iron men will come in for future use. And to my surprise the boys of the active service down in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii contributed a nice check totaling \$103.50. I shall now total the receipts for the Belleau Wood Fund for the month of May and credit it with \$253.50 in receipts. THAT'S WHAT I CALL ENCOURAGING. Who is next?

On the 25th of May I received a very nice letter from Captain Dunbeck in Belleau Wood. He has told me how beautiful the woods look in the spring of the year, also informs me that there is a great difference in the woods of today and the woods when he was carried in from the field by a non-com as one of the wounded.

Captain Dunbeck now has himself settled in a cozy Chateau and no doubt is right out and on the job.

Through my column I wish to congratulate Captain Dunbeck upon his appointment as the representative of the Second Division at Belleau Wood. They could not have found a better one in a long time.

Decisions

During the past week the National Commandant has rendered two decisions on the Marine Corps Reserve, another for eligible memberships for the Ladies Auxiliary:

1—Members of the Marine Corps Reserve who have not served in the active service of the United States Marine Corps shall not be eligible for membership in the Marine Corps League.

2—Members of the Marine Corps Reserve who have served in training period during their enlistment in the Marine Corps Reserve shall not be eligible for membership in the Marine Corps League.

Eligibility for Membership

Ladies Auxiliaries

1—The mother, father, sister or brother of members of detachments of the Marine Corps League shall be eligible for membership in the auxiliaries or the National Auxiliary.

2—The mother, father, sister, or brother of deceased Marines, shall be eligible for membership upon approval of national headquarters in all auxiliaries.

3—The membership in auxiliaries shall be kept in the first generation of the relatives.

I shall mention here that the reason for the decision on the membership of the Ladies Auxiliary was rendered upon the request of the new organized unit. Hereafter this ruling shall apply to all auxiliaries.

The Worcester detachment has informed me that they shall start a drive for the completion of the pledges for their quota of the Belleau Wood Fund. I shall look forward to their check which will complete the payment.

Ben Winters of Detroit has made a trip to Saginaw and return with six memberships from that detachment. He then made another trip to Toledo and returned with twelve memberships. Winters has assured national headquarters and in fact has proved to me that he is an OUT AND GET 'EM fellow. It takes time and work to get the boys who have not paid their dues for 1927. Wouldn't it be a GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING for the division officers to find that their division is paid up one hundred per centum on last year's figures. If you want you may call it a pipe dream on my part but I still have many hopes that it is possible and can be done.

Mr. William S. Robinson, the Commandant of the Savannah detachment reported the visit of our National Judge Advocate at Savannah and he says, "I have hopes that some day the League in Savannah will have just such men as our dear and beloved National Judge Advocate, Mr. Raker." From the reports a meeting was held on Sunday morning at which Raker addressed the gathering and succeeded in getting two additional memberships for the detachment.

Mr. D. C. Barnum, the Adjutant of the Samuel Copeland Detachment of Wichita, has informed national headquarters that the members of the detachment shall get together during the first part of June and that the detachment will be well under way again. He also informed the adjutant that they have been handicapped because of some lost records, but has assured us that the detachment would be one of the

active ones now on the list. We are right anxious to post them as an active detachment for 1927.

Time, money and space is all that is required. Sergeant Albert W. Schien, U. S. Marine Corps, who is attached to the recruiting station at South Bend, Indiana, has reported to the National Commandant that he has nine members signed up and will get the other one without fail. This looks very interesting to the assuming of another detachment on the rolls of the League for the month of June.

The National Commandant has written to Mr. William P. McDonald, of Jersey City, N. J., relative to the progress he is making as the chairman of the organization committee for a detachment of the Marine Corps League. We need to be on the lookout for more detachments and national headquarters is keeping in very close touch with the prospects for detachments; therefore the National Commandant is desirous of making another increase of 1928 figures. It can be done and, Mr. Williams, we want your support.

Nashville has sent me another member this week. A member a week from Nashville, Tenn., will mean an increase of 52 members per year. I believe that's right as I have been receiving at least one every week. I hardly know who is responsible, but just the same, thanks to the detachment for their good work. We want you to keep that record going strong.

Dallas; yes, it appears to me that they had accumulated a bit of space in the last issue of *The Leatherneck*. I just want to mention that Mr. Romick the Commandant has sent me a check for another member since the last issue.

Waco; yes, here is another detachment that seems to be following the footsteps of the aforementioned detachments and have enrolled three additional members for the detachment. Mr. Roy Stephens is one of them and I am informed that he will make a trip to Paris this summer with the American Legion. We want Mr. Stephens and all other members who are making the trip to visit our representative at Belleau Wood, Captain Dunbeck, providing they are not bawling up their plans.

The new detachments and I believe that last detachment to be chartered by the League was that one located in Philadelphia. The Major General Littleton W. T. Waller Detachment organized by Sergeant Major Thorpe. The officers of the detachment were installed at the meeting of May 5th to serve the period of one year are: Commandant, Mr. Calvin C. Greenwalt; Sr. Vice-Commandant, Charles E. Warburton; Jr. Vice-Commandant, L. J. Christensen; Officer Day, James McKraig; Officer Guard, J. B. Greewalts.

Mr. George Palmer, a member of the Naval Camp No. 1, United Spanish War Veterans, acted as the master of ceremonies and installed the officers of the detachment.

The other officers which were appointed by the Commandant of the Detachment are. Mr. George Rea, Sergeant Major; Mr. George Palmer, Paymaster; Mr. Michael Mullin, Chaplain; Mr. R. C. Shinn, Senior Color Sergeant; Mr. James Manion, Junior Color Ser-

geant, and Mr. George Rea, Chief Musician.

The trustees of the detachment are Mr. George Rea, for one year; Mr. J. J. McDevitt, Trustee for 2 years; Mr. O. W. Karr, Trustee for 3 years.

The boys at Philadelphia also sent in two memberships for their detachment before the installation of officers.

Akron, Ohio, is coming back to its original standing in the League according to the reports received at national Headquarters from Harvey E. Bolich, the adjutant of the Detachment. They all come home again. We hope that this meaning will hold good and bring back at least some of the former members of the detachment.

Mr. Nickerson the Division Officer of the West Coast has informed National Headquarters that he would be doing a little traveling and that he would visit the detachments within reasonable distance in his division.

Captain George F. Stockes, of the recruiting service in Denver, Colorado, is endeavoring to get the Denver Detachment of the League straightened out and have them going on top speed shortly.

On the last minute I have received another check from Philadelphia for two additional members. This makes four members in all this month.

Shoyth Charleston has finally come to the conclusion that a circus and a detachment's dance on the same evening do not agree. The dance was reported successful, but the record crowd was not there because of the circus having pulled in town. I understand that the detachment will have some kind of a sports event for the members, the news breaks first with a baseball team. On Memorial Day the members of the detachment paid a visit to the grave of Rex Lynn, after which the detachment was named. They will fire the usual three volleys over the grave and in the afternoon the detachment will parade with the American Legion and the Disabled American Veterans.

The New York Detachment has been heard from with the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund and then I have again another little message and that is that they have been saving up the prospect members that have been forwarded to the detachment and have requested an additional hundred and fifty pamphlets and envelopes for a membership drive. We shall look out for the most promising results. These boys are always there with the goods regardless of the nature. LeRoy Hagan mentioned to me at the convention that he was out for one hundred members. Now he did not say more than a hundred, but I take it that he will not turn the rest over that hundred down. New York is going to have a nice big Banquet on June 4th at the K. of C. Club.

Joseph Simmons Wilkes; it looks familiar and the name sounds very familiar to every member who has read anything about the boys at Salt Lake City, Utah. I have received two dollars for memberships this past few weeks and they still are going strong. The Paymaster informs me that all members of the detachment and their wives are going to attend a dinner dance at a nice

road house in Salt Lake City. I must not forget to mention that the ladies are going to help the men enjoy the evening. On June 2nd a Dutch Lunch will be given in honor of Captain P. D. Cornell, U. S. M. C., who is to be detached from recruiting duty at Salt Lake City.

I have, after writing articles for *The Leatherneck*, always wanted to include a certain paragraph from one of the members of our organization who wrote to me about the benefits of the Marine Corps Institute. Here is what he has to say: "The decision of the Marine Corps Institute is going to prove a big boon to many of the men. I think it is really a magnificent offer." I agree with the party.

The Marine Corps Institute has two hundred and fifty-eight courses to offer members of the Marine Corps League who are also members of the Marine Corps Reserve. Members of the League who are interested should write to the Director of the Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. **INVESTIGATE FELLOWS; IT'S WORTH IT.**

I have just received a letter from Sergeant Major J. W. Thorpe, U. S. Marine Corps, the organizer of the Major General Littleton W. T. Waller Detachment of Philadelphia, Pa. Sergeant Major Thorpe is now on board the U. S. S. "Henderson," with the Sixth Regiment Marines at Shanghai, China. He is very much interested in receiving news from his pals on this side of the big pond.

Saginaw, Mich.

Yes, this week I received a check for the balance of the membership of the Saginaw Detachment. Do you know any of these loyal supporters: Ellis E. Van Connett, Commandant; Lawrence Inman, Adjutant; Arthur T. Lippert, Paymaster; Sergeant Scottie W. Bauer, Donivan K. Butler, Chester L. Fordney, August Bejeck, Herman Thornmiller, Frederick Mulholland, John Mowry, J. J. Skoviski, Leon Perry, Judson E. Case, Ray Streeter and John P. Guza, also Carlton B. Davis.

Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Thurman Wlathrop, the Paymaster of the Marcus Beck Detachment, forwarded me 5 additional memberships this past month, check enclosed. We shall look forward to see the boys at Atlanta step out with some sweet surprise in store for the readers.

Denver, Colo.

Word has been received from Captain George F. Stockes, Marine Corps Recruiting Station at Denver that the Denver Marines held a very successful reorganization meeting. Captain Stokes has promised more information after the meeting of the 15th of June.

Well, I have heard country folks say that it takes a city slicker to put things over on folks, but at this time it happens to be the boys of the active service that have helped the **WORTHY CAUSE** along. I mean the Belleau Wood Fund. On the last day of May I received three checks from the boys of the Marine Corps who certainly have helped push the bottom out of the tub. Here they are:

Killed in Action in Nicaragua, May 16, 1927



RICHARD BELL BUCHANAN

RICHARD BELL BUCHANAN was born at Carbon-dale, Ill., Dec. 16, 1892. He prepared for the University of Illinois at the Joplin (Mo.) High School. In 1917 he graduated from the University of Illinois with a Bachelor of Science degree in Agriculture. Three days after the Declaration of War, he was enrolled as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve, and was ordered to report for duty at Port Royal, S. C. After completing his preliminary training, he joined the MB., Quantico, Va., on July 20, 1917. Here he showed such exceptional ability as an instructor in the Snipers' School, that, despite his oft repeated requests, duty in France was refused him. On October 3, 1917, he was temporarily promoted a 1st Lieutenant. On December 19, 1917, he sailed from Newport News, Va., on the U. S. S. "Von Steuben" for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where he served until ordered to Ft. Crockett, Galveston, Texas. He was temporarily promoted Captain, July 1, 1918.

On April 10, 1919, he embarked on the U. S. S. "Hancock" and sailed from Galveston, Texas, arriving at Philadelphia, Pa., April 24, 1919. He joined the Marine Barracks, April 26, 1919. He sailed from Charleston, S. C., in August, for Santo Domingo, joining on Sept. 5, 1919. In October he joined the MB., Charleston, S. C. In November he was detached to MB., St. Thomas, V. I., joining that station via U. S. S. "Hancock" on December 2, 1920.

On June 4, 1920, he was permanently appointed a Captain. In May, 1922, he reported at MB., Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. On July 16, 1925, orders were issued for his detachment from Newport, R. I., and to report at NOB., Hampton Roads, Va., for duty.

On June 2, 1926, he was detached from Hampton Roads, Va., and instructed to report to the Commanding Officer, U. S. S. "Arkansas" for duty as commanding officer of the Marine detachment on board that vessel. This detachment was subsequently transferred to Managua, for expeditionary duty in Nicaragua. In March, 1927, we find him encamped at La Paz Centro.

"Died as he prayed to . . . in the service of the Marine Corps." Mrs. Buchanan.

"A great loss to the Naval service." Act. Sec. of the Navy, Edward P. Warner.

"Captain Buchanan was considered an excellent officer, and was enjoying the full confidence of his brother officers." John A. Lejeune, Maj. Gen. Commandant, U. S. M. C.

REPRINT FROM "THE
WASHINGTON HERALD"
OF MAY 17, 1927

Two American Marines were killed when a guerilla band attacked a detachment at La Paz Centro, Nicaragua, Admiral Julian L. Latimer advised the Navy Department yesterday (May 16, 1927). The attack resulted in the first bloodshed to Americans during the revolution. The dead are Captain Richard B. Buchanan of Washington, D. C., and Private Marvin A. Jackson of Chicago, Ill. The attack occurred at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, when 200 bandit rebels fired into the Marine encampment. The fire was returned and fourteen of the attackers were killed, and twenty wounded. Admiral Latimer's dispatch, however, contained few details.



MARVIN ANDREW JACKSON

MARVIN ANDREW JACKSON was born on the 25th of June, 1907, in Jacksonville, Florida. At the age of six he was taken to Chicago by his mother. His childhood, boyhood, and youth were not marked with any outstanding or unusual circumstances of particular note. He lived the normal life of an American boy. His mother always took the greatest of pains to see that he had the best possible background in every way; she was, in a very large measure, entirely successful in moulding a strong character in him. At the time he came to Chicago, he also came under the direct influence of his grandmother, who for forty years had been the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman, at Neenah, Wisconsin. Due to both these close associations, the young man could scarcely escape their influence for good, and all that is fine and noble in life.

In June, 1925, he completed two years at the Senn High School in Chicago. He was not over-fond of schoolbooks and studies. On the other hand, his record as a member of the R. O. T. C. at the Senn High School was exceptionally fine. He had the "makings" of a true soldier. At this time, Jackson was a slender, fair-haired youth, exactly six feet tall. With his excellent character, ideal aspirations, and his willingness to succeed, he was as fine a calibre of future Marine as has ever signed his name to an enlistment paper.

On the 21st of September, 1925, he enlisted in the Corps. After completing his "boot-training" at Parris Island, he was assigned to the Casual Company. In July, 1926, he was among the chosen few that were sent to the Sea School at Norfolk, Va. Here he showed the same characteristics of aptitude, adaptability, and enthusiasm that had ever distinguished him. A month later he boarded his first "battle-wagon," the U. S. S. "Florida." He was in his element here—he enjoyed life immensely. When the "Florida" was ordered to Nicaraguan waters, he felt that the time was fast approaching "when he would be a man full grown and master of his own destiny." He bubbled over with the exuberant spirits of healthy youth. In May, 1927, we find him encamped at La Paz Centro, engaged in helping disarm the warring factions of Nicaragua.

"Died bravely in the performance of duty for his country. Acting Secretary of the Navy, Edward P. Warner.

"It is earnestly hoped that the knowledge that he maintained an excellent record in the Marine Corps, and died in the service of his country . . ." John A. Lejeune, Major General Commandant, U. S. M. C.

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On the last minute I have received another check from Philadelphia for two additional members. This makes four members in all this month.

Shoyth Charleston has finally come to the conclusion that a circus and a detachment's dance on the same evening do not agree. The dance was reported successful, but the record crowd was not there because of the circus having pulled in town. I understand that the detachment will have some kind of a sports event for the members, the news breaks first with a baseball team. On Memorial Day the members of the detachment paid a visit to the grave of Rex Lynn, after which the detachment was named. They will fire the usual three volleys over the grave and in the afternoon the detachment will parade with the American Legion and the Disabled American Veterans.

The New York Detachment has been heard from with the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund and then I have again another little message and that is that they have been saving up the prospect members that have been forwarded to the detachment and have requested an additional hundred and fifty pamphlets and envelopes for a membership drive. We shall look out for the most promising results. These boys are always there with the goods regardless of the nature. LeRoy Hagan mentioned to me at the convention that he was out for one hundred members. Now he did not say more than a hundred, but I take it that he will not turn the rest over that hundred down. New York is going to have a nice big Banquet on June 4th at the K. of C. Club.

Joseph Simmons Wilkes; it looks familiar and the name sounds very familiar to every member who has read anything about the boys at Salt Lake City, Utah. I have received two dollars for memberships this past few weeks and they still are going strong. The Paymaster informs me that all members of the detachment and their wives are going to attend a dinner dance at a nice

road house in Salt Lake City. I must not forget to mention that the ladies are going to help the men enjoy the evening. On June 2nd a Dutch Lunch will be given in honor of Captain P. D. Cornell, U. S. M. C., who is to be detached from recruiting duty at Salt Lake City.

I have, after writing articles for *The Leatherneck*, always wanted to include a certain paragraph from one of the members of our organization who wrote to me about the benefits of the Marine Corps Institute. Here is what he has to say: "The decision of the Marine Corps Institute is going to prove a big boon to many of the men. I think it is really a magnificent offer." I agree with the party.

The Marine Corps Institute has two hundred and fifty-eight courses to offer members of the Marine Corps League who are also members of the Marine Corps Reserve. Members of the League who are interested should write to the Director of the Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. **INVESTIGATE FELLOWS; IT'S WORTH IT.**

I have just received a letter from Sergeant Major J. W. Thorpe, U. S. Marine Corps, the organizer of the Major General Littleton W. T. Waller Detachment of Philadelphia, Pa. Sergeant Major Thorpe is now on board the U. S. S. "Henderson," with the Sixth Regiment Marines at Shanghai, China. He is very much interested in receiving news from his pals on this side of the big pond.

Saginaw, Mich.

Yes, this week I received a check for the balance of the membership of the Saginaw Detachment. Do you know any of these loyal supporters: Ellis E. Van Connelt, Commandant; Lawrence Inman, Adjutant; Arthur T. Lippert, Paymaster; Sergeant Scottie W. Bauer, Donivan K. Butler, Chester L. Fordney, August Bejeck, Herman Thornmiller, Frederick Mulholland, John Mowry, J. J. Skoviski, Leon Perry, Judson E. Case, Ray Streeter and John P. Guza, also Carlton B. Davis.

Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Thurman Wlathrop, the Paymaster of the Marcus Beck Detachment, forwarded me 5 additional memberships this past month, check enclosed. We shall look forward to see the boys at Atlanta step out with some sweet surprise in store for the readers.

Denver, Colo.

Word has been received from Captain George F. Stockes, Marine Corps Recruiting Station at Denver that the Denver Marines held a very successful reorganization meeting. Captain Stokes has promised more information after the meeting of the 15th of June.

Well, I have heard country folks say that it takes a city slicker to put things over on folks, but at this time it happens to be the boys of the active service that have helped the **WORTHY CAUSE** along. I mean the Belleau Wood Fund. On the last day of May I received three checks from the boys of the Marine Corps who certainly have helped push the bottom out of the tub. Here they are:

Continued on page 42

Killed in Action in Nicaragua, May 16, 1927



RICHARD BELL BUCHANAN

RICHARD BELL BUCHANAN was born at Carbondale, Ill., Dec. 16, 1892. He prepared for the University of Illinois at the Joplin (Mo.) High School. In 1917 he graduated from the University of Illinois with a Bachelor of Science degree in Agriculture. Three days after the Declaration of War, he was enrolled as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve, and was ordered to report for duty at Port Royal, S. C. After completing his preliminary training, he joined the MB., Quantico, Va., on July 20, 1917. Here he showed such exceptional ability as an instructor in the Snipers' School, that, despite his oft repeated requests, duty in France was refused him. On October 3, 1917, he was temporarily promoted a 1st Lieutenant. On December 19, 1917, he sailed from Newport News, Va., on the U. S. S. "Von Steuben" for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where he served until ordered to Ft. Crockett, Galveston, Texas. He was temporarily promoted Captain, July 1, 1918.

On April 10, 1919, he embarked on the U. S. S. "Hancock" and sailed from Galveston, Texas, arriving at Philadelphia, Pa., April 24, 1919. He joined the Marine Barracks, April 26, 1919. He sailed from Charleston, S. C., in August, for Santo Domingo, joining on Sept. 5, 1919. In October he joined the MB., Charleston, S. C. In November he was detached to MB., St. Thomas, V. I., joining that station via U. S. S. "Hancock" on December 2, 1920.

On June 4, 1920, he was permanently appointed a Captain. In May, 1922, he reported at MB., Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. On July 16, 1925, orders were issued for his detachment from Newport, R. I., and to report at NOB., Hampton Roads, Va., for duty.

On June 2, 1926, he was detached from Hampton Roads, Va., and instructed to report to the Commanding Officer, U. S. S. "Arkansas" for duty as commanding officer of the Marine detachment on board that vessel. This detachment was subsequently transferred to Managua, for expeditionary duty in Nicaragua. In March, 1927, we find him encamped at La Paz Centro.

"Died as he prayed to . . . in the service of the Marine Corps." Mrs. Buchanan.

"A great loss to the Naval service." Act. Sec. of the Navy, Edward P. Warner.

"Captain Buchanan was considered an excellent officer, and was enjoying the full confidence of his brother officers." John A. Lejeune, Maj. Gen. Commandant, U. S. M. C.

REPRINT FROM "THE
WASHINGTON HERALD"
OF MAY 17, 1927

Two American Marines were killed when a guerilla band attacked a detachment at La Paz Centro, Nicaragua. Admiral Julian L. Latimer advised the Navy Department yesterday (May 16, 1927). The attack resulted in the first bloodshed to Americans during the revolution. The dead are Captain Richard B. Buchanan of Washington, D. C., and Private Marvin A. Jackson of Chicago, Ill. The attack occurred at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, when 200 bandit rebels fired into the Marine encampment. The fire was returned and fourteen of the attackers were killed, and twenty wounded. Admiral Latimer's dispatch, however, contained few details.



MARVIN ANDREW JACKSON

MARVIN ANDREW JACKSON was born on the 25th of June, 1907, in Jacksonville, Florida. At the age of six he was taken to Chicago by his mother. His childhood, boyhood, and youth were not marked with any outstanding or unusual circumstances of particular note. He lived the normal life of an American boy. His mother always took the greatest of pains to see that he had the best possible background in every way; she was, in a very large measure, entirely successful in moulding a strong character in him. At the time he came to Chicago, he also came under the direct influence of his grandmother, who for forty years had been the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman, at Neenah, Wisconsin. Due to both these close associations, the young man could scarcely escape their influence for good, and all that is fine and noble in life.

In June, 1925, he completed two years at the Senn High School in Chicago. He was not over-fond of schoolbooks and studies. On the other hand, his record as a member of the R. O. T. C. at the Senn High School was exceptionally fine. He had the "makings" of a true soldier. At this time, Jackson was a slender, fair-haired youth, exactly six feet tall. With his excellent character, ideal aspirations, and his willingness to succeed, he was as fine a calibre of future Marine as has ever signed his name to an enlistment paper.

On the 21st of September, 1925, he enlisted in the Corps. After completing his "boot-training" at Parris Island, he was assigned to the Casual Company. In July, 1926, he was among the chosen few that were sent to the Sea School at Norfolk, Va. Here he showed the same characteristics of aptitude, adaptability, and enthusiasm that had ever distinguished him. A month later he boarded his first "battle-wagon," the U. S. S. "Florida." He was in his element here—he enjoyed life immensely. When the "Florida" was ordered to Nicaraguan waters, he felt that the time was fast approaching "when he would be a man full grown and master of his own destiny." He bubbled over with the exuberant spirits of healthy youth. In May, 1927, we find him encamped at La Paz Centro, engaged in helping disarm the warring factions of Nicaragua.

"Died bravely in the performance of duty for his country." Acting Secretary of the Navy, Edward P. Warner.

"It is earnestly hoped that the knowledge that he maintained an excellent record in the Marine Corps, and died in the service of his country . . ." John A. Lejeune, Major General Commandant, U. S. M. C.

THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. CALIFORNIA

As this detachment has not been represented in the broadcasting column of the Leatherneck for some time, I will now try and place the prune pickers on the map.

The old "Prune Barge" now broadcasting. With our spring cruise about over, the "Prune Barge" wants to let the Corps know that we are still 100 per cent Marines and will take this as an opportunity to do so, from our resting place at Newport, R. I.

From our home port at San Pedro, Calif., on 17 February, we headed straight for Panama, where we were able to get five days liberty. In company with the Battle Fleet cruised in the Caribbean waters as far as Gonaives, Haiti, where we rested at anchor for a few weeks. From the time we left Panama until arriving at Gonaives, we were engaged in a battle problem with the Scouting Fleet as our enemy and between Guantanamo Bay, Cuba and Gonaives we had our major engagement. We anchored at Guantanamo April 2nd, where we enjoyed swimming, fishing, boating and baseball, the boys qualified 100 per cent in swimming. We also had one week of intensive drilling, causing some grief to a few of our gun manicurists and deck massagers, but you know the old one about "all work and no play."

On the 18 April the old ship sailed for New York, where an enjoyable two weeks were spent, and that isn't all that was spent as every one is as bare of "Sheckles" as France is Transatlantic Aviators. To prove this statement, just pull out a pack of cigarettes. New York is a quaint little town as John Barrows our "Haitian Gun Striker" found it. Some of the boys were given leave to visit their parents that reside in the east.

Well, now about our personnel: Our detachment is commanded by Captain Raphael Griffin, who, we are sorry to say, will probably be detached upon our arrival at San Pedro on or about June 28. Second Lieutenant Arthur W. Ellis is our junior Marine Officer on board. The Guard has wished Captain A. H. Noble their heartiest greetings and support as our new Commanding Officer.

The "California" being the Flagship of the Battle Fleet, Lieut. Col. G. M. Kincaide is aboard as Fleet Marine Officer, relieving Lieut. Col. R. B. Sullivan who has been detached, and sorry we are to see him leave us. Sergeant Major Edward Wilcox is the Fleet Sgt. Major. The Major frequently favors the detachment office with a personal call, giving us "the latest dope" after first inquiring "Is there any mail for me?" Bratton W. Bucklin is the top soldier, and a better one is hard to find. His cheerful smile is in evidence every day. But the effect that "No Mail-O" has on him and his intimate pal, Doc Suprunowski,

(our efficient Chief Hospital Corpsman and Pill King) causes the smile to fade somewhat. They have their anxiety, and to all appearances the trouble lies somewhere between San Pedro and Long Beach. Old Santo Domingo days were often lived over by them and troubles were renewed or drowned over the various beer tables in Panama. D. E. Cruikshank is the Gunny. Among the old-time Sergeants are Manny Berkman, who was troubled with spic itch on his feet, which he claims was contracted in Haiti. By the way he spent a few days on the Hospital ship, the U. S. S. "Relief," but as he could not convince the Doctor that shore duty would be better for his feet, he is still with us. Sgt. John Sappington, "Sap-O," joined us just before the cruise, and he has our sympathy, for he will find this is not a Tia Juana, but we will leave it to the Guard Roster to keep his mind from straying toward San Diego.

Then we have Sgt. "Red" Brunner, who hasn't been the same since leaving the west coast. But we hope he will be able to "carry on," any way until the old tub drops her mud hook in the fish-scented harbor again. The trouble with him we think is the same old story. There was a "Fair Young Thing" that sweetened his coffee so well at the P. E. Station in L. A. But our efficient Whaleboat Coxswain has whipped our whaleboat crew into excellent shape and it looks as though they are going to cause the Old Iron Man to ship over for the Prune Barge again. But he will be leaving us upon our return home. We wish the old shipmate the best of luck.

Before leaving Pedro a few other more or less tropical boys worth mentioning joined us, such as Pfc. Knapp, "Scoop" Sewell, Pfc. J. J. Montgomery and "Foreign Relation" Bendokitis.

Corporal Sheppard has visited so many beer gardens in the Tropical Ports that he is a confirmed thirty-year man.

The latest promotions in the guard are Cpl. Homel to Sgt., and Pfc. Dudley to Cpl., they have our congratulations.

Lately we have been getting between twenty-five and forty copies of the Leatherneck every month, and believe me, they last only until the wrappers are torn off. If it were not for this wonderful Marine Corps Monthly it would be impossible for us to keep well informed about the Corps.

Our ship is due to arrive at San Pedro, Calif., the latter part of June and no less than thirty members of our Guard will have completed their tour of two years Sea Service at that time and will be due for a transfer. Most of these short timers are men who made the Australian cruise in 1925, so you can see that we boys of the Prune Barge move around.

Station E. O. H. now signing off.

FIRST BRIGADE WING DOPE

By Arnheim

As a result of the gunnery and bombing held here recently, three of our ships, their pilots, crew chiefs and crews have been awarded the Navy "E." This merit badge is only given to men in the Naval Service who attain a high standard of efficiency, in this case, in aerial gunnery and bombing.

The ships and men who were awarded the "E" are as follows:

Ship number 5, ship number 1 and ship number 6.

Capt. Shearer, Lt. Boyden and Lt. Harris were the pilots.

Sgt. Conney, Sgt. Towles and Cpl. Huffman were the observers.

The crew chiefs were Gy. Sgt. May, Cpl. Mahoney and Cpl. Endsley. The members of the crews were Cpl. Hansen, Pvts. Cooper and Francis.

The minstrel played by members of the Squadron not long ago will be put on again at the Recreation Hall of the Second Regiment on the nights of the May 25th and 26th. The performances this time will be for the benefit of the Mississippi Flood Fund. The first performance will be for the enlisted personnel of the First Brigade and the second for the Officers of the Brigade and the American Colony.

The U. S. S. "Argonne" was in here a few days ago, and took approximately four hundred men from the Brigade. We have been told that they were under sealed orders, but rumors have it they are headed for Nicaragua. Observation Squadron Two was the only organization here from which men were not taken.

We have heard of men who try to start Fords without coils, and lots of things, but we want to know the name of the man on the field section who tried to pump up a tire with no valve spring in it!

Due to the uncertainty of mail from here to the States our articles seem to be rather spasmodic. We try to get them in Washington in time for the next issue, but we are late, it seems.

The old standby, "Kittery," is due to leave here on or about May 26th, and is taking Huffman, Middleton, Ford, Frecka and Rosenberg. Huffman is leaving here to go to the N. A. P. school. We wish him lots of luck, and hope that he turns out to be as good a pilot as he is a parachute jumper.

By the way, we have not heard for a long time from the class of men who started through the pilot's school in Quantico. Have they been designated, or where are they?

We noticed in a Washington paper not long ago that Cpl. Claude was given quite a "write-up." Nice going in there, Claude. I don't suppose you remember me as a Cadet at Carlstrom.

There seems to be an epidemic of tournaments around here lately. A

handball tournament was completed not long ago, and was won by Steele and Keith in the doubles and Steele in the singles.

A tennis tournament is under way now, and will be finished very shortly. Cullum and Smith are matched against Schaeffer and Gosney for the finals of the doubles, while the singles have not reached the finals stage as yet.

Dahlstrom, our boy pilot, has been transferred to the motor shop. We don't know what to make of it, but are sorry to see him leave the field section.

Guess this will be all until next month. Station O B S 2 signing off.

MILITARY HISTORY OF SERGEANT MAJOR MARION THOMAS

Sergeant Major Thoms was born on March 31st, 1884, at York, Nebraska. He first enlisted in the U. S. Army on March 3, 1902, and was discharged from the 13th Regular Cavalry on February 23, 1905; awarded character good. He re-enlisted in the Army on May 22nd, 1905, and was discharged from the 8th Regular Cavalry on May 21st, 1908; awarded character good. He again re-enlisted in the Army on July 18th, 1908, and was discharged from the 7th Regular Cavalry on July 20th, 1911, with character excellent. On September 28th, 1911, he again re-enlisted in the Army and was discharged from the 3rd Regular Cavalry on September 27th, 1914, he immediately re-enlisted on the following day and served until July 10th, 1917, at which time he was discharged before the expiration of his enlistment to accept commission as a second lieutenant, U. S. Cavalry. He was discharged honorably from the U. S. Cavalry on August 2nd, 1918, with the rank of Captain. He re-enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps on February 17th, 1919, and transferred to the Rifle Range Detachment, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C. He was discharged on February 16th, 1925, and awarded character excellent. He re-enlisted on the following day and was retained at the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C., for duty with the rifle range detachment. He was retired at the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C., on January 31, 1927, after having served over thirty years service.

During Sergeant Thomas' service in the Marine Corps he was winner of the following medals:

1920, Division Competition, awarded bronze medal; 1921, Distinguished Pistol Shot Medal; 1921, Distinguished Marksman Medal; 1921, Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded gold medal; 1921, National Individual Pistol Match, awarded gold medal; 1922, Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded gold medal; 1923, Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded gold medal; 1923, National Individual Pistol Match, awarded gold medal; 1924, Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded silver medal; 1925, Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded silver medal; 1926, Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded bronze medal.

Sergeant Major Thomas was killed May 11th, 1927 in an automobile accident at Prague, Oklahoma.

Sergeant Major Thomas is the author of "Instructions in Pistol Marksmanship," which was given to the U. S. Marine Corps by him in 1924.

EX-MARINE OFFERS \$25,000 PRIZE FOR DALLAS TO HONGKONG FLIGHT

By Capt. W. H. Scott

After Lindbergh and Paris, then what? This question was thrown round the world for an answer. Who would come forward with the idea for a new flight that would be even greater than the accomplishment of the heroic Lindbergh?

The call was heard in a two by four office where a hardboiled marine captain sat and looked at a photograph of his dead brother, a naval war ace, and as he looked his fingers touched at the pen lightly held on an open check book where he had been signing salary checks.

Across the room hung a large map showing the territory covered by his office, and beyond that a vast ocean, waters he had traveled during the stormy days of the world war. He ruminated within himself for a few moments, then the pen moved over the check book and W. E. (Bill) Easterwood, Jr., of Dallas, late marine captain, had issued the challenge that would carry American birdmen from Texas to Hongkong.

Never was a greater flight conceived, and never in the history of aviation was the challenge more quickly taken up, for the ink had hardly dried on the paper that called for a prize of \$25,000 cash than Bill Erwin, super war ace, telephoned his entry for the event.

It might seem hard for the ordinary Leatherneck to realize that a buddy who saw service from the outbreak of the war was able to finance such an undertaking, but it happens that Bill Easterwood is a genius when it comes to business. He is credited with being the hardest worker in the state of Texas.

Five years ago his first sale amounted to a little over \$53 for a full week's work. Bill had worked day and night for this and half went for traveling expenses. He was tired but the spirit of the old Corps was ground into his very soul and he kept at it. Today the business is worth about three millions of dollars, and still growing.

The Dallas to Hongkong flight was planned in memory of Ensign Jess Easterwood, brother of the donor, who was killed during a practice flight in the canal zone during 1919. He was one of the ten American naval aviators loaned to England soon after the United States entered the war. He fought on the Italian front until the armistice and was the only one of the ten to return. For his services on the Italian and Belgian fronts he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and a Citation, but this honor came after the tragedy that took his life.

Bill Easterwood joined the Marines at the outbreak of war and was an out and out volunteer. He climbed through all the grades to Captain after serving at Parris Island and other stations on the coast until he was discharged at Iona Island in January, 1919. At heart he was always a buck private and since establishing himself he has never forgotten his comrades of the war.

The great flight for which he offers the prize of \$25,000 must be made in 144 flying hours either from Dallas to Hongkong or Hongkong to Dallas. Two stops will be allowed, while other

stipulations are that the machine used must be of American manufacture and that the plane must carry these words, "W. E. Easterwood, Jr., Dallas to Hongkong Flight."

Already from coast to coast entrants have sent in their names for the flight, among these being some of the greatest airmen of the war, but all Bill says is, "Do the trick, the money is in the bank."

U. S. S. "CLEVELAND"

By D. T. Garner

Well—well—Here we are again. In the April issue we gave our station as Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua; but we only remained there for a few days and were relieved by the Tulsa. We then pulled the mudhook and shoved off for Rio Grande and at the present time we have a landing force there and one in Principulco.

As the majority of the detachment is here in Principulco our detachment Commander First Lieutenant C. S. Finch, U. S. M. C., is in command here while Commander Lewis, U. S. N., is in command at Rio Grande. We have had no trouble as yet, but are prepared for any emergency.

Our duties here have been mostly guard. We have four outposts—one of them extends out to an old Spanish cemetery and as our ex-railroader Pvt. C. R. Collier, better known as Sir Sidney Poncho, says, "It is kinda' spooky out there on the twelve to four watch since an old Spaniard who lives here tells of headless people roaming around about the zero hour."

I also want to put in a word for our Detachment Commander, Lieut. Finch. All the Marines attached to the "Cleveland" enjoy being under his command as he is a typical Marine Officer. He always has his men first in mind. We do not know when he will leave us, but we hope it will be a long time yet.

The population of Principulco is approximately a hundred and fifty; the majority of them are Spaniards, while the rest are mixed Spanish, Indians and Negroes, with a few Chinese thrown in for good measure. During rainy season the water gets several inches deep and the natives have built a boardwalk that extends throughout the town to facilitate communication from one house to the other. If it wasn't for the boardwalk they would have to use canoes—so there you have Principulco.

Now I will do a word for our new corporal—He rides under the name of Richard A. Wherley. We will give a cash prize to any ship that can produce a Marine who can chew any more "Eat-am Tobaccer" than he can. He has got any Gob beat a mile. We used to get a smile out of him now and then, but since he has got a couple teeth knocked out playing ball—he never smiles any more.

Methinks—Sergeant J. D. Murray is courting a little black-eyed Senorita out in the suburbs of Principulco for I was out on post near her home several nights ago and she asked me where her "Sea daddy" was. She said he had three stripes on his sleeve and as he is the only sarge here except our Topkick it must be him—all I gotta say is this: "He shows good taste!"

Adios.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S.
"SEATTLE," FLAGSHIP FLEET

By M. W. Kennedy

Will give our fellow shipmates ashore and afloat a little more news on the "Seattle" for the last time as this detachment is soon going to cease to be. The ship is scheduled to relieve the U. S. S. "Pueblo" as Receiving ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on July 15th, the Commander-in-Chief's flag is to be transferred to the U. S. S. "Texas" at the same time. Orders have been received from Headquarters to transfer this detachment to the U. S. S. "Texas" whose present detachment which is now in Nicaragua will be disbanded. The detachment is looking forward to our new home and hopes that we will make as many pleasant cruises on it as we have done in the past on the "Seattle."

As the majority of you know we accompanied the fleet on the joint Army and Navy maneuvers and had a lot of fun sinking subs and such. We had many notables aboard with us on the trip such as Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy; Major General Hanson E. Ely, Commandant of the Army War College, with two of his staff; Col. G. S. Gibbs, Col. J. B. Mitchell and Lt. Col. G. T. Perkins, Mr. H. McIntyre, who represented the Army and Navy Journal; Mr. F. B. Jewett, Vice President of the American Telephone and Telegraph; Colonel David Sarnoff, Vice President of the Radio Corporation of America, (the latter two men were in connection with the Radiophotograph machine which has been installed on the ship); Mr. K. Clark, representative of the International News Service; Mr. C. C. Morand of the United Press and Mr. F. Trenhan, representative of the Pathe News Reel.

On our trip from New York from Guantanamo Bay the outfit had the pleasure of having for their guest the Honorable Coyle, Representative from Pennsylvania, who retired as a Marine Captain in 1905. He had undergone a serious operation and was on here for a change of scenery and for recuperation. He retired in 1905 and went into the Marine Corps Reserve and into business for himself. When the war broke out he returned as a Major and served at Parris Island. He at one time commanded the Marine Detachment of the "Tennessee," now on the rocks at Santo Domingo City, the "Charleston" and the "Prairie." While in the House he served on the Naval Committee and did many things to help both the Navy and Marine Corps. He gave a very interesting talk regarding his former Marine days and clings to the old slogan of, "Once a Marine, always a Marine," and greatly enjoys talking it over with a bunch of Marines. It was indeed a pleasure to have such a distinguished guest in our midst and we hope to have the pleasure again.

As far as it is known now, our itinerary consists of Annapolis, Md.; Norfolk, Va., where the race boat crew will race the "Arkansas" for the Battenburg Cup. There are seven Marines in the crew and we know that they are going to pull across the line ahead of the "Arkie." From Norfolk we go back to New York again and from there it is all uncertain. There has been several rumors of different ports but nothing official yet. The

most of the men hope that all the ports read either the Brooklyn Navy Yard or New York for the present. Everyone had a good time during our short stay and are waiting patiently for June 8th to roll around when we hit there again. The ship is going to have a Farewell Ball which will probably be held at New York and that is occupying most of the men's time now trying to decide whether it will be Alice, Mabel, Grace, or Betty that they take to the dance or whatever her name chances to be. Our dance last year in San Francisco was a huge success and this one is to be better than the last.

This is the last from the "Seattle;" it's goodbye "Seattle" and Hello "Texas" with us. Give you some more from the "Texas" after July 15th.

EX-MARINE TURNS LUMBERJACK

Lumberjacks of the great north woods have made some rather impressive records for log-riding, but it seems that they must all doff their billycock hats to an executive of a cotton plantation owned by a lumber company in Tennessee along the Mississippi River. This man, Henry B. Day, Jr., by name, rode a log for two whole days and two whole nights.

This southerner was working with a gang to save a levee when the banks caved in and he found himself suddenly in the raging flood. He swam with it and finally found a perch on a giant log. It is not stated whether he rode his fortuitous rescue craft standing or straddling—probably the latter, as it is doubtful if he was properly equipped for the upright position.

The northern lumberjacks use boots with long spikes or "caulks" set therein. With a little jump upon a log they can set these spikes firmly into bark and fiber and some of them have made surprising journeys down swift streams or even across broad lakes. Usually they have in their hands a pike-pole or a peavey with which they can help balance themselves.

Day's trip was not, perhaps, as jaunty as those made by the "bully-boys" of Maine, Minnesota or Province of Quebec, but it was both dangerous and much longer. He had no food and no water and was in constant danger of being knocked off his precarious perch. He had been given up for dead when, two days after the accident, he rode safely into Rosedale, Miss. He once was a "Leatherneck" and could announce "The Marines have landed," although he could not claim to "have the situation well in hand." Certainly his exploit sounds worthy of incorporation among the legends which cluster around the lustrious name of Paul Bunyan and none would be quicker to give him due credit than the men who work among the white water far to the north and who invented Paul and all his marvelous achievements. His skill and patience netted him the same reward that comes to them for similar stunts—continuation of life. Doubtless he will rest on his laurels.

NOTICE

Donald "Runt" Rennie, of 827 Oberlin St., Akron, Ohio, is getting lonesome for some news from his old buddies in the Corps, especially Kammert, who played with the F. M. D., and Crook.

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS AND
HEADQUARTERS COMPANY,
PORT AU PRINCE
By "Mickey" Krohn

We have with us today the Haitian Marines, not a movie but in person. Don't crowd people, there's room for all. Since we last went to press much water has passed under the old bridge, ships have passed in the night and so forth. But let us go on.

First of all, we lost about half our occupation when the 1st Battalion of the 11th Regiment was formed. Talk about your expeditions. We sure put them out down here. We received orders to put a battalion in the field on a Tuesday, by Thursday afternoon, the troops were aboard the "Argonne" and ready to get under way. How Major Davis, the Brigade Quartermaster, ever got the equipment to outfit them only he knows. Port au Prince looks like the "Deserted Village." Colonel O'Leary was in command, with Captain W. C. Barnaby as Adjutant. Lieutenants Inman and Clark received their orders to join the expedition in an unusual manner. They were in a thirty-six foot motor sailer on their way to Cape Haitien when an aeroplane swooped down out of the sky and dropped their orders. They were then between Port au Paix and Mole St. Nicholas. Disregarding weather conditions they immediately started through the Windward Passage during the afternoon and made the Cape at midnight. I know, I'm still seasick.

The "Kittery" is in Port now, having brought thirty-six men for the Brigade. We are sending about that many back so everything is kits. We are losing our Chaplain, Commander E. H. Groth, who goes to the "Arkansas," and Chaplain Reagan is holding down the job now.

Staff Sergeant Roennegike is moving along in a very peculiar manner ever since he left the hospital. Our Brigade detective "Willie" Mitchell is covering the case right now. Any news of importance will be broadcast by WEA. Listen in folks, it may be interesting.

Bill Williams is restless these days, his folks have caught up with him and he has to write letters. He had just made the boast that he hadn't written a letter in two years. Now he's got fourteen to answer. What is this strange power you have over women, Bill?

"Eli" Kantner, the demon orderly, was heard in an altercation with his buddy "Snookum" Smith in which the words, Squads right, left shoulder arms and other technical terms were very frequent. Methinks "Eli" will be a Private First Class soon. Also Karpf, the less said about him the better.

Curry is going blind these days. Somebody swiped a couple of beers from in front of him the other day, and the dear boy has been to see the Doctor so that he can get a pair of glasses. It's a sad world.

Battling Kid Clower, our only bruiser, indulged in vulgar fisticuffs the other night and received a black eye and a week's restriction. Boys will be boys.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, the show's over and, until the next time, adieu.

STATION "AIRS" BROADCASTING

Cpl. I. Schneider at the "mike."

Good evening, everybody!

Since our last appearance before the "mike," VO Squadron 4 was brought up to strength and sent to Nicaragua for expeditionary duty. The officers and men left on the good ship U. S. S. "MEDUSA."

Captain Robert J. Archibald, U. S. M. C., is in command of the Squadron. The other officers are First Lieutenants John B. Neill, Jr., William L. McKittrick (our own ex-skipper), Jay D. Swartwout, Second Lieutenants Jesse G. Harmon, Earl A. Thomas and Frank D. Weir. Then there is First Sergeant Russell H. Dudley taking care of his end of the task.

Taking with them baseball equipment and some of the best players from the Field, VO-4 should have a representative team while the boys find time off from their duties to have a little play. Around Jack Ryan, Hoppie Kildow, Neal Williams, among others, they have the nucleus for a strong baseball nine.

And while talking about baseball nines our Aircraft Squadrons team is in the process of organization and takes the field against the Hospital Corps men of Quantico on the 16th of June. While we have lost such stars as Starr, Haddock, Van Buren, Ryan, and Shorty Grivers, also mentioning Mike Buccina, we have a few good men around whom we can place a baseball nine that should bring us a winning combination. The boys have our good wishes and we are pulling strongly for them to cop the bacon for the second consecutive season.

They tell us everything went over great while the boys were on maneuvers at Newport. While mixing with the more fashionable set at the w. k. Bailey's Beach, Sergeant Frawley kept away from his work long enuf to get out of practice, we are told. We noted on his return a coat of, well, one can hardly call it tan, it is more or less of a deep reddish tint, in his cheeks. Great stuff strutting your onions with the bimbos of Newport society, what Frawley, with these janes fed up on the gobs from the training station!

With Lieutenant Williamson as Intelligence Officer the boys learned a lesson in "Intelligentsia" one reads and hears so much about. Lieutenant McHugh had so little time for sleep keeping the Operations Section operating he swears he'll never handle that end again.

The bad continues to show up on First Sergeant Schuler. We had an idea he was cured after the last time we mentioned it, but it insists on coming out on him. It beats all how it will come out tho!

Since Adolphus B. Kibler, Jr., to give him his full due, and better known as "Flaming Youth," and still more recently that Giordano have been paid off, it has been noticeable that the three horse marines, Jaw-bone Barnes, Vick (he's jaw-bone, too), and Caldwell look upon life in a rosier atmosphere feeling as they do that since these two lady-killers are removed from our midst they will have a chance in the so-called Quantico society set. We wonder

whether Giordano introduced these boys to the shebas before he was discharged! It would be just like him to forget and the other three are so strict in their formality!

Down to the movies the other evening something shone from out of the almost total darkness two or three rows in front of us that arrested our attention. Whether he uses Blitz or some new "Wonder" metal polish is of no concern; what "Baldy" Williams should do is try some hair restorer; the illuminated spot arrests the attention of the well meaning movie goers. Too, it would give the barbers an opportunity to sell him an application of Lucky Tiger. Say, Cook, how come you have a sign reading "Cook recommends Wildroot for the hair" and whenever you ask one what they want on the hair before the party has a chance to say, out you blurt with Lucky Tiger? Must be cheaper to get it in gallon bottles!

Folks, have you noticed where VF Squadron One stands aces high in the athletic tests for the month of April in the Corps? The boys in that Squadron have been striving for this top honor for a long time. Now that they have reached the pinnacle they are going to stay on top, so they vow, at any rate. As long as Gerey, the Bowen boys, Blaine, Campbell, Cole, and others keep going at their regular clip, the other outfits will have to go some to wrest their laurels from them.

First Sergeant Bernie Burdick returns to line duty in Quantico and the boys in Headquarters Squadron are going to miss him. Burdick has but two or three more years active duty and he will then be ready to retire on 30 years' service in the Marine Corps. The boys join me in wishing you luck, and we hope your duties in the line will not be too arduous.

"Goodness gracious" Evans has left us for duty at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola. We've been striving to get an honest-to-goodness cuss word out of him ever since he got back to the field. Now that he has left us, we feel we have failed in our mission to get one on "Oh, my goodness, yes!"

Decoration Day a Squadron of Hawks flew to Baltimore to participate in local exhibitions. Lieutenant Sanderson, as has been wont to be his custom, copped a couple of prizes, one a wrist watch for first place in stunting and a flask for coming in third in a special race. Two parachute jumpers from the field, Corporal Jack Mondress and Private First Class Edward Steigauf, jumped in a landing to the mark competition. Steigauf took third prize while Mondress came in fourth, yet out of the prize class. There were a total of ten jumpers, seven from the Army, one representing the Navy and the two men from this Field.

The jinx that has been following Lieutenant "Dusty" Rhoads was evident in Baltimore when he hurt his leg. We saw him the other day and while he doesn't care to be umpire for the Post League, he says he is ready to take his place on the baseball diamond. We trust

the jinx has left him or he the jinx, whichever way it be.

While we appear before the "mike" all our Hawks with Major C. A. Lutz, U. S. M. C., in command, are competing in the Army Bombing and Gunnery matches at Langley Field, Hampton, Va. Of the local pilots, Lieutenant Sanderson and Lieutenant Towner have done some excellent shooting. The truth is that Lieutenant Towner is getting to be quite a "shark" in shooting and he is giving "Sandy" a race for the honors he copped in last year's competition. Captain Bourne, the "Exec" of the Field and Captain Mulcahy, our own skipper, are the other members of the team.

Saturday, June 11th, our boys will do their stuff for Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, the hero of the hour. All planes from the Field will participate in welcoming Lindy back to the shores of his country, while the good ship U. S. S. "MEMPHIS" steams up the Potomac to Washington.

This "doing their stuff" is getting to be no mere novelty with the boys from the Field. Of late they paraded the streets of Fredericksburg on the occasion of the opening of the Washington-Richmond Highway. They formed an honor company on the departure of Major General Eli K. Cole, U. S. M. C., from this station. Again they welcomed the new Commanding General, Major Wendell C. Neville, U. S. M. C., on his arrival. Thursday, June 9th, they paraded the streets of Alexandria for the Sons of the Confederates reunion. And now they are strutting their best blues for Colonel Lindbergh. Indeed, it should make the boys feel honored to help represent the nation at a function as will be the welcoming of this modest hero.

Station "Airs" now signing off so that Jordan can give us the dope on VO-4 down in Nicaragua and Hoover tell us whether or not he has found the Chink who lost all his laundry.

Good night, everybody!

BOY SCOUTS CAMPED AT PARRIS ISLAND

Beaufort saw about a hundred Boy Scouts and leaders pass through its limits on Tuesday when the Columbia delegation made their camp on Parris Island. By private automobiles, trucks and two large interurban busses they came down to the coast, and the governboats met them at Port Royal and carried them over to the Island, where the Marine Band met them at the dock and escorted them through the main section of the Post. They are now comfortably quartered in the old training quarters area beyond the football field.

Scout Executive West Jacobs, camp director, spoke very enthusiastically concerning the royal reception given him and the boys by the officers at the Maine base. They have placed all the conveniences of the Post at the disposal of the Scouts, said Mr. Jacobs, and the boys now enjoy such things as an iced drinking fountain, electric lights, running water, showers—things heretofore unheard of on scout camps, and other conveniences as cots, mattresses, pillows, sheets, mosquito nets and bars, screened

mess quarters, china plates and other eating utensils.

The swimming is in a screened in and roped off area, with diving tower and life boats. Freedom of the moving picture theatre is offered to the scouts and a reserved section is tendered them. A day is planned on the rifle range under government expert supervision. It is hoped to have some boat trips to the surrounding places of interest. Freedom to the athletic field is offered the scouts.

In addition to these conveniences and pleasures, of course, the scouts are enjoying their own pastimes of study and woodcraft, craftwork in various lines, etc. They are passing scoutcraft tests and working on their emblem.

This section of the camp with an even hundred attending, will remain on the Island until Thursday, the 16th, when they give way for the next contingent, who come in on the same day and remain through Saturday, the 25th. Several of the boys will remain on both sections of the camp.—The Beaufort Gazette.

ABOARD THE U. S. S. "MEDUSA" EN ROUTE TO NICARAGUA, OFF THE WEST COAST OF CENTRAL AMERICA

With the Flying Horsemen in Nicaragua

(By the Big Nickel Man of Nicaragua, a plane observer)

Before we go into Corinto, Nicaragua, where we go to graze the six D-Hs (De Havilland airplanes) that we have here on board the "Medusa," we would like to voice a few of the escapades of VO Squadron 4M recently of Brown Field, Quantico, Va., and to be of "somewhere" in the jungles of the vicinity of Lake Managua of Lake Nicaragua in the interior of Nicaragua.

The reason that we have assumed the sobriquet of the "Flying Horsemen" is because our squadron insignia is Pegasus, the flying horse of Grecian Mythology and we venture to say that in keeping with the old Grecian myth of Perseus who wore the winged sandals and stalked the terrible flame breathing female dragon "Medusa" in her lair and slew her in order that he might have for his bride the flapper daughter of some old Omar, the personnel of the U. S. S. "Medusa" will feel somewhat the same as did the old "Medusa" after Perseus had cut off her head bearing the hair of serpents. For in this case the Marines did not have to land to have the situation in hand; we have it here aboard the "Medusa." And to all you Marines who are left in the states, if the Nicaraguans get as bad as the Chicagoans when they hold this next election, don't you leave the U. S. unless they bill you aboard the "Medusa."

The "Medusa," the supply ship of the Pacific fleet, is not a transport, but was commanded when we were billed out of Quantico and thanks to Neptune for all kind favors. The ship's crew moved out of an entire compartment and turned it over to us birds in VO 4M and since we have been aboard we have been permitted the wholesale use of everything but the Skipper's tooth brush. The

"chow" aboard this floating Utopia would make Jake Stahl, the famed feeder of the birds at Brown Field pull down his sign and run up a swill call for the hogs that roam the Virginia Bon-docs. In all seriousness the food is the best that the plane observer ever ate and to prove it Boot Edge, the instrument man on this jaunt, has not growled since he had his first "chow" on the "Medusa."

Not that we are trying to get a drag with our K. O., Captain R. J. Archibald, but we want to observe for his friends back at Brown Field a few favors that he has done for us since we left Quantico. He got us the best quarters on the ship, lets us run around with anything on the ship that does not shock the ship's mascot, a bulldog, that we wager can lick Major Lutz's mascot of Brown Field, has held but one inspection since we came aboard, and it is possibly the popularity of Captain Archibald with the officer personnel aboard that has saved the aviation unit much of the work that has been dealt out very little on the "Medusa." And last but not least he got us that special money requisition on the 19th, the day that we hit Colon in order that we might go aboard and buy mementos and drink other than strained shelac, and the other brands of Virginia paint remover that Joe Lynch used to sell at Brown Field. We all had a good time ashore and not a man was absent at 11 o'clock that nite when liberty expired, thanks to the strong arms of the Panamanian Police who saved us the taxi fare back to the ship. We have a Chaplain aboard, but his business is rather slim with a K. O. like Captain Archibald.

Another item about the sailors aboard the "Medusa." That old tale of the animosity that is supposed to exist between sailors and Marines from time immemorial is all "wet" aboard this ship.

Like the Lion that lay down with the sheep and dreamed of the fair sex back in Virginia, just that has been the fraternal spirit of the personnel of the U. S. S. "Medusa" and the men of VO 4M. And tho we never see some of the friends that have accorded us such ultra hospitable treatment since we boarded the "Medusa" we will always feel better about Secretary Wilbur's tour of duty from having known the men of the "Medusa."

One of the features of the trip was a "happy hour" on the night of the 18th, somewhere north of the oasis-Colon—. Appearing on the program that was one that would rival Kieth's or the Mutual—minus the sex appeal—were Red Coddington and Schwartz Ahern in a three-round bout. We said three rounds, but after the first the boys made a side splitting comedy of the affair as "Red" accidentally hit Schwartz on his "inconspicuous" nose and was the recipient of many unintentional blows. Bonneau, the former prima donna of "C" Flight, did a Charleston dance that won much applause. One of the Chief's did a hypnotic act that was genuine, if you don't believe it ask Sergeant John Viar. He fed John flour and told him it was ice cream and John relished it.

Those who remember that bad habit of Corporal Lawrence "Colonel" Pabst of chewing gum will be glad to know that the "Colonel" will be well supplied for the coming Nicaraguan election as when the ship took on stores at Colon he chartered a special native, "Victoria," and stored away "a pack a day" until he is elected as air minister on the 1929 Nicaraguan President's cabinet.

You will all remember Jordan, the man in charge of all oil houses at Brown Field. The other day when we passed the island of Navassas somewhere down here "on the road to Managua" someone on the bridge shouted "We are now passing Navassas." Jordan started over the rail. He thought they said Manassas.

Lt. McKittrick, our youthful first Lieutenant, former commander of VF Squadron One, Brown Field, walked into the ship's barber shop the other day with slack trousers on and no insignia. When his turn came on, starting for the chair, he was stopped by the barber, who kindly said:

"Sorry, Sergeant, but there is an officer in front of you."

Lt. McKittick, not thinking that the barber was addressing him, advanced steadily on the chair. And was stopped the second time with the same warning. And when the barber found out his mistake there was history made for it was the world's first embarrassed barber.

We passed Colonel Stimson, President Coolidge's envoy in Colon, on the night of the 19th. Being the Will Rogers, self assumed, of this expedition, the plane observer held a short session with the other newspaper and press celebrities of Pan America with the Colonel. And this is the dope. This VO 4M squadron's duty in Nicaragua will be that of doing exhibition flying for the potential candidates of the Liberals and the Conservatives instead of the old-time stump speaking the candidate will tell his constituency to be that a certain Marine Devildog will demonstrate the Darwinian theory with proof in one of the airplanes that the first tailed natives of Nicaragua used. And in this way we hope to take the "Nic" out of Nicaragua.

That's straight dope from the Colonel and will reach you first hand before these "third term reporters" in Washington rehash it for you. The Flying Horsemen of Brown Field intend to aid in electing a man in Nicaragua who wears "no man's clothes" and it is too hot here to wear your own. And if we can suppress the press from Chicago that tells of the elections there we hope to hold the inauguration without a single ballot being stuffed or a single bomb thrown or machine gun fired by either faction.

We forgot to say anything about the great send-off that Captain Mulcahy and Lieuts. Sanderson and Townner gave us as we got under way down the Potomac as we left Quantico. In a three ship formation of "Hawks" they flew so close to the plain that many of the old sea dogs went below to break out the proverbial "Two-bits" but it went for a couple of cold ones in Colon—that oasis. All the aviation personnel

got a big kick out of it despite the fact that a certain aviation officer had to go over the side after the ship had "shoved off."

Before we end these our first observation for The Leatherneck we must put out a little dope on the man who bears the brunt of all the knocks and the growls that have been numerous despite our good treatment by the "Medusa." We speak of Russell H. Dudley, our first sergeant. Tho many the men never served under him before this expedition the term of endearment of "Papa" has been used by all since the very start of the trip. Dudley is a veteran of many sea voyages having come to aviation from sea-going off the Pittsburgh. He has 12 years service in the Marine Corps and when it comes to First Sergeant he is the acme. "Papa" knows his ship nomenclature and when a boatswain yells out, "Musst e-r-r- will be held on the starboard aft three sheets to the stern of the poop deck, "Papa" gets his "birds" there in record time. And that is a great item aboard this ship. We might also add that in the absence of a barker on the sight seeing trip thru Colon that it was Dudley that saw to it that all the aviation was aboard before liberty was up. In the office he has two able assistants in the persons of Corporal Clarence W. Bird, the Squadron "brains" and "Red" Case, his assistant. Bird is the same bird that he was back at Brown Field and has been buddying with "Hoot" Gibson Meridian, a big sailor of the "Medusa." "Hoot" or the "Ox," as some have dubbed him is in charge of the ships metal supplies. He has by his many favors formed an everlasting friendship with many of the fellows and his next cruise will be in the Marine aviation with headquarters at Brown Field.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

By TaBob

You can't hold these Headquarters lady bowlers down; with no bowling matches to occupy their time they turned their hand to a most praiseworthy cause, and on Tuesday, June 14, staged a very successful Card Party at the Raleigh Hotel for the benefit of the Flood Sufferers in the South. The spirit shown is commendable, and those in charge of the affair are to be congratulated.

Waldo Foster has completed another hitch and promptly signed up again "for the limit." That boy's accumulating some longevity, although he's not in Charlie Browne's class yet.

Bob O'Toole recently returned from an inspection trip in the South, during the time we were enjoying our early summer with overcoats kept very handy. Don't know if he did his rambling around in rowboats or hip boots, as not having the luck of "Lindy" he had no "Spirit of St. Louis" to carry him around. Speaking of St. Louis, that's the burg Bob hails from, and he is not concealing the fact so that you could notice it these days.

Guy Carder recently "made" the Naval Hospital baseball team, and they say that since he let the cat lick off the handsome mustache he had cultivated with such care his batting average has gone up considerably. Now there's a good tip for batting stars, who may be in a slump and seeking a remedy.

Giles is now making a new "super"—just a little more "super" than any of his previous efforts. He's getting this radio stuff trained to the point where it will "lay down and roll over" when he says the word.

We're worried about that girl "Fay;" those 4:30 phone calls are becoming too regular. We may have to change the sign on her desk yet.

Had a visitor the other day, Earl Roth—came "clean" from the West Coast. Earl was in the office of the Chief Paymaster in France, and at Headquarters after the War.

Margaret McGoldrick says, after slinging a tennis racquet around a couple of times, that "she believes she is a pretty good bowler." So do we. Anyway, she now knows that everything that grows is not a "Cherry Tree."

As we write these few lines our old buddy, Horace Heaton (Sergeant Major retired), is lying in the Naval Hospital. His condition is very serious; that wonderful, "fightin' Marine" spirit that has held him up for many years is slowly slipping. All his friends in the service throughout the World will be sorry to know of his illness, as to know him is to admire him. If he succumbs to the demand of the Great Reaper it will be only after a heroic battle; just how terrific a strain, and how great the suffering, none but he, and perhaps his faithful wife, can understand.

We phoned into Lockout's section for "the best detective in his outfit." After considerable hesitation, mental reservation, and a becoming display of modesty, "Ed" felt compelled to answer the call.

Bill Keller challenged Edith Brown to a match at tennis, but when the subject of a suitable side bet came up Bill quit cold. Come on, old scout, we'll back you, man to man (but our shekels go on Edith to trim you).

Judging from the fancy, yea, most intricately elaborate designs on Morris' new socks he must be a fine golfer; we believe he has surpassed our leader in such elevating considerations, "Brigham" Don Juan of the Muster Roll Section.

Charlie Browne is stewing and fretting, and threatening Bill Ramberg with all kinds of dire consequences. Charlie is a Spanish War Veteran (we almost said Civil War), and most properly hopes, sometime in the distant future, to lie side by side with his buddies in Arlington—but—Bill says the white enlisted men's section set aside for veterans of this war is filled up. Charlie hasn't found out a way to beat the game but he's not given up yet.

Our old friend, Colonel E. R. Beadle, now Chief of Staff at Parris Island, has been ordered to temporary duty at Headquarters, preliminary to further detail to duty as Chief of the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua; we know he'll organize a tiptop outfit and "pronto."

Judging from all the rose bushes and other plants Winnie Brannon and Lucy Burner are buying, we'll soon be able to class them with Thigpen and Charlie Hunter as "horticulturists par excellence."

When Jane Blakeney gets a concrete road built all the way to her country home, we're all going to wear it out—but until she does we'll let her struggle along with it—Now Jane, if you "know

your onions" just let that road be "as is."

"Chuck" Connor is back with us again; just couldn't stay away. They do say the habit of eating three squares a day day grows on one when one gets old, and Chuck has evidently learned this lesson. Don't imagine he'll stray away again until he gets his "30 years" paper.

All our would-be tennis players (both sexes) think their game is coming along pretty good until they go out with Crowley of the Reserve Section. Then they start out all over again to learn what they don't know, which is much.

Our friend "Burns" Goodwin must be in "Chinkland" by now, although communications from him number "zero;" we imagine that by this time he knows all about chop suey, how to handle chop sticks with either hand, and maybe even how to read laundry tickets.

Jake now has gotten "the book" which Chris seemed to enjoy so much, and we hope it don't affect his work or peace of mind too much. Who's next?

Owen Mulligan, orderly extraordinary to the Major General Commandant during the War, was in the other day. He comes down to his old haunts quite often, and invariably it is for the purpose of helping some buddy land a job, or receive some benefit of one kind or another. And that happy grin is still spread across his map. He's a true Leatherneck, who lives up to our motto "Semper Fidelis."

The Muster Roll Division had a big celebration last week. Staff Sergeant Thomas and Private First Class Sharpnack received checks by mail which were long overdue.

They treated the gang to cigars, cigarettes and candy. Everything comes to him who waits.

A. A. Moore left the A & I to be Top Sergeant of the Marine Detachment, Receiving Ship at New York. We all join in the congratulations Archie and hope when next we meet you will be a Sergeant Major.

The Headquarters Golf Team didn't do so good in the Departmental Tournament, but they all hope to improve enough to make a better showing next year. Tommy Blankenship of the Paymaster's Department did succeed in getting in on the prizes. We expected Wilson to be on the list, but he fell down on the first round.

If any of the men workers of the A & I Department like to smoke a pipe, it might pay them to see Mrs. Mix of the Muster Roll Division. She has one she is trying to give away. What's wrong with it Mix?

Anna McGoldrick denies that she had her onions planted upside down. She said she knows her onions and we believe her.

Miss Jones has been very quiet lately, she said she is off the horses for good.

You can tell that spring has went. Hyatt has quit writing poetry.

We heard the Giles was going to put a radio in the hen house to see if it wouldn't help the hens to lay. He said they are getting like Sharpnack's hens and want to loaf around all the time.

Mr. Hastings had better investigate who occupies his desk while he is away on inspection trips. We wouldn't like to get Mix-ed up with it.

NICKERINGS OF THE FLYING HORSE SQUADRON

By the

Big Nickel Man of Nicaragua
(A Plane Observer)

As we predicted in our last report to The Leatherneck when aboard the Medusa, it is truly a grazing the six D-Hs are getting that we brought along down here in our effort to prevent a Chicago election in the coming presidential election in Nicaragua in 1928. The field that VO Squadron One, the Flying Deuce Squadron of the West Coast, has built here is merely a clearing in the boundoos and all the ships are staked out during the night so as we predicted we are truly grazing our planes of the VO Squadron Four M of Brown Field, Quantico, Virginia, that landed at Corinto on Sunday, the 22nd of May. We moved on to Managua on Monday following on a narrow guage railroad and now a week later we are all set up and doing patrol along with the rest of the ships of VO One.

The main use that the planes are being put to is that of patrol and message for carrying for several little patrols of foot Marines that are making hikes into the hills to collect the rifles that the Liberals are turning in according to the agreement that Colonel Stimson, the envoy of President Coolidge made with the several rebel chiefs. The heaviest aerial artillery that has been fired to date is a Very's pistol of a red or green light to designate the type of message and where it will be dropped to the ground troops.

The planes are also scattering dodgers into the hills that saves all the people from putting up mail boxes. The dodgers are messages from Admiral J. L. Latimer, who is commanding the special service squadron that has taken over this election situation. The dodgers tell the natives in English and in Espanol that all those who still have rifles and other types of firearms will receive \$10 each for them if turned into the Marines. But a dodger here of late has stated that no more money will be paid for firearms after June 6th.

Here we would like to make an observation that may be of material value in the next election that is held in Chicago. Do the same thing that we are doing with Admiral Latimer here in Nicaragua. Send a few Marines out to Chicago for foreign duty and ask that all arms be turned in. Fly planes over the Clark Street district and the other impenetrable settlements with dodgers printed in all languages and offer a little inducement as we have down here. Then let the Marines stand by and superintend the election and there would be no bombs thrown or machine gun riots in the streets on election day and if Mayor Thompson was elected under the supervision of Marines the United States would recognize him and all would be serene for that would mean that Marines would be stationed there to assure him a peaceful tenure. I will mail to any precinct in Chicago or in Williamson County, Illinois, a dodger such as we have printed here so that they may pattern after it and I am sure that Ma-

jor General John A. Lejeune who runs our Corps will lend them a few Marines and many of the Marines would rather serve in Chicago or Williamson County than here in Nicaragua, I am sure.

Now as this election we have not set upon a likely candidate but when all the Marine parties have returned from the hills we will look them all over and give The Leatherneck the first dope on them. General Moncado, who was the leading Liberal Chieftain, turned in here at Managua the day before we landed and President Dias upon the advice of General Feland of the Marine Corps and Admiral Latimer made him Secretary of War. Isn't it too bad that back in the States that Eugene V. Debs, William Mitchell, and others of those old wheel horses of a lost cause couldn't have enjoyed the same privilege as did Moncado. Moncado is the man of the hour here. We even name our pet monkeys and parrots for him here at the field.

That's a first resume of the political situation of the Nicaraguan republic to date and if the La Prensa will print more of its political news of the country in English in the English section we can give more detailed reports in our next letter. But the plane observer is taking Spanish lessons from a gay senorita and expects to be able to savvy the La Prensa whether it prints its dope in Spanish or English in a short time.

So much for the Nicaraguan situation and we will try to shed a bit of tropical moonlight on some of the more salubrious celebrities of the Marine Aviation. When we got here we found George Morgan, veteran photographer from Brown Field who came here with Lieut. Haynie D. Boyden from Haiti to do all the photography aerial work. All the men at Brown Field will remember both Lieut. Boyden and Sergeant Morgan.

There were also Gnry. Sgt. Thos. L. McCullough, a Navy War Cross wearer veteran of the World War. Mac in charge of all aerial gunnery on the ground but in his nocturnal wanderings fell into the incinerator the night VO Four M arrived here and as a result a red lantern has been hung on the incinerator, the sick bay and a deep ditch back of Mac's tent. Also Jimmy Hill of basketball fame of Quantico. Jimmy has forsook his profession as an aerologist and is police sergeant here at the Nicaraguan Airdrome with ten of the citizenry of Managua as his charges. One of them quit him a month ago and went to fight with the Liberals but returned to Jimmy; so Jimmy is a better police sergeant than Joe Budro or the duty with the Liberals must have been worse than duty at Brown Field.

Others who are here with VO One are Master Tech. Sergeant Henderson, formerly of Quantico, Gunnery Sergeant Munch, Ewalt, Duke, Geer, Pimlott, Turner, and others. In the commissioned personnel there are: Lieuts. Cushman, who is Engineering Officer; Boyden, Photographic Officer; Lamson-Scribner, Gunnery Officer; Marine Gunner Wodarysch, Police Officer, and Captain Pierce, formerly Radio Officer at Brown

Field; Lieut. Hinkle, Quartermaster Officer, Lieut. Lemly, Operations Officer and adjutant, and Major Rowell, who lead the coast-to-coast flight from Brown Field to San Diego last winter, is Commanding Officer.

In VO Four M the following assignments have been made the officers: Captain Archibald, squadron commander; Lieut. McKittrick, engineering officer; Lieut. Harmon, gunnery officer; Lieut. Swartout, operations officer; Lieut. Niel, supply officer; Lieuts. Thomas and Weir, pilots.

The personnel is all comfortably situated in tents, two men to a tent. The comfort has been added to by the advent of the rainy season that made its debut on the 28th of May. The dust storms that swept the field are sprinkled every night and at regular intervals during the day. Many of the fellows have taken after VO One and are collecting everything from ant bears to monkeys for pets. There are many parrots, parakeets, and love birds also. One of the pet monkeys tiring of Marine occupation or Marine association, committed suicide the other day by burying his head in the sand and suffocating, but the other natives, indigenous and the Marines who have come here are all still normal.

The Nicaraguan Government has formed the Guadia Nacional, an organization somewhat similar to the Gendarmie in Haiti. The officers of the body will be composed of Marine commissioned and non-commissioned officers. All non-coms who wish service in the native army have already put in their applications and will be selected. Many of the N. C. O.s of the two squadrons have submitted their names for commissions in the Guadia.

In the next letter to The Leatherneck the plane observer will attempt to give a few more personals rather than the general conditions here, but as our main function here is to get the county all set for a sans Chicago election this next year, that is why we have dealt so much on conditions. So while we are looking for a suitable candidate for the Liberal party and one for the Conservative party as well—and possibly one for another party that might arise—we will gather a few personals. Here is the origin of the expression "No Soap" that is used so much in the States. A laundry woman does your clothes for four dollars a month "No Soap," and three dollars a month with soap, and in the conversation all that is understandable to us is the "No Soap" argument.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "UTAH"

In a series of games with detachment teams from the U. S. S. "New York," U. S. S. "Wyoming," and the U. S. S. "Arkansas," played at Glen Burnie, Md. the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "Utah" won the beautiful trophy presented by the Maryland State Rifle Association. This trophy is emblematic of the Scouting Fleet Baseball Championship.

The cup was presented with due ceremonies by the Commanding Officer, Major Clapp.

MARINES OF PEKING, CHINA COMPLETE BASKETBALL SEASON

Win Twelve Out of Twenty Games Against Army and Chinese Teams

At the beginning of the season on 30 November, 1926, a team from each of the four companies at this post entered in the inter-company basketball series. An 18-game series was arranged by the Post Athletic Officer, First Lieutenant William J. Whaling, U. S. Marine Corps. Nine games of this series were played when a draft of men arrived from Guam and, from necessity, assigned quarters in the gymnasium. The series had to be suspended pending the erection of the basketball peng, and, as this was not finished until late in December, the series had to be called in order to get the Post team in shape for the series with the 15th Infantry in Tientsin. However, the 38th Company had won all five games that they played and had a clear title to the Inter-Company Basketball cup.

Lieut. Whaling having been ordered home and detached on 20 December, 1926, Second Lieutenant Robert O. Bare, U. S. Marine Corps, was appointed Post Athletic Officer.

From the individual playing in the inter-company series, Lieutenant Bare selected a squad from which a representative team for this detachment could be selected. The following named men comprised the squad:

Lieut. Bare, Cpl. Rae, Cpl. Lewis, Pvt. Swapp, Pvt. Rebal, Pvt. Schmeichel, Pvt. Pearson, Pvt. Paroli, Pvt. Heath, Pvt. Sidner, Pvt. Sandy, Pvt. Snyder, Pvt. Gifford, Pvt. Brown, Pvt. Singleton.

Previous to the first game with the 15th Infantry team of Tientsin on January 15, 1927, a schedule of six games with three local Chinese College teams was arranged, and the games played with the following results:

T'sing Hua College, 15, Marines, 41; at T'sing Hua. Ming Hua College 26, Marines, 12; at Ming Hua. Peking Normal University, 17, Marine, 24; at Marine Gym. T'sing Hua College, 21, Marines, 38; at Marine Gym. Ming Hua College, 20, Marines, 30; at Marine Gym. Peking Normal University, 31, Marines, 16; at Peking Normal.

The schedule of the series with the 15th Infantry, U. S. Army, Tientsin, had been arranged previously, the first game to be played in Tientsin on 15 January,

1927. The series was to be for the best four out of seven games. The series was played as scheduled with the following results:

15 Jan.—Army, 32, Marines, 27; at Tientsin. 22 Jan.—Army, 17, Marines, 55; at Peking. 29 Jan.—Army, 29, Marines, 31; at Tientsin. 5 Feb.—Army, 21, Marines, 19; at Peking. 11 Feb.—Army, 22, Marines, 19; at Tientsin. 19 Feb.—Army, 18, Marines, 49; at Peking. 26 Feb.—Army, 11, Marines, 22; at Peking.

After the sixth game, the series being three all, a coin was tossed to decide where the seventh and deciding game should be played, the Marines winning the toss and the game which gave them the service championship.

During the series with the Army, an attempt was made to play a game in the middle of each week with a local team. Due to the holidays at the Chinese Colleges, during the Chinese New Year, it

a majority of the games and are considered as being the first team material of the squad:

Lieut. Bare, Cpl. Rae, Cpl. Lewis, Pvt. Rebal, Pvt. Singleton, Pvt. Swapp, Pvt. Schmeichel, Pvt. Pearson, Pvt. Heath.

Results of games played, won, and lost:

Games played: 20; games won: 12; games lost: 8.

Total number of points: Marines, 552; Opponents, 456.

NEVADA GUARD TRANSFERS TO THE FLORIDA

By S. N. Berkebile

Once more rolling over the briny and headed out to sea, this time aboard the battleship "Florida."

After a brief tour at Norfolk Navy Yard, the invincible Nevada Guard once more embarked for distant shores, boarding the crack United States ship

"Florida," the fastest battleship in the U. S. Navy.

On the morning of June third the Guard gave its best to packing all the detachment stores to the dock and loading them aboard the Navy lighter, completing the work in two hours time. Then after an appetizing meal, the seasoned devil-dogs formed column and marched off to their new ship, the "Florida."

On the morning of June fourth the United States Fleet rode at anchor in Hampton Roads, Virginia. At 12 noon it swung into column and passed in review before President Coolidge, who took the salute from the "Mayflower." All hands manned the the rail of the man-o-war while the Marine detachments presented

arms to the Nation's Chief. After rounding Cape Hatteras the "Florida" left the Fleet and steamed south to Savannah, Ga., where a large number of R. O. T. C. students were taken aboard for their summer practice cruise.

Early the following evening the shores of Palm Beach were sighted, then Hollywood by the Sea and quaint Coral Gables were passed. Later the lights of Miami were left in the offing as the Gater Ship turned her nose towards Cuba.

On June eighth the Florida lay at anchor in Havana Bay. What happy times were spent in the Enchanted West Indian City! Picturesque soldiery, lovely señoritas with flashing eyes, inviting cabarets, and everywhere the happy and contented Latin seemed to invite one to linger.



U. S. MARINE CORPS BASKETBALL TEAM OF PEKING, CHINA—Top row: Sandy, Paroli, Sidner. Middle row: Lewis, Snyder, Heath, Gifford, Pearson, Brown. Bottom row: Lt. Bare, Singleton, Col. Little, Rae (Captain), Major Price, Rebal, Schmeichel, Swapp.

was difficult to schedule very many games. However, the following games were scheduled and played with the following results:

Peking Normal, 16, Marines, 23; at Marine Gym. Fulun College (Tientsin), 20, Marines, 44; at Marine Gym. Peking Normal, 29, Marines, 10; at Peking Normal. Peking Normal, 24, Marines, 29; at Marine Gym.

After the last game with the Army, the Tientsin Civilian team of Tientsin, winners of the Tientsin League, asked for a series of three games. The games were scheduled and played as follows:

13 Mar.—Civilians, 21, Marines, 22; at Peking. 19 Mar.—Civilians, 35, Marines, 20; at Tientsin. 27 Mar.—Civilians, 31, Marine, 21; at Peking.

The following named men played in



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Carl Gardner; Associate Editor, Corporal James M. Frost; Business Manager, Gunner Sergeant Hubert C. Blackerby; Assistant Business Manager, Sergeant Neil G. Moore; Circulation Manager, Private Chauncey W. Baker; Assistant Circulation Managers, Private Lewis C. Harkins and Private Harry E. Hesse.

Editorial

THE SECOND DIVISION Reunion was held in Washington on June 2-3-4. Veterans of that famous fighting organization gathered from all parts of the country to talk over old times and to renew friendships that were made under fire from Verdun to the Meuse-Argonne. It was very interesting to see these veterans as they gathered in groups in the hotel lobbies reminiscing of the rigors at the front and of their experiences while on leave in Paris. Various business meetings were held during the convention but it seemed as though the veterans cared rather to hold their own meetings in small groups and celebrate in their own individual way.

DURING THE REUNION the erection of a memorial to the fallen heroes was discussed and it was announced that much progress has been made towards raising the amount of money necessary. About \$20,000 has already been subscribed. \$130,000 more is needed to erect a suitable monument. The Second Division urges that its members do their bit towards raising this money.

The proposition is worthy of very serious thought. The Second Division that accomplished so much in the World War will not now turn back from anything that it has undertaken until that undertaking is realized.

The Historical Section reported definite progress towards the realization of its task. The fourth volume of the records of the division has been completed. This is a compilation of the field messages sent and received by Division Headquarters, and the Headquarters of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th brigades. Much interest has been shown in the work outside the Division. Copies of the records have been placed in the libraries of all the Service Schools, in the larger universities of the country, in the Congressional Library, and elsewhere. The Historical Section has lately been reinforced by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

WE ARE GLAD to say that the circulation of The Leatherneck is growing by leaps and bounds. In spite of the fact that so much of the Corps personnel is on expeditionary duty we are getting more readers each month. In fact, we find that the men on expeditionary duty look forward with much pleasure to receiving The Leatherneck.

MARINES' PARENTS especially enjoy reading The Leatherneck. It gives them an excellent idea of the organization of which their sons are members. They are interested in the Corps and like to read about it. If you haven't sent a copy home to your parents, do so now.

THE LEATHERNECK is The Marines' Own magazine. It wants every man to feel free to address any communication on any subject that he desires to comment upon to the Editor. Many of them may find their way to the waste basket but we want to get them nevertheless. We do receive many letters on one subject or another. But we have felt that many Marines hesitate to write their views to The Leatherneck because they feel that they should have to write them through official channels or that they should have some official aspect. We want you to feel just as free to write us directly as you would to write a letter to the editor of your home town paper.

Every time you hear a good joke or learn of some incident worthy of publication jot it down and send it in to us. Every post should have some news in The Leatherneck each month.

Announcement has recently been made by The Treasury Department that in the future dollar bills will be much smaller. If their size shrinks in proportion to the shrinkage in purchasing power we fear that they will be about the size of a postage stamp.

ANY MARVELOUS feat of accomplishment always causes a great outburst of poetical effort. The vision of a lone pilot in a grey bird over the yawning Atlantic has been the inspiration for the greatest single outburst of poetry of years. The New York World alone reports the receipt of 2½ bushels of verse.

COLONEL LINDBERGH flew to Paris and, it is reported, showed very little desire to drink the first glass of champagne that was offered to him. This act was seized upon by the dregs as ammunition for their guns. Chamberlin and Levine, it was reported, smacked their lips all the way over in anticipation of sipping a stein of Pilsener in Berlin. This report gives the wets material for their argument.

Who wins?

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES

Well, Here We Are! Another big feature for The Leatherneck.

Beginning with the August issue The Leatherneck will run a series of puzzles by that famous puzzle expert, Sam Loyd.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

The deaths of Captain Richard B. Buchanan and Private Marvin Jackson, reported from Nicaragua, occasioned a wave of sympathy throughout the Corps for Mrs. Buchanan and her three daughters and for the parents of the Marine. Captain Buchanan was well known, loved and respected by all who knew him, while Marine Jackson had proved himself also of the material of which true and loyal men are made. Their passing is a loss to those who knew them and also to the Corps. To the relatives I feel that the greatest comfort can be found in the lovely poem "Away," by James Whitcomb Riley, which is published in this issue as the poem of the month.

This poem also will, I am sure, be of much help to those who on July 10th will be thinking back to the disaster of last year that took the lives of their loved ones at Dover, N. J., and may they with perfect trust be able to say, "He is not dead—he is just away!"

AWAY!

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just AWAY!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand

He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the oldtime step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on as dear
In the love of THERE as the love of
HERE;

And loyal still as he gave the blows
Of his warriors strength to his country's
foes.

Mild and gentle as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he
gave

To the simple things; where the violets
grew

Pure as the lives they were likened to,
The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that
harshly chirred.

Was dear to him as the mocking bird;
And he pities as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.
Think of him still as the same I say!
He is not dead—he is just AWAY!

One of the best posts of the American Legion that I have ever visited is the Marine Post of Chicago. Their programs are most interesting and stimulating to the whole membership; therefore the attendance is excellent. Their practical interest in their fellow members is constantly maintained. Thus the faithful carrying out of the Golden Rule makes for real brotherhood. They have a set of live officers and a very active and wide-awake executive committee which not only meets but really does things.

C. Wayland Brooks is the Post Commander, being supported by a first class staff. "Curley," as he is familiarly called, was a Lieutenant of the Marine Corps and served in the 3rd Battalion of the Sixth Regiment, receiving no less than seven wounds in action. For his heroic service he was awarded the Croix-de-guerre, the Navy medal, and the D. S. C. Curley's brother, Russell, was in Marine Aviation and lost his life in the service overseas, whereupon his younger brother Lawrence at once cabled the father, Rev. Jonas G. Brooks, who did magnificent work with the Y. M. C. A. in France, "The family is still one hundred per cent for I have enlisted." This is the kind of splendid sacrifice which makes all Americans justly proud.

It was especially fine to witness the weekly drills of about sixty of the men of this post under the leadership of Captain McAvoy, M. C. R. The men went into their tasks with all the spirit and abandon of a group that had just entered the ranks, and their team-work was equal to anything I have seen.

Lieutenant Colonel Tracy has a staff of recruiters which would be very difficult to beat, and Lieut. (Duke) Hamilton is constantly on the alert for the very best. To speak of all the men would not be possible in the space allowed for one month's notes, but I must just mention the 1st Sergeant August D. Schlichting, who is still young despite his fourteen years in the Corps. Then there is George L. Searle with seventeen years to his credit; Thomas J. Manning and Antone J. Becker with eleven years each; Valentine Feyrer with nine; while Robert A. "Smoky" Barrett, Walter N. Sharpnack, Stephen J. Skrzypczak, Howard J. Wooten and John J. Elias are all in the neighborhood of the seven-year-olds.

At Great Lakes we have Detachments known as the Barracks, Aviation, and Naval Hospital detachments, Lieut. M. Scott and Chf. Marine Gunner F. Lueders being in charge. At the Barracks our old friend Charles Zirweg is First Sergeant, Aviation has Frank M. Hanrahan, and James Welsh is at the Hospital.

It is nine years since Marine Gunner John J. Dobbartin and I last met. He came to see me in Chicago and although looking slightly older I would have known him anywhere. One night on the train I met J. Wilson Martin who in Haiti used to manipulate the drums so efficiently. He is now a first-class leader of Boy Scouts. Then Robert D. "Pete" Potter, who for three years was on the Main Gate at Philadelphia turned up "all smiles" and a member of the M. C. Reserve.

At a church service in Lake Bluff, Paul T. Sprague, of the old Sixth, with his wife were part of the excellent quartette which rendered some fine selections.

Sergeant Alan Rose, who did good work in the Atlanta Recruiting Group, is now in St. Petersburg, Fla., and doing well. Charles "Buck" Hardin was at Carmichael, Pa., Decoration Day Services; he still wears his charge button and looks good.

Glenn P. McAtee is the energetic secretary of an insurance firm in Chicago. McAtee, with Harvey Raymond and Joseph Adams of the 11th and 13th, respectively, took me by auto on a visit to Father H. A. Darche. We spent an afternoon together there and those who remember the hardworking chaplain of the Sixth Regiment will be pleased to know that he is doing well and often thinks of the happy times he spent in their company.

Detroit has a fine looking body of men on recruiting duty. First Sergeant Schwab is still in the forefront and every man does real credit to the organization. I met Jay F. Rose in Flint, Mich. He gave me his card which contains a list of his social activities and from which I learned of his attachment to no less than nine different orders. Some joiner, isn't he? I wonder how he keeps it up.

Capt. H. D. Shannon is in charge of Pittsburgh Recruiters and has a staff of fine fellows. The First Sergeant, Charles Davis, has been in the service fourteen years, as also has Sergeant R. F. Smith; while P. J. "Dick" Richards, J. W. Schmidt of Youngstown, Ohio, B. J. Rutzen, of Buffalo, are in the 16-year class. First Sergeant Harry Ennis, of Buffalo, is in his 29th year. Ennis is considered an expert on methods of recruiting.

Comrades B. F. Hinkle and W. J. Wilson are the men who are keeping the League Detachment to the front in Pittsburgh and to all appearances we shall soon have a live group of men attached to the League in that wonderful Marine city.

The second Division Re-union in Washington was a reunion of many comrades of the Fourth Brigade, but to none more so than the men of the 81st Co. who, through the efforts of Edward C. Bass and Captain George Bowers, are still in touch one with the other. They have a practically complete roster of their personnel even though scattered throughout forty-four States. They are an outstanding example of what can be accomplished by a group of men who will only get together and utilizing every opportunity carry out the worth while things. The spirit of the group is shown in the following portion of a letter sent in from Austin, Texas, by J. R. Brummett. After saying how much he regretted his inability to attend he writes, "I am a married man and have been for seven years, we have four big husky boys for the Marine Corps in case we ever want to serve again for the Red, White and Blue. I still stand flatfooted under the Stars and Stripes that wave over the State of Texas."

The New York Detachment of the League held a very pleasant get-together banquet on June 4th. The Commandant LeRoy Hagan presided and the hundred and twenty guests amongst whom were Captain and Mrs. Harry W. Miller, certainly gave every evidence of an enjoyable evening.

Cooperative Buying for Post Exchanges

For some time *The Leatherneck* has carried on its inside back cover an invitation for post exchange officers and stewards to write letters of comment on the present method of conducting exchanges and to embody therein suggestions of ways and means of improvement. *The Leatherneck* has received many letters in response to this invitation and below we are giving a summary of these comments. We are sure that these suggestions will be worthy of serious thought and we would like to hear from everyone who cares to express his views on the matter. Address all communications to The Editor of *The Leatherneck*, Washington, D. C.

1. There are now several firms making special effort to sell merchandise to post exchanges. In addition to the firms covering all Marine Corps post exchanges, there are in every locality various local jobbers who try for their part of the business. Each firm must send its salesman around to each exchange. The business is divided among these firms. Orders for each firm are small in volume. The expense of sending around salesmen and shipping many small orders must be borne by the exchanges. This expense is, of course, added to the cost of the merchandise. Firms estimate that at present their selling costs amount to from 10 to 20% of the gross business done.

2. Officers and enlisted men are detailed as Post Exchange Officers and Stewards respectively. Rarely are they well versed in business methods. They make a conscientious effort to work to the advantage of the exchange but too often they are inexperienced buyers and are induced by over-zealous salesmen to load the exchanges with goods that are unsalable or to overstock with slow selling goods. There are very few exchanges that do not have capital tied up in unsalable goods.

3. Exchanges very often find that they buy one article from one firm and the next day another firm comes along and offers the article for less money. This occurs time and again during each year. And then one salesman underbids another one on one article of goods and makes up his loss on another which the competing firm does not handle or on which the price is not well known.

4. The books of exchanges are filled with a large number of small accounts. These small accounts make the work of auditing very difficult.

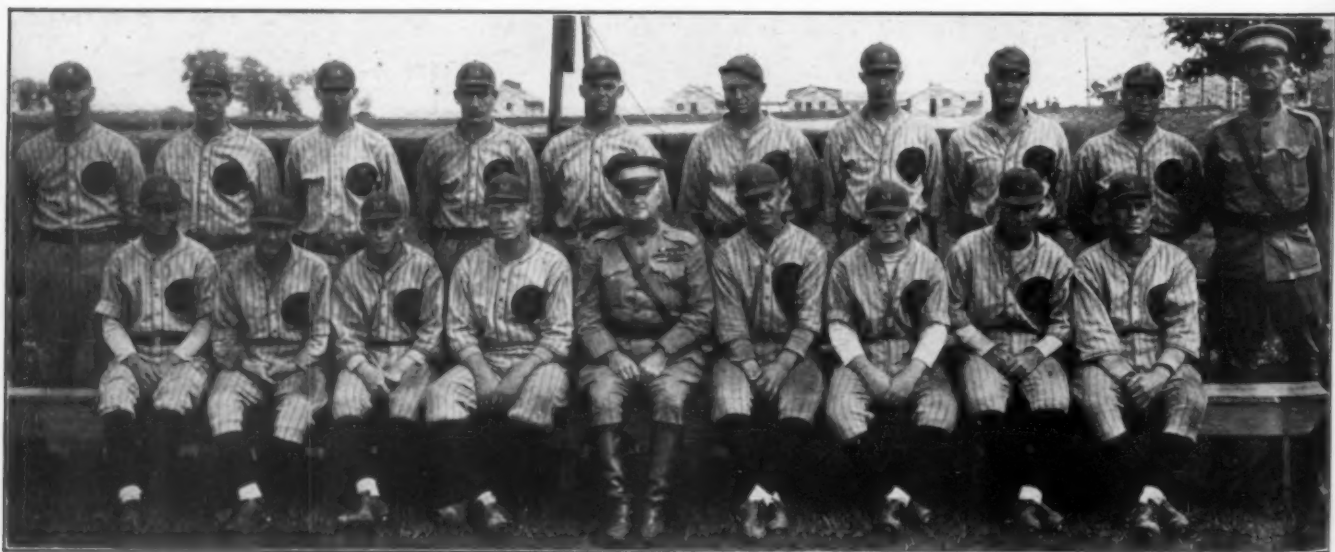
Why not adopt some system of cooperative purchasing? Why not have all manufactured goods purchased from one firm? (Of course tobaccos and perishable goods would be eliminated from this system. They would continue to be purchased locally.) Cooperative purchasing has proved a great success in the civilian business world. We find that the enormous growth of systems of chain stores has been due to their being able to undersell individual merchants. Why can they undersell? The simple reason is that they buy in large quantities from jobbers and manufacturers. Jobbers and manufacturers

are able to practically eliminate their huge selling costs. This saving is passed on to the chain stores. Chain systems have been so successful that they have practically driven the individual merchant out of business or forced him to merge with his neighbors so that purchasing costs may be lowered thereby making it possible for him to meet the low prices of chain store systems.

Why not prepare a list of standard brands of articles commonly carried by our largest exchanges? Slow selling or unsalable brands should be eliminated. Why not have the different firms bid for the privilege of supplying these articles for a certain period of time, say six months or one year? (Prices of manufactured merchandise are stable and change very little over a short period of time.) Let the lowest responsible bidder have the privilege.

The list of articles would be supplied to each post exchange officer together with order blanks supplied by the firm. The articles and their cost would be before the exchange officer at all times. He would send in his needs direct to the firm and he would pay his bills direct. Post exchanges would not be required to carry every article mentioned on the list but would carry only the ones that were needed for the individual exchange.

Such a system of cooperative buying should unload the major cares and worries from the shoulders of post exchange officers. It would rid the exchange of the continual calls of insistent salesmen. It would do away with over-stocking or stocking with unsalable goods, for it would be of no advantage to the firm to load a heavy stock of goods on the exchanges. (The firm would be required to take back all goods that proved to be unsalable or slow selling.) It would simplify the bookkeeping. It would save for the exchanges the enormous selling costs which firms must pay at present. (If we estimate the business of Marine Corps post exchanges east of the Mississippi River in normal times at \$500,000 per year and if we estimate the firms' selling costs very conservatively at 10% we see that exchanges are paying each year selling costs amounting to \$50,000.)



BASEBALL SQUAD AT PARRIS ISLAND. Seated, left to right: S. Elkins, E. E. Maringer, J. Peterson, C. T. Bailey (team coach), Brig General Harry Lee, M. F. Wetja (team captain), R. R. Toomey, J. Hemphill, and S. Maddes. Standing: M. W. Hartley, J. L. Kidd, H. Hyman, B. W. Surface, J. R. Miller, R. Duncan, H. Smith, J. Parker, G. Montieth, and Captain Charles McL. Lott (manager).

"Roxy," heard by millions,
a favorite in Radio-land,
always careful of his voice,

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Richard "Roxy" Rogers



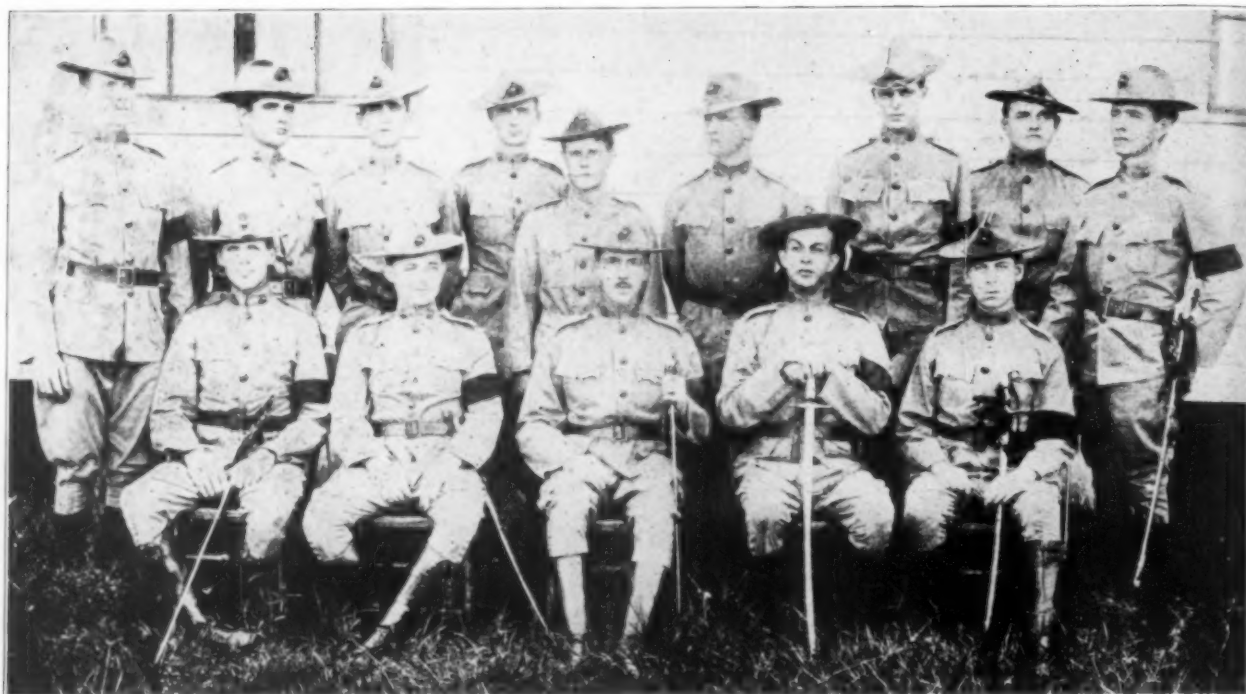
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When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.



GROUP OF OFFICERS STATIONED AT MANILA, 1909.—Photo loaned by Captain Hamilton, U. S. M. C.



AT THEIR NINTH REUNION, VETERANS OF THE SECOND DIVISION PAY TRIBUTE TO THE DEPARTED VETERANS

FIRST DIVI



MARINE DETACHMENT ABOARD THE U. S. S. NEVADA.—Captain H. Pefley, U. S. M. C., Commanding.



FIRST DIVISION BY LAYING A WREATH ON THE FIRST DIVISION MONUMENT IN POTOMAC PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.



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"So out of this experience we have formed a policy. We are looking for men who care enough about their future not only to

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"And I'll give you this job on one condition—that you take up a course of special training along the line of your work. Let the I. C. S. help you for one hour after supper each night and your future in this business will take care of itself."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than 3½ million men and women in the last 36 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 180,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now. Surely the least you can do is to find out what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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ATH.

JAPANESE STATESMEN SEE NIPPON NINE BOW TO MARINES

Devil Dogs Turn in 9 to 6 Victory—Inability to Run Bases Proves Downfall of Waseda University Tossers

Quantico, Va., May 26.—With Ambassador Tsuneo Matsudaira, of Japan, fifteen members of his staff and Gen. Lejeune, head of the Marine Corps, present, the Waseda University baseball team bowed to the Quantico Marine nine 9 to 6.

Over 3,000 people, who filled the stands to capacity, were on hand to watch the Tokyo college team try to give the Leathernecks a few pointers on how America's pastime should be played, and, although they fell short of the mark, they demonstrated that they were fit opponents for any college team.

The Nipponese nicked the offerings of three Marine hurlers for a total of 15 hits and had men on base in every inning. Their inability to run bases in the approved American style proved fatal, however, and time and again they were nipped off the bags or caught standing up as they attempted to steal.

The Marines provided the heavy punch of the afternoon with a trio of home runs and a 3-base hit. Two of the circuit clouts and the triple came in the third inning, when the Marines drove Haraguchi, Waseda starting pitcher, to the showers.

Ambassador Matsudaira threw out the first ball, and the Waseda nine started out like the world's best ball team, scoring a run on two neatly placed singles by Mizuhara and Himuro.

The side was then retired on outfield flies, and Haraguchi, a short righthander with a deceptive delivery, took the hill for Waseda. The first two Marine batters, Levey and Hill, fanned the breeze vigorously without even connecting for a foul.

Then something went wrong. Freeny slammed a hard triple to left field to score on an overthrow, and from this point on Haraguchi was unable to check the Marine assault.

Instead of working the corners of the plate, Haraguchi seemed desirous of pitching in the groove, and instead of the fast ball which sped past the bats of the first two hitters, he resorted to a slow wide curve which was driven to all corners.

Asakura, who took his place on the firing line, showed a good change of pace, but was wild in spots and was found for four runs in the six innings he worked.

The Waseda batters made a vain effort to tie the score in the ninth inning, and the first five batters hit clean singles to score three runs. The Japanese hits were well placed, just over the heads of the Marine infielders.

The rally was checked when Itami hit into a double play, and Iguski was caught 2 feet off first base.

A high wind raised clouds of dust on the field, and the outer gardeners staggered around under high balls like drunken men. The feature catch of the day was made by Segi, Waseda left fielder, who caught Freeny's long fly while running backwards in deep left field.

Waseda	AB	H	O	A	Marines	AB	H	O	A
Mizihara, rf	4	3	1	0	Levey, 2b	4	3	2	1
Segi, lf	3	2	1	0	Hill, lf	5	0	2	1
Himuro, cf	5	2	4	0	Freeny, 1b	5	3	14	0
Iguski, 3b	4	2	0	3	Young, rf	3	1	0	0
Itami, c	5	2	1	1	Fox, rf	1	1	0	0
Mizuh, 1b	4	1	1	0	Stolle, cf	4	1	0	1
Mari, 2b	4	0	2	3	Hannah, 3b	3	1	6	5
Tomega, ss	4	1	3	3	Hriszko, ss	2	1	3	2
Haraguchi, p	2	1	0	0	Derr, c	4	1	0	0
Asakura, p	2	1	0	0	Bukowy, p	1	0	0	0
					Vitek, p	1	0	0	3
					Scarlett, p	0	0	0	1

Totals	37	15	24	10	Totals	33	12	27	14
Waseda	100	020	003	—6					
Marines	104	010	30x	—9					

Runs—Levey (3), Freeny (3), Segi (2), Fox, Young, Derr, Mizihara, Himuro, Tomenaga, Asakura. Errors—Mizihara, Asakura. Two-base hits—Mizihara, Itami, Hannah. Three-base hit—Freeny. Home run—Levey, Young, Fox. Stolen base—Segi. Sacrifices—Bukowy. Double plays—Hannah to Freeny; Hill to Hannah; Tominaga to Mari to Mizukahl. Left on bases—Waseda, 6; Marines, 4. First base on balls—Off Bukowy, 1; off Vitek, 2; off Asakura, 4. Hits—Off Bukowy, 5 in 4 innings; off Vitek, 7 in 3 innings; off Scarlett, 3 in 2 innings; off Haraguchi, 6 in 3 2-3 innings; off Asakura, 6 in 4 1-3 innings. Struck out—By Haraguchi, 2. Balk Asakura.

SEASON'S RECORD

Teams	Marines	Opp'nts
Dartmouth	6	2
Mt. St. Mary's	7	3
Temple U.	5	4
Temple U.	4	2
Lafayette	6	4
St. Bonaventure	9	0
St. Bonaventure	7	2
Wake Forest	1	3
Virginia M. I.	17	5
Catholic U.	7	3
Washington & Lee	6	3
Virginia M. I.	9	3
Catholic U.	8	4
Gettysburg	11	2
Guilford C.	10	11
Washington C.	6	2
W. Virginia U.	5	4
W. Virginia U.	4	1
Waseda U.	9	6
Loyola C.	5	2

MARINE NINE ESTABLISHES NEW RECORD

The Marine Corps baseball team at Quantico has just completed its most successful season. With twenty games on their schedule, they dropped only two to opposing teams, which gives them the remarkable percentage of .900. It is doubtful if any team playing college

BIG TEAM CLOSES MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Keady's Men Win 18 Out of 20 Games—Many Leading Colleges Beaten

The Marine Corps baseball team at Quantico closed their season by beating Loyola College of Baltimore, 5-2 after a game which turned into a pitching duel between Big Jim Balis of the Marine team and McNichol of the Collegians.

Daring base running by the Leathernecks featured an otherwise colorless contest. Captain Freeny, veteran first sacker, pilfered three times and Levey, marine speed demon, ran up his batting average by taking two sacks, his first attempt scoring the first run in the second frame. Hill close behind him was also safe when the ball got away from a Loyola player.

The nine under Coach Keady have ended their most successful season since the Corps has been represented by a baseball team. Out of 20 games played they piled up 18 wins and were stopped only twice during the year. Both games dropped by the Leathernecks were to college teams from North Carolina, Wake Forest winning one game, 3-1, and Guilford College nosing them out of another game 11-10.

Among the leading teams taken into camp by the Marines the past season are Washington and Lee, Catholic University, Dartmouth, Lafayette, West Virginia and Waseda University of Japan. The players from cherry blossom land were forced to take the short end of a 9-6 game before a very large gathering of notables at Quantico on May 26.

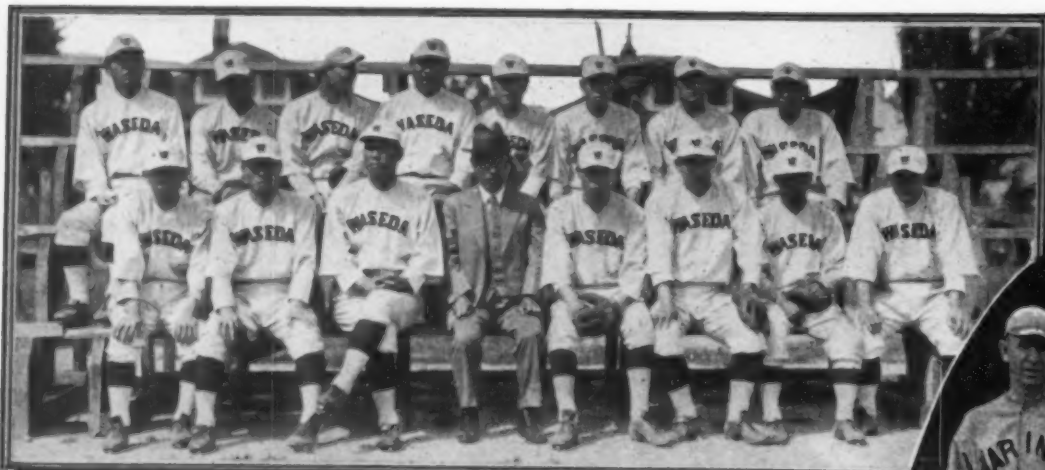
Jiggs II completed his first full season as Marine Corps mascot and it is believed that his tour of duty was very well performed. He is now standing by at Quantico preparatory to taking up quarters with the football squad when they assemble this fall.

baseball this season can boast as fine a record.

For the sake of comparison, the record of the team for the past three seasons, apart from games not included in their regular schedule, is as follows: 1924, won 27, lost 10; 1925, won 18, lost 8; 1926, won 33, lost 8. It will be a miracle if their record for the present season ever is surpassed if they continue to meet teams of the same high calibre.

Most noteworthy among the season's games was that played against Waseda University at Quantico, May 26. The game was attended by Mr. Tsuneo Matsudaira, Japanese Ambassador, and his staff, Major General Lejeune, Major General Cole and other officials of high rank. The Japanese players had won the majority of games played in this country, and lived up to expectations in giving the Marines a stiff contest.

JAPANESE PLAYERS MEET MARINES



Coming all the way from the land of the Cherry Blossom, the Waseda University players, of Tokio, Japan, met the Marines at Quantico May 26. Upper photo shows Waseda Team, in charge of T. Takasugi (center), accompanying the team on its American tour. Center: Mr. Tsuneo Matsudaira, Japanese Ambassador, gives sweater to C. M. O'Donnell, Quantico player in the presence of Major General John A. Lejeune (at right), Major General Eli K. Cole and Major J. C. Fegan. In oval: S. W. Freeny and T. Himuro, team captains. Below: Marine and Japanese batteries, J. J. Bukowy, W. C. Derr, K. Haraguchi and Y. Itami, with the new mascot, Jiggs II.

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PHELAN WINS FIRST GAME FOR MARINES

Parris Island, S. C.—Pitching his first game for the Marines, Phelan, recently enlisted in the Marine Corps, held the Savannah High School to two hits at Lee Field on May 20, his team winning from the visitors, 7 to 3. Coach Bailey of the Leathernecks started an entire utility infield with the exception of Monteth at first, but himself relieved Elkins behind the bat in the third to steady the new hurler who seemed to be a little unsteady during the opening rounds. The Marines' defensive game was weedy at times, but they continued on their hitting spree, garnering ten.

Savannah	AB	H	O	A	Marines	AB	H	O	A
M'L'd'n,2b	2	1	1	0	Peterson,cf	3	1	1	0
Dodge,lf	4	1	2	0	Monteth,lb	3	2	10	0
Whitt'ton,c	3	0	5	0	Duncan,lf	4	2	2	1
Teeples,rf	4	0	2	1	Hyman,rf	3	2	2	0
Todd,cf	3	0	2	0	Munari,3b	4	1	1	1
McGee,p	4	0	1	0	Mar'ng'r,2b	4	0	2	4
Dyer,3b	4	0	3	0	Toomey,ss	4	1	0	1
Tmas'int,ss	3	0	2	0	Elkins,c	1	0	3	3
Holden,lb	3	0	6	0	Phelan,p	4	0	2	2
					Bailey,c	3	1	6	2

Total 30 2 24 8 Total 33 10 27 14
Savannah120 000 000—3 2 1
Marines301 100 02x—7 10 3

Two-base hits—Bailey, 1. Stolen bases—Duncan, 2; Peterson, 2; Munari, 1; McLendon, 4. Struck out—By McGee, 6; by Phelan, 5. Base on balls—Off Phelan, 2. Hit by pitcher—McGee, 1 (Hyman); Phelan, 1 (Todd). Umpires—Baldwin, Ryckman.

ISLANDERS WIN DOUBLE HEADER

Parris Island, S. C.—The Marines took two victories from the selected Charleston All-Stars on May 15 in a double-header, 7 to 4 and 7 to 0, the former game composed of seven innings. Although outclassed throughout in both games, the visitors staged a rally in the last inning of the first go to gain three runs, but failed to tie up. Williams, hurling the second game for the stars, weakened in the seventh, allowing the Leathernecks five runs after holding them close through the previous stanzas. Kidd and Smith held their own on the mound for the Marines, the latter retiring nine in the second game. Both games drew big galleries.

All-Stars	AB	H	O	A	Marines	AB	H	O	A
Comar,lb	4	0	11	0	Monteth,lb	3	0	4	0
J'Neale,ss	3	0	2	1	Peterson,cf	3	0	5	0
H. Cook,3b	3	0	1	0	Duncan,lf	3	0	2	0
Duke,c	3	0	1	2	Maddes,2b	3	2	1	2
Hughes,rf	3	0	0	0	Bailey,c	1	0	2	0
Brayson,2b	3	1	1	1	Miller,rf	2	2	0	0
McClure,cf	3	1	1	0	Wetja,3b	2	2	2	1
M.O'N'le,lf	3	1	1	0	Mar'nger,2b	2	0	3	0
K. Cook,p	3	1	0	6	Smith,p	2	0	0	0

Total 28 4 18 10 Total 20 6 21 3
Marines400 102 x—7 6 3
Charleston All-Stars000 010 3—4 4 1

Three-base hits—Miller, 2. Stolen bases—Maddes, Miller, Duncan, McClure. Struck out—By Smith, 2; Cook, 1. Base on balls—Off Cook, 4. Wild pitch—Cook 1.

PARRIS ISLAND NINE HIT .337 DURING PAST SEASON

Completing a schedule of 22 games, which included some of the leading colleges in the south, the Parris Island baseball team won 20 games, losing two for an average of .909.

The total batting average of the team as a whole for the season was better than .337, while they fielded the ball for an average of .953. These figures are well above the average and prove that a fast, consistent brand of ball was played through the entire season by Captain McL. Lott's men. Nineteen men constituted the playing squad with the first nine men hitting over .300.

CLAUSENS FALLS BEFORE SMITH'S HURLING

Parris Island, S. C.—Clausens of Augusta, with only one previous defeat, and Henderson on the mound, failed to check the Marine hitters on May 27, the latter accounting for eleven slams and winning 7 to 2. The Leathernecks did not display their usual long range shots, but kept the ball close to the ground for the most part, the resulting errors on the visitors' part giving the sea-soldiers a brilliant all-around game, holding the opposition to three hits, garnering two himself, and fanning seven.

During the early stanzas it looked as if Smith was working for a no-hit game, but Donahue got under one in the fifth for a triple over right and came in on Johansen's single to left. The latter reached the last rest on Burn's sacrifice. Smith then apparently tightened up, allowing but one more hit in the game, altho Maringer at second did some splendid fielding that would meet the approval of any hurler.

The Marines started their scoring in the first round when Peterson, after reaching first on an error came in on Duncan's clout to second, the latter scoring on Maddes' bingle to left. Maringer scored in the fourth and Maddes in the fifth off hits, and both Maringer and Smith came in on a passed ball by the catcher in the sixth. Duncan accounted for the seventh in the seventh after an easy triple over right. The game was the first of a two-game series.

C. B. A.	AB	H	O	A	P. I. M's.	AB	H	O	A
S'cinore,ss	4	0	4	1	Peterson,cf	4	1	2	0
Mills,3b	4	1	0	0	Monteth,lb	4	1	9	0
Cronck,2b	4	0	4	4	Duncan,lf	4	2	1	0
Dohanne,lb	3	1	10	1	Maddes,ss	3	2	1	1
Joh'naen,rf	3	1	1	0	Bailey,c	2	0	8	1
Delsuck,c	3	0	5	2	Miller,rf	3	1	1	0
Barton,cf	2	0	0	0	Wetja,3b	4	1	2	2
Burns,lf	2	0	0	0	Mar'nger,2b	3	1	2	2
Hend'son,p	3	0	0	5	Smith,p	3	2	1	4

Totals.. 28 3 24 13 Totals... 31 11 27 10

R H E
C. B. A. 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—2 3 3
P. I. Marines 2 0 0 1 1 2 1 0 x—7 11 1

Three-base hits—Dohanne, Duncan, Two-base hit—Maddes. Stolen bases—Miller, Maddes. Struck out—By Smith, 7; by Henderson, 4. Bases on balls—Off Smith, 1; off Henderson, 4. Umpires—Behind the plate, Cain; on the bases, Ryckman.

HUFFMAN LOSES TO EX-MARINE

In the final bout Matt Adgie, of Philadelphia, 172, won the judges' decision over Sailor Eddie Huffman, of Philadelphia, 179, after 10 rounds of furious fighting. In the first round Adgie sent the sailor to the canvas with a right to the jaw, and in the second round he knocked Huffman down twice. Once for a count of seven and a few seconds later for a count of eight. The Philadelphia scored his fourth knock down just before the bell in the tenth.

GETS RETURN MATCH

"Silent" Frisco, the lightweight champion of Maine, who received an accidental knockout at the hands of George Rohanna, the lightweight champion of the Marines, has secured a return bout to take place in Red Men's Hall July 10.—Portsmouth Bureau.

SCHOLASTICS EASY FOR PARRIS ISLANDERS

Parris Island, S. C.—"Boopee" McClung of Savannah High held the hitting Marines to five slams at Lee Field the lowest number rung up for the Leathernecks in any other game this season. Again starting another new hurler and several utility men in both the infield and outfield, Coach Bailey let the game go scoreless to the sixth when he put in three veterans in an attempt to gain some runs. They marked up two, but during the visitors' time up they filled the bases, causing Coach Bailey to send Jesse Kidd in to stop the batting fiesta. The latter arose to the occasion, giving but one hit.

Savannah	AB	H	O	A	Marines	AB	H	O	A
M'L'd'n,2b	3	1	1	4	Peterson,cf	4	0	0	0
Sledge,cf	4	1	2	0	Monteth,lb	4	0	12	0
Whitt'ton,c	4	0	2	0	Duncan,lf	4	3	0	0
Rodd,lf	4	2	3	0	Maddes,c-ss	3	0	3	0
Teeples,rf	3	2	1	0	Hyman,rf	1	0	0	0
Dyer,3b	3	0	2	3	Miller,rf	1	1	0	0
Golden,lb	2	0	11	0	Munari,3b	2	0	2	2
Williams,ss	3	0	3	2	Wetja,3b	1	1	2	0
McClung,p	3	0	0	0	M'ring'r,2b	2	0	3	6
Magee	1	0	0	0	Toomey,ss	2	0	2	2
					Bailey,c	2	0	2	1
					Zyck,p	2	0	0	3
					Kidd,p	1	0	1	0

Total 30 6 24 9 Total 29 5 27 13

Score by innings:
Savannah000 000 010—1 6 1
Marines000 000 200—2 5 0

Two-base hits—Teeples, 1; Duncan, 1. Stolen bases—Toomey, Miller, 2; Wetja, McLendon. Struck out—By McClung, 2; Zyck, 2; Kidd, 3. Base on balls—Off McClung, 2; off Zyck, 2. Hits off Zyck, 5 in six innings; off Kidd, 1 in three innings. Hit by pitcher—Zyck, 1. (Teeples). Winning pitcher—Kidd. Umpires—Behind the plate, Baldwin; on the bases, Ryckman.

P. I. CLOSES SEASON AGAINST CLAUSENS NINE

Parris Island, S. C.—The recruit depot Leathernecks ended their home season at Lee Field on May 28 with twenty victories in twenty-two games by again defeating Clausens of Augusta 16 to 1. The game was a sorry spectacle from the standpoint of good baseball, but proved amusing after the fifth when with the wind rising and rain threatening the Marines burlesqued the affair.

Jesse Kidd, on the mound for the Marines, won his tenth straight game and held the visitors hitless, fanning ten, until the racket lost its seriousness. The Marine sluggers slammed everything Johnson had to offer, only a high wind favoring the chuckers, keeping them from gaining more bases on their hits.

C. B. A.	AB	H	O	A	P. I. M's.	AB	H	O	A
Burns,3b	4	1	1	1	Peterson,cf	5	3	2	0
Mills,lf	4	0	0	0	Monteth,lb	4	1	8	1
Crouch,2b	4	0	1	2	Duncan,lf	4	1	0	0
Donahoe,lb	3	1	6	0	Maddes,c	4	3	11	0
DeLoach,c	4	1	7	1	Miller,rf	5	2	1	0
Joh'sen,rf	4	0	3	0	Wetja,ss	1	0	3	0
Barton,cf	2	0	3	0	Mar'nger,2b	3	0	2	2
Sizem're,ss	2	1	1	3	Munari,3b	3	2	0	3
Johnson,p	3	0	2	0	Kidd,p	4	2	0	4

Totals.. 30 4 24 7 Totals... 33 14 27 9

R H E
Clausen's 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 5
Marines 0 1 0 6 6 2 1 0 x—16 14 2

Three-base hit—Duncan. Two-base hits—Munari (2), Miller. Stolen bases—Monteth (2), Wetja, Maddes, Miller, DeLoach (2). Struck out—By Johnson, 7; by Kidd, 11. Base on balls—Off Johnson, 3; off Kidd, 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Johnson (Munari), by Kidd (Crouch). Umpires—Behind the plate, Cain; on the bases, Ryckman.

PARRIS ISLANDERS IN ACTION



The upper photos show H. Smith, pitcher, preparing to shoot one past an opposing batsman, and Captain Lott doping out a little inside baseball for the benefit of his aides, team captain "Mike" Wetja (left), and the veteran catcher, Lieutenant "Zeke" Bailey. Below, from left to right: S. Elkins, catcher, doing his stuff behind the plate; J. Miller, right fielder, slamming out a homer; J. Hemphill, shortstop, getting ready to bunt; and Bates Surface, pitcher, who is all set to burn one over the pan.

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SHORTS ON SPORTS

By Ed Hagenah

Sports Editor

**Tunney Preparing for Next Fight.
Jack Sharkey Looms as Contender.
He Can Punch.
Diamond Averages High.**

It won't be many more moons before Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion of the world and ex-Marine of war days, steps into the ring in defense of the title he won from Jack Dempsey last September in Philadelphia. Tunney is at present at his training camp in Speculator, N. Y., gradually rounding off a little excess weight accumulated last winter and getting himself in condition to begin extensive training later in the summer.

Following Tunney's victory last Fall the promoters started what they called a series of elimination bouts in the heavyweight class in order to produce the most worthy opponent for Tunney's next fight. Some of these fights were good; others not so good. It did, however, keep interest in heavyweight boxing alive among the public, put some odd change in the promoters pockets and last but not least produce Jack Sharkey as Tunney's contender. Sharkey, if a few of you don't know it, is an ex-sailor who has done his bit in uniform during that time received the best part of his training in the art of scrambling ears.

At the present writing it is not a fact that Sharkey will oppose Tunney in a championship fight but those in the know say that they can read the handwriting on the wall. So it's a pretty safe bet all things considered. Tunney states that he wants to defend his title against all comers, and, as Sharkey has run the gauntlet bouncing off everyone until he stands the most eligible contender, it really looks as though there must be action around September.

Jack Sharkey's greatest fight was the night he stopped Jim Maloney in the fifth round after using him as a punching bag in the previous stanzas. Maloney up to that time had been considered a likely foe for Tunney. This honor was also shared by Sharkey and when the two met in the ring there was a great bitterness displayed. Opinion changed very quickly after the first round of that fight which left Sharkey the undisputed contender for the crown now resting on Tunney's head. Sharkey's ability to punch was demonstrated that night better than at any other time. He launched a two-fisted attack in the fourth round and practically every blow rocked Jim with disastrous results.

Gene Tunney was a very interested spectator at this fight and later remarked, "If Jack Sharkey is the man I'm to meet in defense of my title in September, then I know that I'm faced by one of the toughest battles of my ring lifetime." Gene went on to say that if Sharkey were only a hitter he wouldn't be quite so dangerous, but the truth of the matter was Sharkey knew all the tricks in the boxing trade besides being fast, sure and accurate, and has perfect confidence. It is Tunney's belief that when he and Sharkey meet it will be

MARINE CORPS BASEBALL TEAM SEASON 1927
INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

	Games Played	At Bat	Hits	Batting Average		Fielding Average		Home Runs		Dbls.	Trpls.	Bases Stolen		Won
Balis, pitcher....	7	16	5	.312		1000		0	1	0	1	4		
Bukowy, pitcher...	11	14	2	.142		1000		0	0	0	0	8		
Derr, catcher....	11	36	16	.444		.926		1	1	1	1	0		
Fox, infield.....	13	28	6	.214		1000		1	1	1	1	1		
Hannah, 3rd base.	15	52	10	.191		.940		1	2	0	0	0		
Hill, center field...	14	49	10	.204		1000		1	2	1	2	1		
Hriszko, shortstop	20	71	20	.281		.971		3	1	1	1	3		
Hudson, catcher...	11	31	8	.258		.984		1	1	0	5			
Levey, c. field....	20	85	28	.329		.950		7	5	1	13			
Nason, pitcher....	1	2	0	.000		1000		0	0	0	0	0		
Scarlett, pitcher...	8	8	1	.125		1000		0	0	0	0	2		
Stolle, left field...	16	68	18	.281		.918		1	2	0	7			
Freeny, 1st base...	20	75	38	.506		.991		5	7	3	18			
Fortier, outfield...	8	11	2	.181		1000		0	0	0	0			
Young, right field.	18	64	19	.281		1000		2	0	1	7			
Vitek, pitcher....	9	17	2	.117		.833		0	0	0	0	3		
Van Buren, 2d base	12	36	13	.361		.925		0	0	0	1			

PARRIS ISLAND BASEBALL TEAM, SEASON 1927

BATTING AND FIELDING AVERAGES

Including games from April 1, 1927, to May 28, 1927, inclusive

Name	AB	R	H	E	Batting Average		Fielding Average
					Aver.	Aver.	
Kidd	34	11	15	0	.440	1.000	
Bailey	57	8	25	5	.438	.966	
Smith	17	6	7	1	.411	.900	
Duncan	80	26	32	1	.400	.964	
Miller	69	20	25	0	.362	1.000	
Wetja	55	19	19	9	.345	.833	
Peterson	79	14	27	1	.341	.968	
Maddes	72	17	24	8	.333	.918	
Munari	9	3	3	1	.333	.900	
Hyman	27	4	8	1	.296	.900	
Toomey	23	6	6	6	.260	.806	
Monteith	67	19	16	0	.238	1.000	
Marringer	28	5	6	1	.222	.982	
Surface	20	4	3	3	.150	.810	
Elkins	10	2	1	0	.100	1.000	
Hartley	2	1	0	0	.000	1.000	
Parker	4	0	0	0	.000	1.000	
Phelan	4	0	0	0	.000	1.000	
Zyck	2	0	0	0	.000	1.000	
Totals	649	236	219	36	.337	.953	

Standing of Pitchers

Name	Games	Won	Lost	Average
Kidd	9	9	0	1.000
Smith	5	5	0	1.000
Hartley	1	1	0	1.000
Phelan	1	1	0	1.000
Surface	6	4	1	.800
Zyck	1	0	0	.000
Parker	2	0	1	.000

Games Played	22	Won 20	Lost 2	Average .909
--------------------	----	--------	--------	--------------

Team Batting Average..... .337 Team Fielding Average..... .953

"quite an affair," but the champ feels that his ability to take all that is offered while Sharkey may crumble under Gene's punches, as he had done quite a few times before against other batters, will win for him.

While doting on the leather punching game it may be well to chat a little on the racket in the Corps. At present things are very quiet with the exception of a few civilian bouts Marine fighters are engaging in on their own hook. The recent transfer of men from Quantico, San Diego and elsewhere has broken up the little boxing groups formed at these posts and scattered the fighters far and wide.

This column will always appreciate hearing from boxers around the Corps who are active or in training so that we may let the rest of the outfit know what they are doing.

In other columns are the batting and fielding records of the Marine baseball teams at Quantico and Parris Island for the season just completed by both teams. A glance at them will show the brand of ball played by our teams which is not only a credit to the players themselves, but the coaches of these teams and the Corps as a whole.

Comment on the averages would be superfluous as the records speak volumes themselves.

U. S. M. C. Institute Personalities

By Corporal Lew D. Feldman, U. S. M. C.

It is our desire to acquaint the student body of the Marine Corps Institute with the faces and personalities of those men whom the student has been wont to regard with mingled feelings of awe and indifference, reverence and contempt, thanks and malevolence. These are the men who grade you 90% in Spelling when you know perfectly well that you merit a 100%; the men who wade through the intricacies of a pencil smudged lesson, hastily scribbled on paper that must have been trekked from Parris Island to Peking; the "pen-pushers and type-ticklers" who sweat and groan with you in the solution of a problem in Trig. or Structural Engineering; the men who cuss you upon your enrollment (this will probably swell enrollments), hurl maledictions at your changes of course, but finally send you to file with peans of praise upon your disenrollment. Nevertheless, the instructor has a warm place (in his heart) for every pupil, for the very reason that you are his java and his hot cakes. Unfortunately, there is no opportunity for a Get-Together-Club wherein the pupil could meet the Faculty and pour forth his woes upon its (the Faculty's) collective shoulder. Moreover there is but little chance to satisfy the student's ominous wish, "I'd like to see that guy. What I wouldn't do to him!" Therefore we shall attempt to show you students the very men in whom you are most concerned . . .



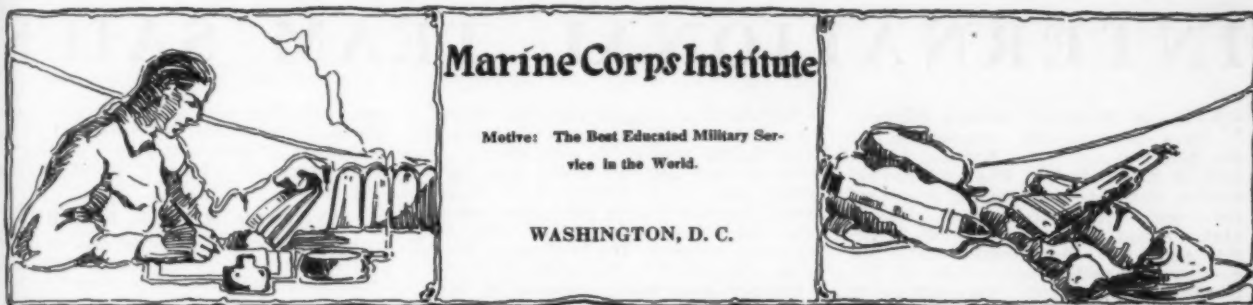
STAFF-SERGEANT WILLIAM RICHARD GLAVIN

Introducing "Chick" Glavin, our young Lochinvar out of the West (Pittsburgh). Glavin was born in Mahoney City, Pennsylvania, on the 30th of November, 1903. His home town is extremely proud of "Chick." What town wouldn't be proud of producing the guileless, cherubic countenance pictured above? Young William attended the Latimer Junior High School and then the Allegheny High School, both of the Smoky City. After a few years of secondary schooling, Glavin forsook his studies for the more alluring tasks of a telegraph operator. He soon realized that this was not his destined field of activity. Being of a gentle and peace-loving disposition, he decided to enlist in the Marine Corps; there to cultivate the tough hide and heart that is so necessary for success in our rough-shod world. Accordingly, "Chick" enlisted in the Corps on the 25th of September, 1922. Hardly a year elapsed before Glavin found himself transferred to the Marine Corps Institute. He came here a Private First Class in 1923, today he is a Staff-Sergeant, Principal of the Commerce Division of the Business School. Moreover, he has forged ahead in his chosen profession. As a senior at the Washington (Night) School of Accountancy, he is certainly well on the road towards the achievement of his ambition—a Certified Public Accountant. We know he'll get there; he's developed the bulldog tenacity of a true Gyrene. A last word about "Chick"—he's so Irish that he can't refrain from sticking his finger into any pie that might have a plum in it.



GUNNERY-SERGEANT STANLEY G. SAMUELSON

On our right, we have "Tiny" Samuelson, the Baby Wonder of the Marine Corps Institute. Gaze at this Human Colossus, six feet two and a half inches tall, and weighing a measly two hundred and thirty-eight pounds. "Tiny" first saw the light of day at Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, on the 13th of August, 1904. Evidently his folks yearned for the glamors of city life, for we find Samuelson attending the Brentana School of Chicago. A few years later the family moved back to its native hearth, and young Stanley proceeded to graduate from the Sawyer Public School. Three years at the Sturgeon Bay High School were sufficient for our rapidly growing behemoth. Thereafter, "Tiny" had a number of varied experiences. He was in quick succession a baker's apprentice, a motion picture operator, and a postal clerk at the Chicago Mailing Division. As "Tiny" says, "Life is one dam' experience after another." On the 7th of October, 1923, a recruiting sergeant buttonholed the young giant and dwelt upon the delightful and stirring picture that "Tiny" would make in blues. Convinced of his duty to country, humanity in general, and himself in particular, he signed on the "dotted line." He has done well! In three years, he has risen to the enviable position of Gunnery-Sergeant, Assistant Chief Instructor of the Construction School. He's by far the best theoretical dirt farmer in the 'Stute. Is it necessary to say that he ascribes his success to "hard, gruelling study?" Sammy hasn't decided what he'll do after his discharge from the Corps. If he ever lives in a boarding house, may the Lord help the people near him at the dinner table—they'll need it.



June 10, 1927—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled	7,199
Total number enrolled since last report	269
Total number disenrolled since last report	111
Number examination papers received during period	2,043
Total number graduates to date	3,601

Written especially for THE LEATHERNECK for the purpose of encouraging Marines to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Marine Corps Institute

304 East Church Street,
Jacksonville, Fla.
May 27, 1927.

Editor, The Leatherneck,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I want to voice my appreciation of one article especially, in the May issue, entitled "Know Your Stuff," by Robert A. McLean.

In my opinion you did all marines, all ex-marines and all readers of The Leatherneck a favor by publishing this little story. Because it portrays the truth—yes, more, THE VITAL TRUTH.

If only its moral were heeded by those who do not yet "know their stuff," its value would be priceless, so great would be the good it would have created. Even so, I believe it will arouse much interest among the men of the Corps, and any other service members, who have the chance to enroll in the M. C. I. but have not yet done so.

When I was at Parris Island in 1919 I used to see quite a few signs reading "If you don't know, you get killed." Its moral, or rather their moral, was that a marine should prepare himself for the game of war in order to be on an equal footing, if not superior, with his opponent.

The same policy applies to civil life, the game of peace, and the marine who steps out of the service into civil life without preparation for some specialized line, loses out mainly because "he does not know." I don't like to talk about myself, but I can make a comparison of myself to my father, who grew up from boyhood without preparing himself for a particular niche in the service of mankind and now must travel as the circumstances surrounding him dictate. In my case, happily,

my enrollment in the M. C. I. while in the Corps eliminated a fate similar to his and I am glad to know that I took the step I did. Had the M. C. I. charged the usual enrollment fee, my education would have been none the less effective for it.

The value of education is really beyond description. Mr. McLean puts a great emphasis on it, and still there is room for greater emphasis. Education helps us to enjoy so many privileges that the lack of it otherwise denies us.

Many marines might fool themselves and say that in these quiet times, there are no jobs or positions to be had. They have the impression that they would be "outside the scheme of things" if they found themselves discharged right now. Yet, in a recent issue of AMBITION, the I. C. S. magazine, we are told that at the present time that school is not able to supply the demand it receives for draftsmen—trained men in a particular line. That is just one instance of the lack of men who "don't know how."

This is the day of competition and the man who wins out is in almost every case the man who took the time to prepare for the path he is traveling; that is where the M. C. I. can be of such enormous benefit to those marines who couldn't afford the expense of a course in civil life and also to those who didn't care to try it while their time was so fully occupied with other duties.

"Whatever you are, be a good one." Sticking with an M. C. I. course until completion will help any Leatherneck make this mean something for himself.

Here's saying again that this writer enjoyed reading McLean's story. And hoping it will bring in results and goodwill for the M. C. I.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES W. HOLT.

The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE.....COURSE

Rank

Name

Organization

Place

INTERNATIONAL TEAM SAILS

SEVEN of America's premier riflemen have departed for competition in the International Rifle Matches to be held in Rome, Italy. The outstanding feature of the competition for places on the team which will wear the United States shield in the matches at Rome this year was the splendid spirit of good sportsmanship manifest by all the men. No finer spirit has ever been displayed on any competitive field. There was the case of Bruce, of Wyoming. Under International conditions the delicacy of the set trigger is recognized, and in the case of an accidental discharge, unless the rifle is at the shooter's shoulder, another shot is permitted. Bruce had one of these accidents with the gun resting on his knee. Captain Jackson authorized the scorer to issue another cartridge. Bruce took the cartridge which was given him, slipped it in the chamber and fired. The pit signaled a miss. Bruce felt that his hold was good, but the pit was unable to find the shot and Bruce took the miss without argument or complaint. Finishing the string, he "picked up his brass" and left the firing-point. It was the last day of the try-out, and a clean miss on the International target means the loss of a possible ten points. Discussing the matter later with Captain Jackson, the team coach, some one suggested that possibly a National Match cartridge had been issued to Bruce in error. A check-up of the fired cartridges brought back by the shooter from the firing-line indicated that this was exactly what had happened, with the result that the higher velocity National Match cartridge had pitched its bullet clear over the top of the International target. Bruce, however, refused to take another shot or to fire the string over again, saying that such things constituted the breaks of the game.

With this sort of spirit manifest none of the losing competitors could do

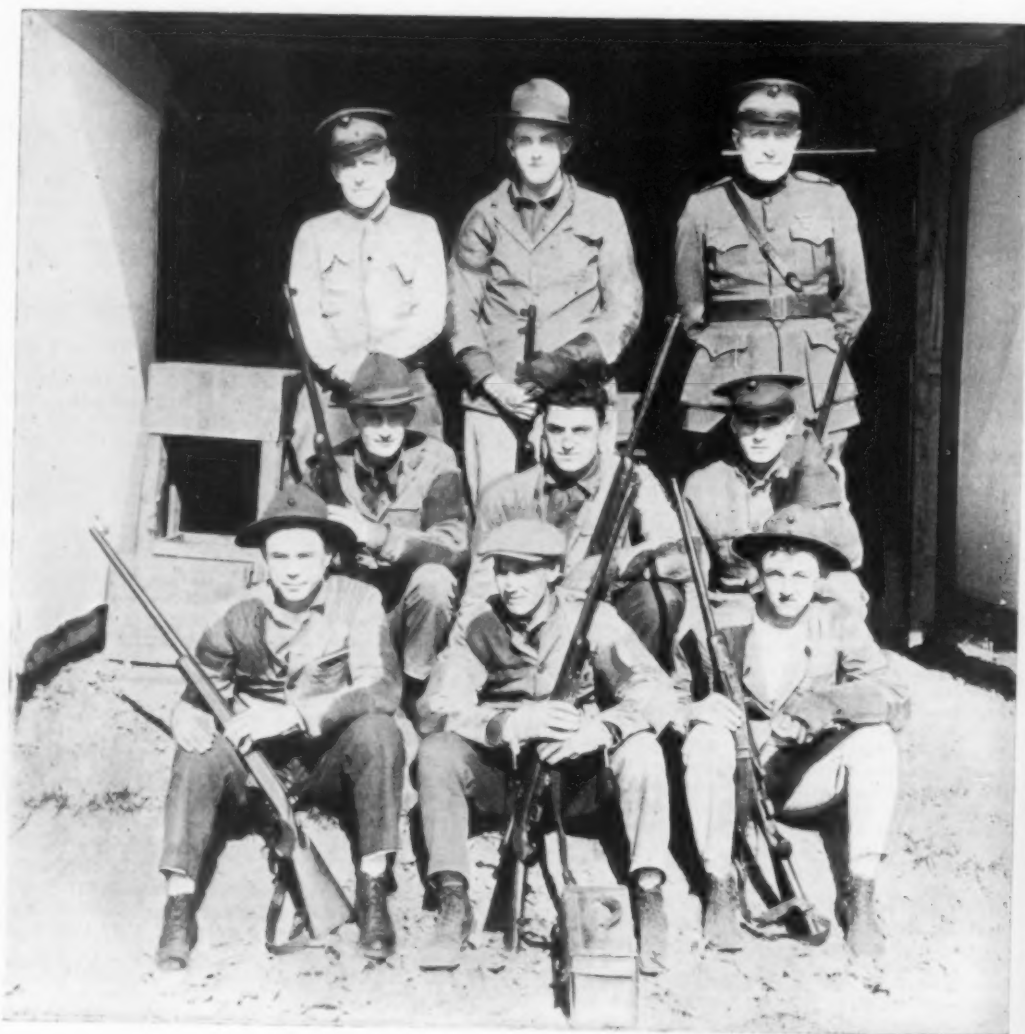
otherwise than congratulate the Wyoming shooter on his final score, which placed him fourth among the contestants.

A shooter and his alibis have generally come to be looked on as inseparable, but alibis were submerged among the bunch who shot it out over the Quantico ranges. The attitude of every man who failed to make the team was "the best man won." Several of those who failed admittedly were hampered by strange conditions or by set triggers, to which they were not accustomed, but they all heartily appreciated the good work done by the winners and the experience which they themselves had derived as a result of the competition. Several of these men who failed to make

the grade this year unquestionably have the makings of real International shots and many of them will be heard from in the future.—Courtesy "The American Rifleman."

ANOTHER MARINE RECORD

In the Torpedo Defense Batteries of the entire fleet for the year 1926-1927, Marines took the first five places as follows: (1) Captain L. Passmore, U. S. M. C., U. S. S. "Pennsylvania"; (2) Captain H. Pefley, U. S. M. C., U. S. S. "Nevada"; (3) Captain J. T. Walker, U. S. M. C., U. S. S. "West Virginia"; (4) Captain G. H. Morse, Jr., U. S. M. C., U. S. S. "Texas"; (5) Captain S. Ladd, U. S. M. C., U. S. S. "Maryland."



Top: Major Harry B. Smith, U. S. M. C., Team Captain; Lieutenant M. W. Dodson, Pennsylvania National Guard; Captain Joseph Jackson, U. S. M. C., Team Coach.

Center: Lieutenant P. M. Martin, U. S. A.; Mr. L. Nuesslein; Private First Class R. F. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C.

Bottom: Gunnery Sergeant R. O. Coulter, U. S. M. C.; Mr. L. Nuesslein; Lieutenant L. Lach, U. S. M. C.

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THE QUESTION BOX

From Hdq. Bulletin No. 20.

1st Sgt., Hampton Rds., Va.: A man was dropped as a deserter at 6.00 a. m. April 13, 1927, on account of jumping a detail to go aboard the U. S. S. "Kitty" and remained absent until about 6.00 a. m. April 15, 1927, when he was brought to St. Agnes' Hospital, Baltimore, Md., having been injured while endeavoring to ride a train to Baltimore, and died at 12.30 p. m. the same day. While a patient at the hospital he was placed under arrest by a member of the Marine Recruiting office of Baltimore, Md. He was buried at Arlington Cemetery on the 21st of April, and on the 22nd the mark of desertion was removed by authority of the Major General Commandant. What are the proper remarks for the Muster Roll?

Ans.: The following remarks will appear of the Muster Roll: 13 deserted. 15 apnd by RS. Baltimore, Md., while sk in St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, Md. 15 at 12.30 p. m. died of injuries rec'd while attempting to board moving train. GO 155 does not apply. 21 remains interred Arlington National Cemetery, Fort Myer, Va. 22 mark of desertion removed auth MGC.

1st Sgt., Great Lakes: A Private 1cl. was declared a deserter after being absent without leave for a period of ten days. He later surrendered himself and the mark of desertion was removed by the MGC. and trial by SCM directed. The mark of desertion having been removed, should this man be reinstated as a Private 1cl. or should he be carried as a Private?

Ans.: The removal of the mark of desertion in his case by the Major General Commandant does not change his enlisted status and he will continue as a private until again promoted.

1st Lieut., Haiti: (a) Which paragraphs of Naval Ordnance, 1925 edition, correspond to those of the 1921 edition, prescribed in Art. 6-1, sub-par. (6), (B) (j) for promotion from First Lieutenant to Captain?

Ans.: Paragraphs 21-48, 118, 134-169, 350-367, 426-499, 506-559, (omitting turret-gun sights), 560-579, (omitting turret firing circuits and gas-expelling devices for turret guns), 617-722 and 812-816.

(b) Regarding the proposed new promotion bill, will the laws which at present prevent retired officers from accepting employment with firms which do business with the government also apply to officers transferred to the reserve?

Ans.: It is the intention that officers transferred to the Reserve under the provisions of the proposed promotion bill will have the same civil status as that of other officers of the Reserve, who are authorized to accept employment in any civil branch of the public service; but it is probable that they would be prohibited from employment with companies furnishing naval supplies, under the act of June 10, 1896.

Sergeant, Nicaragua: A man having served 19 years continuously and extends his enlistment for two years, will it be necessary for him to serve the entire period of his extension or can he

THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

CONTINUED

Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor,	
P. I.	\$89.00
Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor,	
P. I.	14.50
Marine Barracks, St. Thomas,	
V. I.	76.00

Cash received (total).....\$179.50

The bank roll for the fund has swelled a little more but like a wealthy father told his son who was somewhat of a spender, a bank roll will swell as long as you keep it there and will never burst, but, as long as you spend it and keep on spending it, it will burst. It all goes to show that the bank roll is swelling and not bursting for the Fund. With the nice promise that I have received from Saginaw and Cincinnati; also a few others which have made the promise to clean the slate for the Belleau Wood Fund. Oh, yes, my good friend, Mr. Nickerson, on the west coast has informed me that Spokane Detachment has their share of the Belleau Wood Fund well under way. You know the more I think about the Fund and the larger it gets the better I believe that we should all feel.

Membership

Listen fellows lets us get busy on the membership and kill that figure that we had last year. We have just a nice little figure of fifteen hundred members to go to do that. You see, it's like this, every detachment keep their 1926 members together and then hot on the trail of a few new ones and you will be surprised how that membership figure grows. Now the boys in Worcester have promised a few members and other have done the same. How about you; have you thought of that? Listen, all it takes is a little energy and a nice little walk to get those together that once were marines and have a little chat with them. We need them in our detachments and in our organization. You know as well as I do that there is more fun in the gang when you can sing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here." Huh, ain't it?

Meanwhile I am writing this article the second division reunion is going on. Several of the boys of the detachments dropped in to say hello, etc. Some of their names I do not remember, but Wilson, the Adjutant, of the Pittsburgh Detachment was in and has promised that Pittsburgh will have some paid-up memberships within a few weeks and he also says that 58 of the old troop are sticking like glue. That's fine. Hinkle, the Commandant of the outfit, was not in Washington during the reunion, but regards to him anyway through the column. Yes, we have heard from Doc Clifford. The Hands of the clock had hardly past nine and the work was beginning when who should walk in was Doc Clifford; you know we are always glad to see his face. Doc had a little

transfer to the Reserve after having served 20 years?

Ans.: Yes, he must complete the extension before being transferred to the Reserve.

chat with all the gang and then busied himself by making a line for the Headquarters of the Fourth Brigade Marines at the Raleigh Hotel and the Leatherneck.

South Bend, Ind.: A detachment has now been chartered in South Bend, under the direction of Sergeant Albert W. Schien, U. S. M. C. Ten members for a beginner, and they are Albert W. Robinson, Otto A. Simshauser, Clayton E. Holz, Harold M. Keller, Walter M. Johnson, Albert W. Schien, Stanley Holewinski, Edward Henry, William D. Sayle, Michael J. Greszyk. The Charter was issued under the date of March 27th, 1927.

Saginaw, Mich.: Sergeant Scottie Bauer, has been working hard in Saginaw and has reported that the reorganization meeting of the Saginaw Detachment has been very successful, furthermore that they have sixteen loyal members. Here they are: Ellis E. NavConnett, Commandant; Lawrence Inman, Adjutant; Arthur T. Lippert, Paymaster; Scottie W. Bauer, Donivan K. Butler, Chester L. Fordney, August Bejeck, Herman Thormier, Frederick Mulholland, John Mowry, John J. Skoviski, Leon Perry, Judson E. Case, Ray Streeter, John P. Guza, Carlton B. Davis.

Captain Fordney, who is a member of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, has furnished the detachment a Club room free of charge where the detachment will hold their meetings and entertainments.

Jersey City, N. J.: Mr. William P. McDonald, Chairman of the organization committee for the proposed Jersey City Detachment, has reported to the National Commandant that he has seven loyal supporters for a prospective detachment. National Headquarters has furnished him with additional prospects in order that he may complete the organization of the detachment. Mr. McDonald reported that there are very good prospects in the following cities for detachments of the League: Bayonne, Fairview, Cliffsode, Grantwood, Hudson Heights, Kearney, Harrison, Arlington and Union City.

Syracuse, N. Y.: Leland Onyan, Adjutant of the James Dwight Snyder Detachment, has reported that they will be out as usual to decorate the graves of all deceased Marines in Onondaga County.

Mr. Raker, the National Judge Advocate, has reported that he will have to lay one in Miami until he can find a way to get over the Mississippi River. He reported later that he had left Miami and proceeded west to New Orleans, La. Detachments will receive notice from Mr. Raker about the approximate time for his arrival.

National Convention

The Railway Companies are inquiring at National Headquarters for list of the detachments for the national convention. This is a usual routine which the companies go over every year, but it seems that this year they are filing their requests much earlier. As yet, no information has been received as to the plans of the National Convention.



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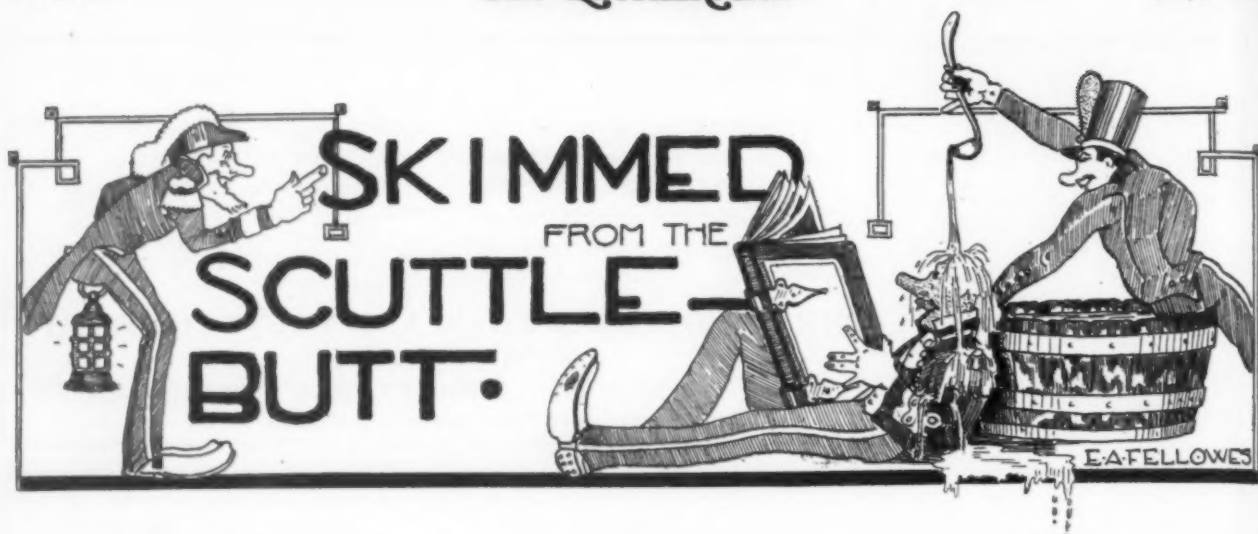
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REMNANTS

"My husband fought in the big war," announced Mrs. Bloer proudly. "His company was in one engagement from which only a remnant escaped alive."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Bargin-hunt. "And you got the remnant."

—Capper's Weekly.

"Mighty mean man I'se wurrkin' fer."

"Wat's de matter?"

"Took de laigs offen de wheelbarrow so's I kain't set it down and res'."

—J. M. R.

"I'd like to see some majamas, please."

"You mean pajamas, don't you?"

"No; they're to give my mother on her birthday."—Ballast.

"Rastus, your dog seems to be in pain."

"Nosuh, he ain't in pain—he's just lazy."

"But surely he must be suffering or he wouldn't howl like that."

"Jes' plumb laziness, jes' laziness—he's sittin' on a thistle."—Orient.

Landlady: "A professor formerly occupied this room, sir, he invented an explosive."

New Roomer: "Ah! I suppose those spots on the ceiling are the explosive, what?"

Landlady: "No, that's the Professor, Sir."—Recruiter.

Johnny's Ma: "Johnny, there were three pieces of cake in the pantry, and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

Johnny: "Well, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."

—Goblin.

Drunk: "Shay mishter, wharsh th' odder side of thish street."

Officer: "Why across the street."

Drunk: "'S funny, feller over there tole me it was over here."

—Leg. Gd. News.

Making love to an old maid is like rubbing hair tonic on a wig.

ABSENT-MINDED

A professor of biology addresses his class thus:

"I propose to show you a very fine specimen of a dissected frog which I have in this parcel."

Undoing the parcel he disclosed some sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg and some fruit.

"But, surely, I ate my lunch!" he exclaimed.—Exchange.

Recently arrested and brought to court was an Irishman, to whom the thing was a new experience. He was, however, unabashed, and wore an air of a man determined not to get the worst of it. "Prisoner at the bar," sang out the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

Pat looked the men in the jury box over very carefully.

"Well I'll tell ye" he finally said "oi'm not exactly in trainin', but oi think oi could step a round or two wid that fat old boy in th' conner."—Bulletin.

Wife—What time did you get home from the lodge?

Hubby—Why dear, at quarter of twelve.

Wife—I heard the clock strike three as you came in.

Hubby—Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?—Contribution.

A negro preacher addressed his flock with great earnestness on the subject of "Miracles" as follows: "My beloved friends, de greatest uv all miracles was 'bout the loaves and fishes. Dey was five thousand loaves an' two thousand fishes, and de twelve 'poseles had to eat dem all. De miracle am, dey didn't bus!"

—Pocket University.

Well Meaning Shipmate: "Here ya' com, Chum, take a shot!"

1st married man: "Sorry, Shipmate, but if I took a drink of that my wife would accuse me of hanging out in a saloon."

2nd married man: "Thanks, I don't care if I do. You see my wife never hung out in a saloon so she won't know the difference!"—Beno Growl.

STOWAWAY

"Jenkins, the cook tells me you were intoxicated last night and trying to roll a barrel out of the cellar."

"Yes, my lord!"

"And where was I at the time?"

"In the barrel, my lord!"

—Sea Breezes.

"Lay down, pup; lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say, 'lie down, Mister,' declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."—Ex.

"My heart is in the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said the sick novelist, as he took a firmer grip on the ship's rail.—Snickers Snacks.

"I have never kissed a girl in my life," remarked the painfully proper young man.

"Well, don't come buzzing around me," announced the little flapper. "I'm not running a prep school."—Fixit.

Lady (to little boy crying): "My little boy, what are you crying for?"

Little Boy: "Father beat me!"

Lady: "What for?"

L. B.: "I was doing a cross-word puzzle, and the clue was 'Drunk in the afternoon,' and I put 'Dad,' and it was 'Tea'."—Globe & Laurel.

Wife: "When you came in at three o'clock this morning you didn't know who I was, did you?"

Hubby: "No, who were you?"

"Was your garden a success this year?"

"I should say so. My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."—Punch.

Wife, who is terribly mad: "Are all men fools?"

Husband, meekly: "No, some are bachelors."—Pearl Harbor Weekly.

Two heads are always better than one; as proven by the fact.

ALL'S WELL

The Submarine Commander watched the periscope move upward out of its housing. Quickly he viewed the on-rushing destroyer upon which he was making a practice approach.

"House the periscope," he ordered as he turned to an indicator.

A natty young ensign, new to the lore of the sub-sea men, stepped jauntily forward, peered into the eye-piece and enthusiastically reported "Fine, Captain, fine."—The Trouble Shooter.



"Say, you know someone has asked for some old-fashioned square dances tonight?"

"Ye-eh?"

"Well, if you hear a whistle blow, don't think it's the police and jump out the window."

Louisa, the colored kitchen maid, was from the country, but she was energetic and learned fast. Part of her duties was to water the fern and change the water in the goldfish bowl. Her mistress asked her on the second day—

"Did you remember to empty the water under the refrigerator?"

"Yes, mum, I emptied it and put in fresh water."

—Charleston News and Courier.

"Well, John," said the great physician to a young colleague who had just started, "how's your practice?"

"Well," replied the young man, "in the mornings practically no one comes, and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit."—Police Gazette.



"Mary dear, let's set our wedding date for next Friday."

"Oh, but we can't. I've a date that night."

Instead of Mothers now telling their sons that when they grow up they can become President, they are telling them that they can join the Marine Corps and BECOME A SECOND GENE TUNNEY.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

"Deacon White," said Parson Jackson, softly, "will you lead us in prayer?"

There was no answer.

"Deacon White"—this time in a little louder voice—"will you lead?"

Still no response. Evidently the deacon was slumbering. Parson Jackson made a third appeal and raised his voice to a high pitch that succeeded in arousing the drowsy man.

"Deacon White, will you lead?"

The deacon, in bewilderment, rubbed his heavy eyes and blurted out: "Lead yourself—I just dealt!"—Memphis Mule.

"Mama, if I get married when I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?"

"Why yes, dear, if you get married you will have a husband like papa."

"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Kittie?"

"Yes, dear, you would be an old maid, but whatever put such thoughts in that little head?"

"Well, no matter which way we go, it's a pretty tough world for us women, ain't it?"—Altair Fixit.



Unique case of Marine with asthma just in hand!

A general cargo was being loaded into a vessel, the captain of which made a hobby of working himself into a apoplectic fit as sailing time drew near.

A piano had to be shipped and it had reached the bottom of the hold when the chief mate yelled to the man in charge of the winch to "heave up."

The captain immediately got excited. "Do you want to be in this darn place all day?" he roared.

"No," replied the mate, but there happens to be a man under that piano and I thought he might like it lifted off him."

—Newport Recruit.

A Mexican and an American who worked on the night shift of a Kansas salt plant ate their midnight lunch together. On several occasions the Mexican had rabbit meat in his pail, and he shared his supply with his comrade.

"Where do you get rabbits, Jose?" the American asked one night. "I can't find any."

"My wife, she get 'um," Jose replied. "She say ever' night they come 'round house and make noise. She shoot 'um."

"Noise? Rabbits don't make noise."

"Sure," Jose answered positively. "Go meow, meow."—N. T. S. News.

IN THE END

A rich man died leaving his total fortune to three friends—an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Jew—on condition that they each deposit £50 in his coffin. At the funeral the Englishman placed £50 in cash inside the casket, the Irishman put his £50 in notes, while the Jew deposited his cheque for £150, taking out the £100 cash for his change.

The cheque was cashed the next day. The undertaker was a Scotsman!

—Derby Gazette, England.



"So you are suffering from indigestion? You ought to drink a glass of hot water every morning."

"I do, doctor; although the mess sergeant calls it coffee."

A pacifistic gentleman stopped to try to settle a juvenile row.

"My boy," he said to one of the combatants, "do you know what the Good Book says about fighting?"

"Aw!" snorted the youth, "fightin' ain't one of them things you kin get out of a book, mister."—Air Sta. News.

"Why don't you advertise?" he asked the country store merchant.

"No, siree," answered the storekeeper, "I did once, and it purty near ruined me."

"How was that?"

"Well," replied the storekeeper, "people come in and bought dern near all the stuff I had."



"Darling, I love you very much and want you for my wife."

"But, are you sure your wife will like me?"

An eminent physician and surgeon has said: "Man is the only animal that smiles. The smile is purely a human characteristic and can be attributed to none of the lower animals—"

DON'T PROVE YOURSELF A DONKEY—SMILE.



Dear Fellows: As this column goes to print, our faithful old typewriter, on which we have pounded out so many yards of nonsense which we hope you have found amusing, lies far away, swathed in oil cloth, in the attic of our erstwhile domicile in Delacroix Island. The waters lap and swish, rising higher and higher toward the attic in which it is reposing, and only a streak of luck beyond any that has ever fallen our way, will save it from a watery grave in the Gulf of Mexico. For the levee has been cut, and the Mississippi, a swirling, raging yellow ocean is sweeping over the placid blue bayous, and the sparkling lakes in St. Bernard, inundating the palmettoes and the mangroves in the prairie, and leaving only the house tops visible, and along with its mighty sweep of devastation spoiling our entire plans for the summer and threatening to submerge the old Underwood.

We remained as long as it was possible to do so, but when numberless spiders, many of them the size of a small saucer, came crawling up out of the water, and large rattle snakes and moccasins made roosting places out of all the trees, and mosquitoes covered everything in swarms that was not all covered by hordes of red ants, we decided that it was time for us to leave. We therefore collected our two most prized possessions, a genuine Japanese kimono and a picture of a certain Marine Corporal now in China, and set about devising a means of exit. In council with Eddie, Terry and Bennie, whom we have christened the Three Musketeers, we hit upon the idea of a sail boat, the three gentlemen in question being averse to such hard labor as pulling a skiff 11 miles against such current as the crevasse was pouring in our direction. Accordingly a skiff was secured, and one of the boys, Bennie I believe, gallantly volunteered to rip open a mattress his mother had left, with a few other things in their home. The mattress was ripped and rigged upon a boat pole for a large square sail. The author of the Brig sat in the stern of the skiff, holding the rope, Bennie with the oar for a rudder took a like seat, and with Terry and Eddie in the bow holding the mast in position we set sail. There were some doubting Thomas's ashore who called out to us that we need not expect them to come out in that high wind to fish us out when the boat swamped, but we sailed

blithely on, the wind growing higher and the water rougher each minute. For some few seconds it must be truthfully admitted that the fact that between us and the some 30 or 40 feet of raging water beneath us was only the frail bottom of a skiff, and that a leaky one, and that any moment a squall might come along and upset our skiff and all our plans for the day with it. But one glance at our Marine Corps ring was sufficient, and we sailed on without the slightest qualm, headed for some channel near Poydras, La., that would take us out near the gravel road.

After some three hours of sailing over these snake infested, spider covered waters, we came to (in more sense than one) behind the alcohol plant at Braithwaite, which was entirely too near the crevasse itself, and much too far from our goal. Skirting the crevasse, which represented a miniature Niagara, we entered a forest of water oaks draped with moss. From almost every bough hung a snake, and it was with a most apprehensive feeling that we let our boat drift through the cavern like recesses of the woodland, to finally fetch up amongst the tops of corn, in a field opposite the St. Bernard Court House. After vainly cruising about amongst beans, and other garden truck our good ship finally grounded in the mud in the backyard of a negro shanty, now deserted. Regretfully we climbed out, and hit the shell road, which here for some three miles was not under water. Eventually, however, we hit the waters of the crevasse, and wading hip deep in the flood, and walking against a current that very near tripped one at every step, we made a mile and three-quarters to Poydras Plantation. Here we climbed the levee, and after walking another two or three miles were picked up by a family in a Ford Touring and brought safely, though still somewhat damp, into the city, arriving at 4:00 P. M., having set sail upon our memorable expedition at 9:00 A. M. Unfortunately, it was impossible to cart the typewriter along, and now, as the crest of the flood sweeps down upon us we can only sit with our fingers crossed and trust to our luck that the waters will not reach to the attic. But our luck as we have stated before, has never been anything to write home about.

The reporter of a New Orleans paper called over the 'phone a little town that was reported submerged in water.

"Have you a flood over there?" he asked.

"I dunno" replied the sheriff, who had responded to the call.

"I say have you any high water there," asked the reporter.

"I dunno" was again the reply, "wait 'til I go get my boat and I'll get the mayor. He can talk to you."

Much fun has been poked at our National Guardsmen, and we ourselves must

admit our share in some of it, but here and now we want to go on record as stating that the bunch of fellows who came down in trucks to move out the inhabitants of St. Bernard were the gamest, finest bunch of fellows we have ever met. Swept from desks, and teller's cages, and from behind counters, they patrolled the levees all night, and all day worked at hauling out furniture, rescuing live stock, and patiently and kindly explaining to heart broken people that it was through no fault of theirs that they were being forced to move out. With blistered hands and feet, and aching backs they snatched occasional sandwiches, or went through the painful round of duty foodless, not once slackening until the last calf had been captured and tied in a truck, and the last rumbling truck of furniture sent toward. And now, in north Louisiana they are going through the same heavy round of duty, but this time it is human lives and not animals that depend on them as the floods mount higher. Hats off to 'em, they'd make darn fine Marines.

"I think there is company down stairs."

"How do you know?"

"I just heard Maw laugh at one of Dad's jokes."

From a recent issue of "Weird Tales" we learn that "A man stepped to a hook where his hat hung and placed it on his head."

After the smoke of the last July 4th firecracker drifts away, and the census of the different hospitals have been taken and printed, the newspapers can get down to printing the latest news from the different peace parleys for another year.

Two autoists recently met in an alley. One excitedly shook his first at the other, exclaiming:

"I wouldn't back up for any d—n fool."

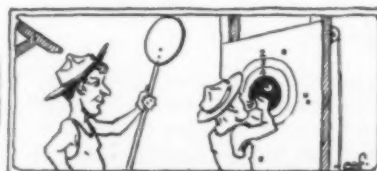
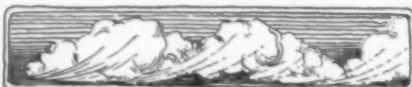
"Oh well," said the other, "I will" as he put his car in reverse.

A Leatherneck took a sweet young thing over to the Algiers Naval Station to a recent dance they had there. In between dances he tells us she remarked—"The Lord makes us girls beautiful but dumb."

"How come," asked the Leatherneck.

"Because," she replied, "we are beautiful so men will love us, and dumb so that we will love them."

According to a statistician, 4,076 people died during 1926 from gas. Thirty-nine inhaled it, 37 put a lighted match to it, 4,000 stepped on it.



THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,
CommandantOfficers last commissioned in the
grades indicated:Col. Douglas C. McDougal.
Lt. Col. Benjamin S. Berry.
Maj. Keller E. Rockey.
Capt. Ford O. Rogers.1st Lt. James A. Stuart.
Officers last to make number in the
grades indicated:Col. Douglas C. McDougal.
Lt. Col. Benj. S. Berry.
Maj. Keller E. Rockey.
Capt. John B. Neill, Jr.
1st Lt. Howard R. Huff.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

May 12, 1927

Major F. B. Garrett, on or about May 31st detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I. Authorized to delay enroute until July 1st.

Capt. M. B. Curtis, APM, on July 10th detached Headquarters Marine Corps to Asiatic Station, via Army Transport scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about August 19, 1927. Authorized delay enroute San Francisco until August 17th.

2nd Lt. R. G. Hunt, on May 18th detached MD, U. S. S. "OKLAHOMA," to MD, U. S. S. "NEW MEXICO."

May 13, 1927

No changes were announced.

May 14, 1927

Lt. Col. G. M. Kincade, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Rds., Va., to duty as Fleet Marine Officer, and aid on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Battle Fleet, U. S. S. "CALIFORNIA," to report not later than May 25th.

Lt. Col. R. R. Sullivan upon the reporting of his relief, detached U. S. S. "CALIFORNIA" to Headquarters Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Lt. Col. F. A. Ramsey, upon the reporting of his relief, detached MB, Nyd., Mare Island, Calif., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.

Capt. A. C. Dearing, on June 4th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Dept. of the Pacific. Authorized to delay enroute until July 11th.

Capt. F. Harris, on May 21st detached MD, U. S. S. "WYOMING," to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

May 16, 1927

Capt. H. S. Fassett, detached MD, U. S. S. "PITTSBURGH," to Department of the Pacific.

Capt. E. L. Pelletier, detached MB, Nyd, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. L. F. Narum, on June 4th detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Nyd, Puget Sound, Wash.

May 17, 1927

No changes were announced.

May 18, 1927

Major S. S. Lee, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Office of the Chief Coordinator, General Supply, Washington, D. C., to report on July 5th.

Major J. C. Smith, on July 15 detached Office of the Chief Coordinator, General Supply, Wash., D. C., to the Commandant General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Authorized to delay enroute until September 1st.

1st Lt. J. A. McShane, detached MD, U. S. S. "HURON," to Dept. of the Pacific.

There is attached hereto a list of names of officers ordered to special temporary duty with the Marine Corps Expeditionary Force in Nicaragua.

The following named officers have been ordered to special temporary duty with the Marine Corps Expeditionary Force in Nicaragua:

QUANTICO, VA.

For Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 2nd Brigade

U. S. S. "Aroostock" or "Medusa."
Lt. Col. Sanderson, C. R.—Quantico.

For Fifth Regiment (replacements)

U. S. S. "Aroostock" or "Medusa"
Capt. Luby, T.—FOC.

Capt. Miller, G. D.—FOC.

1st Lt. Plambeck, G. A.—MCS Det.

2nd Lt. Orr, W. W.—MB, Nyd, Phila.

2nd Lt. Paca, W. W.—MB, NA, Annapolis.

2nd Lt. Troxell, W. H.—MB, Quantico.

2nd Lt. Butler, A. H.—BS, Phila.

Gunner Diskin, J.—10th Regt.

For Eleventh Regiment

U. S. S. "Aroostock" or "Medusa."

Colonel Berkeley, R. C.—Quantico.

Major Gray, J. A.—Quantico.

Captain Kingman, M. H.—FOC.
Captain Strong, F. C.—MCS Det.
Captain Peard, R. W.—FOC.
Captain Taylor, T. T.—FOC.
Captain Winter, R. M.—Sig Bn.
Captain Richards, W. P.—Quantico.
Captain Wynn, C. A.—Quantico.
1st Lt. Pollock, E. A.—MCS Det.
1st Lt. Kenyon, H. W.—Eng. Bn.
1st Lt. Scott, W. W.—MB, Nyd, New York.
1st Lt. Leibensperger, E. E.—Quantico.
1st Lt. Roberts, B. S.—Quantico.
1st Lt. Harbaugh, F. D.—Quantico.
1st Lt. Hassenmiller, C. J.—Quantico.
2nd Lt. Rixey, P. M.—BS, Phila.
2nd Lt. Young, J. S. E.—BS, Phila.
2nd Lt. Jordan, T. B.—BS, Phila.
2nd Lt. Lee, W. H.—Quantico (AA Co.).
Gunner Buckley, W. A.—MB, NMD, Yorktown.Pay Clk. Parsons, F. S.—Quantico.
Comdr. Miller, L. E. (ChC)—U. S. S. "Mercey."

Lieut. Galtner, A. L. (MC)—Quantico.

For Observation Squadron 4

U. S. S. "Medusa."

Captain Archibald, R. J.—AS ECEF.

1st Lt. Neill, J. E.—AS ECEF.

1st Lt. McKittrick, W. L.—AS ECEF.

1st Lt. Swartwout, J. D.—AS ECEF.

2nd Lt. Harmon, J. C.—AS ECEF.

2nd Lt. Thomas, E. A.—AS ECEF.

2nd Lt. Weir, P. D.—AS ECEF.

HAMPTON ROADS, VA.

For Eleventh Regiment

U. S. S. "Aroostock" or "Medusa"

Captain Popham, J. N.—MB, Nyd, Norfolk.

1st Lt. Baylis, C. D.—MB, Nyd, Norfolk.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

For Eleventh Regiment

U. S. S. "Aroostock"

1st Lt. Humphrey, J. D.—MB, Nyd,

Charleston, S. C.

2nd Lt. Snedeker, E. W.—MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Rahiser, M. C.—MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Waterman, H. C.—MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Frisbie, C. K.—MB, Parris Island, S. C.

For Fifth Regiment

2nd Lt. Dickey, W. E.—MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Personnel of 11th Regiment Embarking at

Port au Prince, Haiti

Headquarters and Headquarters Company,

11th Regiment

Lt. Col. A. J. O'Leary.

Captain E. G. Huefe.

Service Company, 11th Regiment

QM Clk. Warrell, W. A.

First Battalion, 11th Regiment

Major Hoyt, F. R.

Captain Barnaby, W. C.

Captain McDonald, J. A.

Captain Kienast, C. F.

Captain Horan, L. F. S.

1st Lt. Moody, J. L.

1st Lt. Richal, M.

1st Lt. Inman, K. A.

1st Lt. Weaver, J. B.

1st Lt. Clark, E. H.

1st Lt. Keimling, H. S.

1st Lt. Darr, H. E.

2nd Lt. Good, G. F.

2nd Lt. Burke, L. T.

2nd Lt. Scheyer, W. J.

2nd Lt. Jones, J. E.

Lt. Comdr. Neely, A. E. (MC).

Lieut. Townsend, F. M. (MC).

May 19, 1927

Lt. Col. T. M. Clinton, on or about June 4th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "KIT-TERY," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 29th.

Capt. R. B. Buchanan, killed in action on May 16, 1927.

Capt. O. R. Cauldwell, on or about June 20th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Authorized to delay enroute until September 1st.

1st Lt. W. G. Hall, on June 1st detached MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

2nd Lt. G. H. Bellinger, detached MB, NSB, Coco Solo, I. C. Z., to MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to temporary duty with the Second Brigade, for expeditionary duty in Nicaragua.

May 20, 1927

No changes were announced.

May 21, 1927

No changes were announced.

May 23, 1927

Lt. Col. C. T. Westcott, AA & I, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. M. Corbett, ordered from temporary expeditionary duty with the 3rd Brigade, China, to Department of the Pacific, in accordance with recommendation of a Board of Medical Survey.

Capt. A. F. Howard, upon completion of the FOC, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NSB, Coco Solo, Canal Zone, via Army transport scheduled to sail from New York N. Y., on or about July 20, 1927. Authorized delay enroute to New York, until July 18th.

2nd Lt. C. R. Freeman, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, U. S. S. "FLORIDA," to report on board on June 1st.

2nd Lt. M. S. Rahiser, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, U. S. S. "ARKANSAS," to report on board June 1st.

May 24, 1927

No changes were announced.

May 25, 1927

No changes were announced.

May 26, 1927

Col. N. H. Hall, upon reporting of relief, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to duty as CO, MB, Nyd, New York, N. Y. Authorized delay enroute to New York until Sept. 20.

Capt. W. F. Becker, assigned to duty at MB, Nyd, Puget Sound, Washington.

Capt. L. Passmore, upon reporting of relief, detached MD, U. S. S. "PENNSYLVANIA" to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. J. N. Smith, upon completion of the course, detached Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. J. F. Plachta, upon completion of the course, detached Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. G. J. O'Shea, detached MB, Quantico, Va., relieved from special temporary duty with the 2d Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua, and assigned to duty at MB, Nyd, Phila., Pa.

1st Lt. W. G. Farrell, upon completion of the course, detached Air Corps Tactical School, Langley Field, Va., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. T. C. Green, detached MB, Quantico, Va., relieved from special temporary duty with the 2nd Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua, and assigned to duty at MB, NSB, Coco Solo, I. C. Z.

2nd Lt. W. A. Hamilton, upon reporting of relief, detached MD, U. S. S. "NEW MEXICO," to Department of the Pacific.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. E. T. Osabal, assigned to duty at MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif.

Chf. QM Clk. J. T. Armstrong, on or about July 1st detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay one month enroute to MB, Quantico, Va.

May 27, 1927

Lt. Col. J. T. Buttrick, upon the reporting of relief, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay enroute until September 5th.

Lt. Col. N. P. Vulte, on June 20 detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as CO, MB, NTS, Newport, R. I. Authorized to delay enroute until August 1st.

Major S. P. Budd, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Dept. of the Pacific.

Major R. S. Geiger, about July 5th detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay one month enroute.

Capt. R. J. Mitchell, on or about July 15th detached Air Corps Tactical School, Langley Field, Va., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Authorized delay enroute until September 1st.

May 28, 1927

Capt. A. Dickerson, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Recruiting District of Houston, Houston, Texas.

1st Lt. D. M. Taft, on or about June 7th detached Recruiting District of Houston, Houston, Texas, to MD, U. S. S. "GALVESTON."

2nd Lt. H. P. Becker, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than July 1st.

2nd Lt. I. L. Kimes, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than July 1st.

2nd Lt. C. M. Knight, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than July 1st.

2nd Lt. T. B. Millard, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than July 1st.

2nd Lt. P. A. Shiebler, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than July 1st.

2nd Lt. D. G. Willis, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than July 1st.

QM. Ck. Albert O. Woodrow, appointed a quartermaster clerk and assigned to duty at MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.

May 31, 1927

Col. L. McC. Little, upon reporting of relief, detached MD, AL, Peking, China, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Wash., D. C. Authorized three months delay enroute.

Capt. W. T. Evans, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than July 1st, for duty as instructor.

1st Lt. C. F. Mers, detached MB, NS, Guam, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. QM. Ck. J. Strong, appointed a chief quartermaster clerk with rank from June 10, 1926.

Chf. Pay Ck. J. W. Lytle, appointed a chief pay clerk with rank from June 10, 1926.

June 1, 1927

Major W. H. Rupertus, on June 15th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

Capt. W. E. McCaughtry, detached NS, Guam, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Will remain on temporary aviation duty beyond the seas, with Aircraft Squadrons, Third Brigade.

1st Lt. W. O. Brice, Detached NS, Guam, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Will remain on temporary aviation duty beyond the seas, with Aircraft Squadrons, Third Brigade.

1st Lt. L. N. Medaris, on or about July 24th detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay enroute until September 1st.

Chf. Mar. Cnr. H. Ogden, detached NS, Guam, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Will remain on temporary aviation duty beyond the seas with Aircraft Squadrons, Third Brigade.

Pay Ck. J. J. Reidy, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

The following named have been appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and assigned to temporary duty under instruction in aviation at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.:

J. C. Munn, R. P. Rutledge, S. S. Jack, G. Dew, Chappell, G. H. Potter, M. S. Newton, F. M. McAllister, J. W. Earnshaw, E. S. Piper, F. M. June, J. P. Juhan, H. D. Hansen, A. C. Koonce, R. A. Olson, M. L. Dawson, Jr., A. Shapley, W. L. J. Bayler, R. P. Ross, D. F. O'Neill, J. G. Dreyssing, A. E. O'Neill, H. G. Newhart, H. R. Paige, J. S. Cook, Jr.

June 2, 1927

Capt. D. E. Campbell, detached MB, NY, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, U. S. S. "NEW YORK."

Capt. P. C. Geyer, detached Headquarters Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

June 3, 1927

No changes were announced.

June 4, 1927

Major W. W. Buckley, detached MB, Quantico, Va., on or about June 15th to duty as Fleet Marine Officer and aide on the staff of the Commander, Scouting Fleet, U. S. S. "ARKANSAS." Authorized delay until July 26th in reporting aboard the U. S. S. "ARKANSAS."

Major E. A. Ostermann, upon the reporting of relief, about July 20, detached U. S. S. "ARKANSAS," to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. D. S. Brown, upon the reporting of relief, detached MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to MD, U. S. S. "WYOMING." Authorized delay fourteen days enroute.

Capt. H. S. Hausmann, on July 1st detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Quartermaster, Observation Squadron Nine, First Brigade, Haiti. Authorized delay reporting at Hampton Rds., Va., for transportation to Haiti, until August 8th.

1st Lt. H. F. Adams, upon the reporting of relief, detached from duty as Quartermaster Observation Sqdn Nine, First Brigade, Haiti, to duty as quartermaster Aircraft Squadrons, E. C. E. F., MB, Quantico, Virginia.

June 6, 1927

No changes were announced.

June 7, 1927

1st Lt. Col. T. C. Turner, detached Air Corps Tactical School, Langley Field, Hampton, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, and ordered to special temporary aviation duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, China.

Capt. D. Peck, on or about July 5th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Command & General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Authorized delay enroute until September 1st.

Chf. QM. Ck. H. H. Bethman, detached MB, NS, Guam to Dept. of the Pacific.

The Marine Detachments, U. S. S. "ARKANSAS" and U. S. S. "FLORIDA," now serving on special temporary expeditionary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, have been assigned to duty with units of the Fifth Regiment, and will remain on temporary expeditionary duty with that organization.

June 8, 1927

Major R. E. Davis, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to report on July 1st.

Capt. J. E. Reich, APM, upon the reporting of his relief, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. M. A. Willard, APM, upon the reporting of his relief, detached Office of the APM, Atlanta, Ga., ordered to temporary duty at Hdqrs. Marine Corps, and upon completion of temporary duty ordered to 1st Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "KIT-TERY," sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., on August 10th.

Chf. Pay Ck. G. B. Smith, upon the reporting of his relief, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 1st Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "KIT-TERY," sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., on August 10th.

June 9, 1927

No changes were announced.

June 10, 1927

1st Lt. Col. L. S. Willis, upon completion of the FOC, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as CO, MB, NY, Washington, D. C.

Capt. T. B. Gale, upon the reporting of his relief, detached MD, U. S. S. "NEW YORK," to duty as CO, MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md. Authorized to delay enroute until July 1st.

Chf. QM. Ck. H. H. Bethman, detached MB, NS, Guam, to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., and assigned to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, Marine Corps, China.

The Marine Detachments, U. S. S. "NEVADA" and U. S. S. "OKLAHOMA," transferred from Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., to duty on board the U. S. S. "FLORIDA" and U. S. S. "ARKANSAS," respectively.

June 11, 1927

Col. C. H. Lyman, upon completion of the course, detached Army War College, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, California.

1st Lt. Col. T. E. Backstrom, upon the reporting of his relief, detached MB, NY, Washington, D. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Major J. Q. Adams, upon the reporting of his relief, detached Recruiting District of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major J. A. Russell, upon completion of the FOC, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NY, Norfolk, Va.

Major H. M. Smith, upon completion of the FOC, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NY, Philadelphia, Pa., to report no later than July 1st.

Major W. D. Smith, upon the reporting of his relief, about July 1st, detached MB, NY, Philadelphia, Pa., to Recruiting District of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. M. H. Klingman, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., and relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the 2nd Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua.

1st Lt. T. H. Cartwright, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, Wash., D. C. 1st Lt. F. C. Hall, detached MB, Wash., D. C., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

QM. Ck. A. O. Woodrow, detached MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

June 13, 1927

No changes were announced.

June 14, 1927

1st Lt. Col. E. R. Beadle, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., ordered to temporary duty at Hdqrs. Marine Corps, to report on June 15th, and upon completion temporary duty at Headquarters Marine Corps to proceed to Corinto, Nicaragua, Special Service Squadron, and to the Commanding General, 2nd Brigade, Marine Corps, for duty as Chief of the Guardia Nacional, of Nicaragua.

Major H. M. Smith, detailed as an assistant quartermaster, effective July 15th.

Capt. J. H. Parker, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., ordered to temporary duty at Headquarters Marine Corps, and upon completion temporary duty at Hdqrs. Marine Corps to proceed to Corinto, Nicaragua, and report to the Commander, Special Service Squadron, and to the Commanding General, 2nd Brigade, Marine Corps, for duty with the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua.

1st Lt. J. A. McShane, assigned to duty at MB, NY, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. E. A. Poe, relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, Marine Corps, China, and ordered to return to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

June 15, 1927

1st Lt. W. A. Wachtler, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. St. J. R. Marshall, detached MD, U. S. S. "UTAH," to MB, Washington, D. C. The Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "MILWAUKEE," transferred to the U. S. S. "ROCHESTER" on June 15th.

NAVAL ORDERS OF INTEREST TO MARINES

Lt. Comdr. Ashton E. Neely (MC) Det. 1st Brigade, U. S. Marines, Port au Prince, Haiti; to Expeditionary Brigade, Nicaragua. Lt. Comdr. Roger A. Nolan (MC) Det. Rec. Bks., Hampton Rds., Va.; to Marine Bks., Parris Is., S. C.

Lieut. Alfred J. Gaither (MC) Det. Marine Bks., Quantico, Va., to 11th Regiment, U. S. Marine Expeditionary Force, Nicaragua.

Lt. (Jg) Frank M. Townsend, Jr. (MC) Det. 1st Brigade, U. S. Marines, Port au Prince, Haiti, to 11th Regiment, U. S. Marines, Expeditionary Brigade, Nicaragua.

Capt. Edgar Thompson (MC) Det. Bd. Med. Exam., Navy Dept.; to Marine Bks., Wash., D. C.

Comdr. Robert E. Miller (Chc) Det. U. S. S. "Mercy"; to 11th Regiment of Marines, Expeditionary Brigade, Nicaragua. Ors. 29 April, 1927, to Nav. Powder Factory, Indianhead, Md., revoked.

Lt. Comdr. Theodore E. Cox (MC) Det. Marine Bks., Wash., D. C.; to Nav. Hos. Wash., D. C.

Lt. Comdr. Thomas F. Regan (CHC) Det. Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; to 1st Brigade, U. S. Marines, Port au Prince, Haiti.

Comdr. Emil H. Groth (CHC) Det. 1st Brigade, U. S. Marines, Port au Prince, Haiti; to U. S. S. Arkansas.

Lieut. William S. Bunkley (MC) Det. Marine Rcg. Sta., New Orleans, La.; to Port au Prince, Haiti.

DEATHS

BOURRET, Napoleon L., QM. Sgt., retired, died March 3, 1927, of disease at Bronxville, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Adeline H. Bourret, wife, 13 Armour Villa Avenue, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

BUCHANAN, Richard B., Capt., killed May 16, 1927, by a guerrilla band at La Paz Centro, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Marjorie Buchanan, wife, 5301 Connecticut Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

DRISCOLL, Joseph A., QM. Sgt., F. M. C. B., inactive, died March 24, 1927, of disease at Neuilly-sur-Seine, France. Next of kin: Mrs. Francis Emily Driscoll, wife, 37 Verker Rd. W. 14, London, England.

HUMBERT, Clarence B., Pvt., died May 29, 1927, of disease at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Grace Grote, mother, R. F. D. No. 1, Monaca, Pennsylvania.

JACKSON, Marvin A., Pvt., killed May 16, 1927, by a guerrilla band at La Paz Centro, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Nellie C. Everett, mother, 627 Fullerton Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

JOHNSON, Cray, Pvt. 1st Cl., accidentally drowned May 19, 1927, in Lake Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Belle Johnson, mother, Route No. 4, Box 351, Reidsville, N. C.

SHANDROW, Floyd E., Pvt., died May 14, 1927, at Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mr. Louis Shandrow, father, 2207 Glen Avenue, Pasadena, California.

SHAW, Melville J., Col., retired, died May 16, 1927, of disease at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Charles L. Grant, sister, Merchantville, N. J.

WALSH, Thomas, 1st Sgt., retired, died April 16, 1927, of disease at Boston, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Margaret Walsh, wife, 488 Main Street, Medford, Massachusetts.

WINNER, Alfred, Sgt. F. M. C. R., inactive, died May 16, 1927, of disease, at Akron, Ohio. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Levenson, sister, 31 Dundrenan Road, Glasgow, Scotland.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Operating temporarily for the Asiatic Fleet. Sailed Olongapo 10 June for Shanghai.

HENDERSON—Operating temporarily for the Asiatic Fleet. Sailed Taku Bar 8 June for Cavite.

KITTERY—Arrived Navy Yard, Norfolk, 13 June from Hampton Roads. Will leave Hampton Roads 29 June for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Cape Haitien 4 July, leave 5 July; arrive Guantanamo 6 July, leave 7 July; arrive Port-au-Prince 8 July, leave 9 July; arrive St. Thomas 12 July, leave 13 July; arrive San Juan 13 July, leave 14 July; arrive Hampton Roads 19 July.

NITRO—Sailed Honolulu 3 June for Shanghai. Due Shanghai 18 June, leave 24 June; arrive Manila 25 June, leave 3 July; arrive Guam 13 July, leave 18 July; arrive Honolulu 29 July, leave 31 July; arrive Puget Sound 8 August.

PATOKA—Sailed Port Arthur 8 June for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 15 June.

RAMAPO—At Mare Island Navy Yard for overhaul. Will leave San Francisco 1 July; arrive San Pedro 3 July, leave 6 July; arrive Gulf of Fonseca 16 July, leave 17 July; arrive Canal Zone 19 July, leave 22 July; arrive San Pedro 3 August.

SALINAS—Sailed San Pedro 31 May for Canal Zone. Due Canal Zone 12 June. Will leave Canal Zone 11 July for San Pedro.

SAPELO—Arrived Navy Yard Norfolk 22 May. Will leave Norfolk about 14 June on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 22 June, leave 25 June; arrive San Pedro 7 July, leave 11 July; arrive Canal Zone 24 July, leave 26 July; arrive Guantanamo 28 July, leave 30 July; arrive Port Arthur 4 August, leave 6 August; arrive Newport 15 August.

SIRIUS—Arrived Balboa 12 June. Will leave Canal Zone 16 June for the East Coast of the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 19 June, leave 20 June; arrive Norfolk 24 June, leave 6 July; arrive Philadelphia 7 July, leave 14 July; arrive New York 15 July, leave 25 July; arrive Boston 27 July.

VEGA—Sailed Coco Solo 11 June for San Diego. Due San Diego 23 June, leave 27 June; arrive San Pedro 27 June, leave 30 June; arrive Mare Island 30 June, leave 8 July; arrive Puget Sound 11 July. Will leave Seattle 25 July for Alaska on the following tentative itinerary: Arrive Dutch Harbor 1 August, leave 3 August; arrive St. Paul 4 August, leave 8 August; arrive St. George 8 August, leave 14 August; arrive Puget Sound 21 August.

BRAZOS—Sailed Hampton Roads 7 June for Port Arthur.

BRIDGE—At Navy Yard New York for overhaul.

ARCTIC—Arrived Balboa 8 June. 14-30 June passage to and at San Pedro, Calif.

CUYAMA—Arrived Balboa, C. Z. 7 June. 14-30 June passage to and at San Pedro, California.

KANAWHA—Sailed Balboa 9 June for San Pedro. Due San Pedro 22 June.

NECHES—Arrived Balboa 4 June. 14-30 June passage to and at San Pedro, Calif.

PECOS—Arrived Tsingtao 19 May.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

Kittery—from Hampton Roads to West Indies 29 June.

Kittery—from Hampton Roads to West Indies 10 August.

Nitro—from Manila to Puget Sound 8 July.

Ramapo—from San Pedro to Canal Zone 6 July, via Gulf of Fonseca and return to San Pedro.

Salinas—from Canal Zone to San Pedro 11 July.

Sapelo—from Norfolk to San Pedro 14 June.

Sapelo—from San Pedro to Guantanamo 11 July.

Sapelo from Guantanamo to Port Arthur 30 July.

Sapelo—from Port Arthur to Newport 6 August.

Sirius—from Norfolk to Philadelphia, New York and Boston 6 July.

Vega—from Seattle to Alaska 25 July.

RESERVE ASSIGNMENTS

The following is a list of men recently assigned to Class III, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve:

Ley, Archie W.; Taylor, Charles B.; Watson, Frank B.; Bolling, Ruben D.; Graybill, Benjamin F.; Holman, George R.; Klauber, Morris E.; Lax, Edward J.; McDermott, Henry X.; Malzewski, Harry; Morton, Morris; Thompson, James M.; Bayhl, Frederick H.; Bohn, Charles E.; Gutsdorf, Hugo W.; Spring, Lawrence E.; Brovinski, Joseph; Adams, Ralph B.; Evans, Solon P.; Ivers, Herbert C.; Plate, Alfred J.; Paul, George E.; Pryce, William D.; Talbott, George R.;



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REENLISTMENTS

Benz, Albert P., at Buffalo, 5-13-27, MB, for Parris Island.
Carley, Thomas F., at Washington, 5-14-27, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Foster, Waldo, at Washington, 5-15-27, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Jewell, Henry B., at Oklahoma City, 5-13-27, for MB., San Diego.
Petermann, Edwin A., at Milwaukee, 5-11-27, for Rctg., Chicago.
MacDonald, John C., at Shreveport, 5-12-27, for MB., San Diego.
Mason, George, at Salt Lake City, 5-9-27, for Rctg., Salt Lake City.
Cuddy, Shelby E., Jr., at Parris Island, 5-9-27, for MB., Parris Island.
Grant, Fred, at MB., Washington, 5-14-27, for MB., Washington.
Kessler, Ira L., at Denver, 4-29-27, MI, for East Coast.
Parks, Edgar I., at Portland, 4-29-27, for MB., San Diego.
Skinner, Abe L., at Denver, 4-28-27, for MB., Puget Sound.
Shepard, Millard T., at Cleveland, 5-11-27, for MB., Quantico.
McCord, Oscar P. H., at Cleveland, 5-10-27, for MB., Charleston, S. C.
Lathrop, Glenn C., at Sacramento, 5-4-27, for MB., Puget Sound.
Harris, Earl P., at Hampton Roads, 5-10-27, for MB., Hampton Roads.
Leonard, Edward J., at New York, 5-10-27, for Rctg., New York.
Fain, Evan M., at Fort Worth, 5-10-27, for MB., Quantico.
Kaufman, Israel, at Washington, 5-14-27, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Kendall, Shelby R., at New Orleans, 5-12-27, for MB., New Orleans.
Nash, George L., at Norfolk, 5-17-27, for MB., Norfolk.
Russell, Robert, at Buffalo, 5-16-27, for MB., Parris Island.
Hutchison, Paris, at Chattanooga, 5-13-27, for MB., Pensacola.
Casey, William, at Seattle, 5-10-27, for MB., Mare Island.
Nelson, John, at New York, 5-23-27, for Rctg., Philadelphia.
Dwyer, William, at Los Angeles, 5-18-27, for MB., Mare Island.
Elnechner, John M., at Quantico, 5-24-27, for MB., Quantico.
Hurst, Harry E., at Cape Haitien, 4-19-27, for MB., Cape Haitien.
Sylvester, Alfred, at Port au Prince, 5-14-27, for Const., Port au Prince.
Cole, Gordon, at Baltimore, 5-16-27, for MB., Quantico.
Schulthels, Henry F., at Baltimore, 5-19-27, for Rctg., Baltimore.
Steffen, Alexander, at Newark, 5-18-27, HR., for West Coast.
Boehler, Jake C., at Chicago, 5-16-27, for Rctg., Chicago.
Schwab, Joseph L., at Chicago, 5-16-27, for MB., Quantico.
Anderson, Frederick, at Chattanooga, 5-18-27, for MB., Norfolk.
Watson, Thomas G., at New York, 5-19-27, for MB., New York.
Kolwyck, Mathew H., at Chattanooga, 5-17-27, HR., for West Coast.
Kinsey, Gilbert R., at Seattle 5-11-27, for MB., San Diego.
Lytle, Edgar, at San Francisco, 5-13-27, for MB., Puget Sound.
Miller, George G., at Chicago, 5-23-27, HR., for Haiti.
Spellman, Harold L., at Chicago, 5-23-27, for MB., Quantico.
Aylor, Carl D., at Buffalo, 5-21-27, for MB., Parris Island.
Hughes, William R., at Washington, 5-23-27, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Small, Richard J., at Fort Worth, 5-19-27, for MB., San Diego.
Himelhan, Fred A., at Sacramento, 5-16-27, for MB., San Diego.
Hughes, Edgar M., at Los Angeles, 5-16-27, for MB., San Diego.
England, Herbert, at Parris Island, 5-17-27, for MB., Parris Island.
Ramsey, Andy C., at Washington, 5-24-27, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Arner, Harry R., at Toledo, 5-23-27, for MFF., Quantico.

Boag, James L., at San Francisco, 5-19-27, for MB., Mare Island.
Engler, Joseph F., at Baltimore, 5-26-27, for MB., Parris Island.
Oliver, Harry M., at Washington, 5-27-27, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Hershey, William C., at Kansas City, 5-23-27, for MB., San Diego.
Smith, Roy, at San Diego, 5-20-27, for MB., San Diego.
Hennessy, George H., at Mare Island, 5-16-27, for MB., Mare Island.
Doyle, Peter M., at New York, 5-28-27, HR., for West Coast.
O'Connor, Thomas P., at Washington, 6-1-27, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Weston, Harry, at San Diego, 5-26-27, for MB., San Diego.
Johnston, Chester O., at Boston, 5-24-27, for Rctg., Boston.
Anderson, Walter E., at Chicago, 5-27-27, for MB., Washington.
Gillespie, Clayton F., at San Francisco, 5-24-27, for MB., Mare Island.
Long, William F., at San Francisco, 5-25-27, for MB., San Diego.
Swanson, Donald W., at Mare Island, 5-23-27, for MB., Mare Island.
Smith, William M., at Washington, 6-4-27, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Kiszewski, Joseph T., at St. Paul, 6-3-27, for MB., San Diego.
La Chapelle, Albert, at San Francisco, 5-27-27, for Rctg., San Francisco.
Hutchinson, Merrill L., at Worcester, 5-28-27, for Rctg., Boston.
Molson, Charles D., at Cleveland, 6-2-27, HR., for West Coast.
Benoit, William J., at Hampton Roads, 5-31-27, for MB., Hampton Roads.
Van Bergen, Antipus, at Hampton Roads, 5-31-27, for MB., Hampton Roads.
Anderson, Herbert, at Washington, 6-2-27, for MB., Great Lakes.
Stephens, Arthur S., at Detroit, 6-1-27, for MB., NY, Washington.
Emery, Harry A., at Buffalo, 3-2-27, for MB., Parris Island.
Hofmann, Leonard, at Baltimore, 5-5-27, for MB., Iona Island.
Hallberg, August A., at San Francisco, 5-2-27, for MB., San Diego.
Ullman, Cyril A., at Port au Prince, 4-25-27, for MB., Port au Prince.
Ruggiero, Genaro, at Boston, 5-5-27, for MB., Quantico.
Meyer, Frederick C., at U. S. S. "Nevada," 5-5-27, for U. S. S. "Nevada."

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Corporal Ramon Partlor—Accountancy Course.
Corporal Jean E. Thomas—Civil Service General Clerical Course.
Corporal Thomas J. Chapin—Poultry Farming Course.
Private 1st Class Peter A. Krugelio—Railway Postal Clerk Course.
Private 1st Class William H. Oudin—Railway Postal Clerk Course.
Captain William N. Best—French Course.
1st Lieutenant William D. Bassett—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.
2nd Lieutenant Alen T. Hunt—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.
2nd Lieutenant Donald G. Willis—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.
2nd Lieutenant Adolph Zuber—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.
Gy. Sergeant Stanley G. Samuelson—Mathematics and Physics for Mechanical Engineering Course.
Sergeant Ernest A. Del Preter—CS General Clerical Course.
Corporal Bernard L. Hupke—Aeroplane Engines Course.
Private 1st Cl. Isaac M. Anderson—Mathematics and Physics for Civil Engineers Course.
Private 1st Cl. Carl A. Burger—Salesmanship Course.
Private 1st Cl. Charles D. Huntley—Electrical Engineering Operating Division Course.
Private James Bankler—Railway Postal Clerk Course.
Private Jack Goff—CS General Clerical Course.
Private William C. Holonia—Motorman's Course.
Private Nikolas F. Klug—Railway Postal Clerk Course.
Private Edward J. La Force—Good English Course.
Private Harry Shanker—CS General Clerical Course.

NEWS OF THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Continued

it was a very good picture, but not as good as "Tell It to the Marines."

The Marine Corps Officers' Association, Los Angeles Area, held its regular monthly dinner at The Masonic Club, on Tuesday, April 19. Several new names were added to the membership list of the association, which is growing steadily. Major E. M. Reno was the guest of the evening.

ASSIGNMENTS TO CLASS III, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE, LIMITED

Due to the depletion of the funds made available by Congress for this purpose, it is necessary to restrict assignments to Class III, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, to members of the first five pay grades (corporal and above).

MARINE WAR VETERAN RETIRES

With the navy yard band playing the Marines' Hymn, and his comrades parading in his honor, Staff Sgt. Ole L. Jespersen stepped forward and accepted his final discharge papers from Major A. D. Rorex, his commanding officer, at Philadelphia, May 16. Major Rorex complimented the sergeant upon his long and honorable service of more than thirty years, and before leaving the parade ground each of his comrades stepped forward to give him a final handshake and to wish him success in civilian life.

Sergeant Jespersen's service dates back to Spanish-American war times, when he served for a while with the Army in the Philippines. He then joined the Marine Corps, where he has served continuously, spending seven years of his time at sea, aboard the Naval vessels "Newark," "Maine," "Utah" and "Arizona." He was with the Marines at Vera Cruz in 1914, and took part in five major engagements with the 3rd Battalion of the Sixth Regt., in France.

Twenty years ago Jespersen went around the world with the fleet, and subsequent to the World War he was stationed for a while in Santo Domingo. For the last two or three years he has been post librarian at League Island. The veteran, who will be 60 years old in December, will make his home in Philadelphia.

WHAT THE EASTERN RECRUITING DIVISION HAS ACCOMPLISHED FOR THE RESERVE

By First Sgt. Edward J. Barton, Jr.,
U. S. M. C., Eastern Reserve Area

On September 1, 1926, the Major General Commandant approved of the suggestion of Headquarters, Eastern Reserve Area, that recruiters be given official credit for enrolling Reservists, in the same manner as for acceptances for the regular Marine Corps.

Prior to giving credit to recruiters for securing enrollments in the Reserve, the entire Recruiting Service, in 14 months, only averaged 28 men per month; whereas, since the recruiters have been given credit for enrollments, the Recruiting Service, in 8 months, averaged 285 enrollments per month, or an increase of 257 men per month. From this it will be seen that the idea of giving recruiters credit for enrollments is the principal reason for the Reserve being at its present strength.

The following figures show the Reservists obtained by the various Divisions since July 1, 1925, the date the Reserve was reestablished, to April 30, 1927:

Central	1156
Eastern	1051
Western	342
Southern	128
Total	2677

Strength of Reserve on	
April 30, 1927.....	5174
Strength of Reserve on	
July 1, 1925.....	470
Gain from July 1, 1925	
to April 30, 1927.....	4704
Strength of Eastern Reserve Area	
on April 30, 1927.....	2314
Strength of the three other Areas	
on April 30, 1927.....	2390

Organized Companies.	
Eastern Area	6
Central Area	1
Western Area	1
Southern Area	1

The figures tabulated below show the results in enrollments of the Districts in the Eastern Division from September 1, 1926, to May 31, 1927:

District	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	Totals
Boston	10	17	5	13	9	22	45	27	21	169
New York	21	48	30	18	26	25	41	28	57	294
Philadelphia	5	3	5	19	4	17	23	9	15	100
Baltimore	11	15	4	16	19	13	27	8	8	121
Pittsburgh	3	0	5	4	3	3	11	13	10	52
Buffalo	5	1	8	4	7	11	13	closed		49
Cleveland	10	2	2	5	9	12	30	10	18	98
Totals	65	86	59	79	77	103	190	95	129	883

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THREE LETTERS

CHINESE

This letter was received by the post exchange officer, Peking, China.

To the Headmaster,
American Barrack Co.
Sir:

Jiu Lung Fire-Work Shop,
Liu Li Chang, Peking,
June 27, 1927.

I have the honor to inform you that on each anniversary of your honorable country that is the fourth day of July, you order same kind of fire-works in our shop to make the said day much more happy and amusement.

At present the said day is near at hand, please give us an earlier reply order, we shall give you same satisfactory amusement as you wish.

As you are our good customer we should reduce the price very reasonable. Please give us an earlier answer as soon as possible.

I am your obedient,

JIU LUNG FIRE-WORK SHOP.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

This letter was received from a mail clerk who had been ordered to report for pistol instruction when the Marines were on mail guard duty.

Richland, Pa.
Jan. 11, 1927.

Mr. J. D. Hardy, C. C.

Sir in regard to revolver instruction and practice please do not call on us Peiffer and Weaver the week of Jan. 17-18-19 as we had planned already to; for some eatables to prepare Reasons to make country sausage. And oblige.

GEORGE W. PEIFFER.

PURE AMERICAN

From the Riverside Garage, Elkton, Va., came the following letter:

Quantico Flying Field,
Quantico, Va.
Dear Sirs:

RIVERSIDE GARAGE,
H. V. Longley, Prop.,
Service Day and Night.
Elkton, Virginia.

I use a airplane every year, to hall passengers. The one we had last year was from Winchester, Va. What was called the R. M. Transport Co., and he wrecked his plane shortly after he left our field. and his was only a three passenger plane and we want a larger one this year. and all we want is to get advertising out of it we do not want any of your profit. Only \$10.00 for the use of the field and the man we had last year taking in about \$600 in four hours. and if you do not hall passengers send this to the men that does it, and tell him to write me and I will tell him all of the particulars. I am yours truly,

RIVERSIDE GARAGE.

WHEN THE MARINE CORPS ADOPTS TELEVISION

By C. G.

Lieutenant Markus:—"Hello, is this Colonel Strong? This is Lieutenant Markus speaking. Sir, Lieutenant Markus requests that permission be—"

Colonel Strong: "Young man, get your feet off that desk and stand at attention when you are speaking to me."

Marine at telephone: "I am so sorry that I cannot get out to see you tonight. I am on guard."

Sweet Young Flapper: "On guard are you? Those three aces and two jacks that you have in your hand ought to put the other players on their guard."

Time, Saturday morning. Scene, Commanding Officer's Office with C. O. sitting at his desk. He picks up the telephone. Inspection has begun.

"Operator connect me with squadroom number 1. Look at those cobwebs up there in that corner. Corporal May, get those magazines out from under your pillow. This room is not very well policed this morning." And thus the inspection goes with the inspecting officer never having to leave his office.

Time, any morning. Place, sick bay. The doctor with his feet comfortably propped upon the desk hears the telephone ring and picking up the receiver sees the music blowing sick call. The lame and lazy do not now have to bestir themselves from their rooms. They merely go to the phone.

The doctor: "A, ha, Private Pete, you do look a little pale just below the ears. A few doses of quinine and a good helping of Brown's Mixture ought to fix you up right. So there's Corporal Jones back again today. Your ankles are a little weak, I believe, Brown's Mixture and quinine for you. Next, I see that Private Buck has a black eye. Take a few quinine tablets and a half glass of Brown's Mixture as the H. A. passes through the room."

No longer will a poor, struggling O. D. have to search all the lumber piles of a Navy Yard at two o'clock in the morning for some mischievous sentry who is just keeping out of sight and leading the said O. D. a merry chase. All that will be necessary will be to place a few telephones on high poles about the yard and the sentry can be located in an instant. A very desirable state of affairs may some-

times be reached when O. D. inspections can be eliminated. The O. D. will be able to see the entire status of affairs about the reservation through the telephone beside his bed.

When The Corps adopts television, war should lose many of its terrors. No more scouting and patrolling. No more worrying about what the enemy is doing. A few telephones scattered out in no man's land will make everything clear to P. C. The whole action of the enemy and the result of our own fire can be very easily determined from these telephones ingeniously placed.

In case of war with a foreign power the Navy's telephone ships would stretch a row of telephones up and down the Atlantic or the Pacific. The whole movement of the enemy would be disclosed to the C. in C. sitting comfortably in Washington.

Hurrah for Television!

△ MY BUNKIE △

Who was it wore my khaki and my Blues
Peddled my socks and stole my shoes,
And spent his money all for Booze?

MY BUNKIE



Who threw burnt matches on the floor
And cigarette stubs by the score.
And kept me awake when he would snore?

MY BUNKIE.

Who, when taps had gone and every light
Had been extinguished for the night,
Dropped his shoes with all his might?

MY BUNKIE.



Who next morning was feeling mean,
Mixed up a dose in his canteen,
Of my bay rum, and listerene?

MY-BUNKIE.

I saw you, my Pal of Old,
Your grip was firm and never cold,
You had a heart of Purest Gold.

MY BUNKIE



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THE FALL AND RISE OF "SKEETER BILL"

Continued from page 3

over his shoulder at the approaching giraffe, then turned.

"Yeh, mount 'em!" he snapped. "Mount 'em. I want t' put my feet in where th' hands usually goes. Land o' git out, I got t' have stilts for this job—an' I'm rarin' to go! That there gi-raffe ain't waitin' none!"

"Busted boulders!" gasped Poudre River. "I catch yore drift. Hey, fellers, help him up!"

The giraffe was a block away. High in the air went Skeeter Bill, raised by the hands of a half dozen punchers. Into the spaces usually reserved for "Crip's" hands went the bull-dogger's feet, while his sun-browned hands turned white as they fastened themselves about the shoulder braces of the supports of "Crip." From back in the pavilion came the slight sound of an astonished gasp. It was either Fidgity Ann or Crip Hinkle—Skeeter Bill paused not to learn. A hundred yards away was that giraffe, and coming faster every second. Skeeter Bill tried a step forward. The crutches worked. He turned an excited face toward his helpers.

"All right. Lemme go, I'll walk 'em!" he shouted. Then, running forward on his crutch stilts, he swerved into the middle of the street, and began to peg along as fast as his wobbling supports would allow him, his head crooked over his shoulders, his muscles tensioned for the leap that must come just at the proper moment, his whole being rigid as steel, yet flexible as rubber.

"Lord, he's high!" he gasped as the giraffe came nearer and Skeeter stared at the upraised head. "That ain't no neck—hit's a chimby! But mebbe I'll make it, mebbe I'll—"

Just then a spotted form flashed by him—and Skeeter leaped. His feet cleared the interstices of the crutches, in spite of the crackling that told of the breaking of a handle under the pressure of the bound. His form shot into the air. His arms outstretched, groping, waving—then clutched about the tiny horns of the giraffe. A moment he whirled madly, waved about by a sort of animal crack-the-whip as the giraffe spun about in the street. Then with a quick swing Skeeter Bill raised his long legs and snapped them about the animal's neck.

"Ride 'im, cowboy!" It was the high-pitched voice of Poudre River, running along the sidewalk. "Ride 'im! Ride 'im!"

"Sera-a-a-a-tch 'im!" From here, there, everywhere, were coming the calls of the cow-punchers, the calls that they shouted in the excitement of a bucking horse contest, the calls of confidence, of comradeship. Skeeter Bill jerked an arm quickly from the vicinity of the mad-dened animal's teeth, and wrapped his legs tighter than ever.

"Shore got a lot o' wind t' shut off in that there chimby neck!" he grunted, as he clamped his scissors hold a trifle harder. "But I'll lay y' low—I'll lay y' low!"

Already the giraffe's plunging progress had slackened. It was stumbling now—and its long neck had begun to sag with the strain of the cow-punch-

er's weight. Again from the street came the calls, and then one from far away—from the steps of the pavilion: "Hang-g-g-g to hit, hang-g-g-g-g to hit!"

Fidgity Ann! Skeeter's legs tightened like a vise. A strangling cough came from the throat of the sagging giraffe. Slower and slower became his steps. Then slowly, gently, his knees doubled and he sank to the pavement. But Skeeter did not loose his hold.

"Git somepin' t' tie them feet with!" he shouted. "I got 'im—I got 'im where he stood—rustle up boys—rustle up, I'm chokin' 'im plum terrific!"

But already a cowboy had loosed his belt and was fastening it about the faintly kicking hind legs of the giraffe. Another was added to the first, while volunteers sat on the front legs until quirts and rawhides could be spun about them. Then slowly Skeeter Bill released his grip, allowed the weakened animal to breathe again, rose—and with a horrible apprehension, grasped for the region of his hip pocket.

But all was safe. More, the little circus man was sidling to him and unrolling the outer casing from a chunk of bills. Skeeter reached forward and wrapped a long arm about the animal owner's neck.

"Podner," he said, "put 'er away. But ef you ain't busy I'd like to kind of chew the fat a minute."

It was twenty minutes later that Skeeter Bill clattered a pair of crutches before the seething "Crip" Hinkle in the cosy corner of the dance pavilion.

"Here's them stilts, hero," he announced. "One of 'em's busted up some, but considerin' everythin', they done noble. Where's Fidgity Ann—?"

"Crip" Hinkle opened his lips—but the shouting voice of the man at the fiddle intervened.

"Ladies-s-s' choice! Choose yo' podners!"

"Skeeter!" It was a voice at his elbow. Skeeter Bill stared loftily down into the eyes of Fidgity Ann.

"To whom are you referrin' to?" he asked stiltedly. But Fidgity Ann only smiled.

"You know!" "I guess mebbe I could git along without my crutches, onct," volunteered "Crip" Hinkle from his cosy corner. "I reckon ef I kin bull-dog a steer, I kin sling a foot—"

"Was you speakin' to me, Skeeter?" asked Fidgity Ann, oblivious of the interruption from the cosy corner. Skeeter scratched his chin.

"I was jest about to say I was plum sorry," answered Skeeter. "You see, I've got t' go over to th' circus. They're awardin' me a volynteer prize, as the champeen gi-raffe-dogger of the world an'—"

"But," and Fidgity Ann's hand wormed under his arm, "can't that there wait till after this here dance? Then I'll go over with you. Now can't it, Skeeter?"

Skeeter Bill dug a rowelled boot into the candle-waxed dance floor.

"Uh-huh!" came softly.
For divine is the way of forgiveness!

THE LUCK OF SUNLOVER

Continued

cotton, an' skeered to take de middle whar he kin pull fast. He jest obleeged to hug dem bushes an' hide as he goes along."

"That's so," assented Buck.

Sam had unhitched the constable's horse; and boosted him into the saddle. "Ride swif', Mister Buck. I'll take de nigh cut."

Buck loped off with Terror behind him, and Sunlover vanished into the woods path.

The constable had hardly got off his horse at Morgan's Ferry before Sam flitted out of the woods like a bat. "He ain't gone by, is he?"

The constable shook his head.

A lamp in the shanty-boat window shot a wavering shaft across the river. Old Man Nelse, the barefoot ferryman, was bailing out his best skiff. "Here, Jake," Buck ordered a half grown negro boy, "paddle across in your dugout; tell Mr. Dill McKay to watch the banks. That fellow might get away."

Sam wasn't so enthusiastic about this arrangement. He wanted to scare Snake-Eye into dropping the cotton, but had no curiosity whatever to hear Snake-Eye's remarks if captured. He saw Jake go up the farther bank, saw two white men follow him back nearly to the river and stop in the shadows. Presently he saw two horses being brought out.

"Huh," Sam grumbled, "white folks can't never do nothin' widout dey overdo it."

When old man Nelse hobbled into the shanty-boat for a better pair of oars, Buck Hines suggested, "Sam, ain't now a mighty good time to gimme that four seventy-five?"

"Sho is, Mister Buck; I been huntin' fer you all day." Sam opened his purse and took out the same tightly wadded bill which Snake-Eye had given him an hour before. "Gimme two bits, Mister Buck, an' dat makes us square."

By the light of a lantern Buck examined the bill. "Where did you get it; out of a gin, or a butcher shop? Corner tore off and—is this a blood spot?"

"No suh, I reckon dat's red ink."

"It's good all right; here's your change. Now I'm going to help you some, and catch that cotton thief. The law is for everybody, you know."

"Yas suh, de law is fer ev'ybody." Sam had just got his dose.

While they were watching old Nelse make the skiff ready, Buck Hines remarked, "Sam, I reckon your boss would be glad to come across with twenty bones if I break up this cotton stealing?"

"He sho would. I hear Mr. Will say he give a hundred dollars to ketch dem fellers. I wants my cotton, dat's all I'm after."

The constable rose. "Come on," he said; "you and Nelse take the oars—pull slow up the river. Muffle 'em first. Jake, run tell Mr. Henry Walters to come here quick, with a shot gun."

In a few moments Jake returned with a young white man who carried a shot gun. After a word or two, Henry Wal-

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ters sat down on the box from which Buck Hines had risen. "All right, Buck, I'll send for my horse."

With both sides of the river guarded by men with shot guns, the net was drawing pretty tight around Snake-Eye, and Sam began to wish he hadn't started it. Snake-Eye would be sure to say something awkward. Buck Hines stationed Terror in the prow of the Skiff, and Nelse took up the stroke oar. Buck sat in the stern with a long bright pistol lying across his lap. "Shove her off, Sam, and get in."

It came Sam's turn to speak up. "Mister Buck, I wuz jes studyin' 'bout dis. Jake kin pull a heap mo' better dan what I kin. 'Sposin' I sneaks along de bank an' cut dat feller off ef he try to land on dis side."

"Good—get in, Jake."

The skiff pushed its slow way up stream. Sam followed the bank. Where the ground was open he pushed forward more rapidly. Presently he cut across a bend, lost the skiff altogether and stopped in a clump of trees to listen. He kept listening and kept hoping he wouldn't hear anything. A shot came from the far side; men began to yell. Out of the shadows Sam saw Snake-Eye pulling like mad. A quarter of a mile below, Buck Hines shouted. His boat appeared in open water with Buck standing erect in the stern. Nelse and Jake lay back sturdily on their oars. The slumbering river waked with shots and yells, and the creak of muffled oars. Those two men on the opposite bank kept firing deliberately. Snake-Eye pulled straight away from them, holding the sacks of cotton as a breastwork.

"Lawd Gawd! he's gwine to lan' right here," said Sam, and threw himself flat on the ground almost at the instant when Snake-Eye's skiff buried her nose in the soft mud. Snake-Eye sprang out and came bounding up the bank. Sam hugged the dirt mighty close as that infuriated man rushed past, muttering and cursing. His eyes blazed; Sam could see them distinctly. One instant Snake-Eye halted at the margin of shadow, then ran crouching behind a fence. Sam watched him intently; the fugitive headed towards old man Sandy Adams' house, with the evident purpose of turning his pursuers' flank and gaining the river. There he could steal another skiff and seek his safety in the town below.

Sam waited until Snake-Eye got a good long start, then ran down to the skiff, jumped in and began to shout, "Don't shoot no mo! It's me! Sam! I got de cotton!"

Buck's skiff came hissing through the water; the constable bounded ashore, crying, "Which way did he go?"

"Went dat away—" pointing towards a little church in the opposite direction from that taken by Snake-Eye.

"What sort o' lookin' man was he?"

"Lordee, Mister Buck, dat man pass here swif' as er speerit."

"White or black?"

"Dunno, suh."

"Terror will strike his trail directly; you pull down to the ferry—quick; send my horse, and Mr. Walters."

Sam burnt no daylight. Before Mr. Walters galloped off with the constable's horse, Sam had already roused a negro friend and begun hooking mules to a wagon. Every time those wheels turned

over on their way to the gin he felt just that much easier in mind. The other negro cocked up his ears—"What's dat?" Sam knew what it was—the hoarse bay of a bloodhound—Terror had struck the trail; Sam gave the mules a nervous rap and the wagon clattered on.

It was nearly half past ten when Sam strolled into the store. "Mister Will, I done hauled six sacks 'o dat cotton to de gin."

The boss looked up from his desk. "What are you in such a hurry about?"

"Well, you see, Mister Will, some-body stole dat cotton an' was gwine down de ribber in a skiff. I headed 'im off at Morgan's Ferry an' tuk it away from 'im. Den, bein's as I wuz right on de straight road, I jes dropped it at de gin."

"What?" The planter sprang up. Sam told it all over again—with embellishments.

"And the fellow got away, did he?" "I couldn't take keer o' him an' de cotton bofe; an' I sho worn't gwine to let you be disapp'inted 'bout startin' up de gin wid dat cotton fust thing Monday mornin'."

The boss laughed. "Could you tell who the fellow was?"

"No, suh; I can't say egzackly dat I knowed his favor."

"White or black?"

"Tell you de troof, Mister Will, it war so dark under dem trees a white man look jes same as er nigger."

"Did anybody help you?"

"Mister Buck Hines, he come 'long an' done some."

Negroes crowded in to listen. The boss gave Sam a good cigar; Sam settled himself upon a cracker-box, and embroidered his adventures. Suddenly he stopped, hummed and hawed in the midst of a peroration. Mr. Henry Walters had flung himself from a horse and came in shouting, "Oh, Will, they've caught your cotton thief. It's that peddler, Joe Turkey. Joe told Buck Hines—but we better go back in the office and talk." Mr. Walters gave Sam a mighty queer look as he led Mr. Will into the private office. Sam watched the door, and just as he expected, the boss stuck out his head and said, "Come here, Sam."

All of those negroes were eyeing him, and Sam started off with the swagger becoming a popular hero. His bravado dribbled as he got nearer and nearer to the door; then he slunk through like a suck-egg dog. Mr. Will slammed the door and spoke mighty short: "Joe Turkey says you sold him that cotton—" Sam staggered against the desk; Mr. Walters nudged the boss and whispered something in his ear—which kept the boss from mentioning the torn and stained five dollar bill that Joe Turkey insisted he had given to Sunlover for the cotton. "Sam," the boss continued, "I don't believe a word of it—these rascals always say that. You stay around the store until Mr. Hines gets here with Joe Turkey."

"Maybe Buck won't come to-night," suggested Walters. "I think he went to town with the prisoner."

"Sit down, Sam, we'll wait a little while and see."

Sunlover spent a fidgety half hour listening to every mule that plodded along the road, sick with the fear that Buck Hines might come. Presently the

boss rose. "Well, Henry, it's after eleven. There's no use waiting any longer for Buck. Sam, you come back in the morning at nine o'clock."

"Yas sub," Sam edged to the door, poked out his head and jerked back with a gasp. Buck Hines himself came striding down the middle of the store, with Terror parting that crowd of negroes as a plow turns the black soil.

"Hello, Buck, we thought you were going to town."

"I was, Mr. Will, but I caught up with some fellows and they took charge of my prisoner."

Whenever Buck Hines had patriotically performed his sacred duty—thereby benefitting a private citizen—he believed in catching that citizen during the first flush of gratitude. Buck never figured on losing anything by letting the other fellow cool off. The five of them—including Terror—went back into the private office. Mr. Will locked the door, and faced the constable. "Buck, I understand Joe Turkey told you that Sam sold him my cotton?"

"—And paid for it with a ragged five dollar bill that had a smudge of red ink," Henry Walters added.

"Yes, sir, that is Joe Turkey's statement."

Sunlover took the blind staggers and grabbed for a chair. Terror sniffed at Sunlover's breeches and looked mighty wise. Sam glanced appealingly to the constable; Buck never batted an eye.

Mr. Will talked like a man who meant what he said. "Buck, I don't believe there's a single one of my tenants who would sell cotton that belongs to me; but for the sake of other planters I want you to satisfy yourself. What is your duty?"

"Here's Sam, let's search him," Buck suggested promptly. "If he's got that five dollar bill, it's a cinch. Turn out your pockets, Sam." Sunlover handed Buck his purse, which contained five silver dollars, and one silver quarter. Buck knew exactly where Sam got that quarter. "Sam, where did you get them five dollars?"

"I gave them to him," answered Mr. Will, "and I'm going to give him another five. There wasn't a cent in that cotton for him, and he took a lot of trouble to save it. Search him. Yes, go on and search him. Make a good job!"

Buck searched the negro thoroughly, and announced himself as satisfied. "I was satisfied from the start," said Mr. Will. "Now, Buck, you've done your duty and here's a twenty for you. It's worth that much to break up cotton-stealing in the neighborhood. I'm glad to give it to you."

Buck Hines walked out with an imperceptible twitching about the lips which warned Sunlover not to speak about constable's costs nor about a five dollar bill with a torn corner. The blood-hound followed him, which lifted another tombstone off the mirth of Sunlover Sam. Sunlover exploded in a laugh which rattled the windows—the high-pitched, hysterical laugh of a man who has nearly broken down. "Mister Will," he gasped, "I sho wuz in er tight fix 'bout gittin' dat cotton fer de gin. Had to have a head full o' genuwine brains; sawdus' wouldn't do in no sech case as dat."

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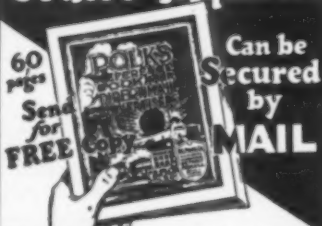
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THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL

Continued

ble. But now, being ill and perhaps near to death, he told it to me. Think, Ana! Gold—more gold than even the Governor and all his officers will ever have. And jewels, for you, my Ana."

Ana Maria was staring at Juan in dazed disbelief. He smiled reassuringly and went on speaking.

"It is the truth, Ana. Tonight I shall go to the place where it is hidden. I must work alone, or someone might tell the Governor and I should be put in the jail. Tomorrow you shall see. Then we shall get ready for a great fandango—and our wedding."

Ana Maria nodded breathlessly, as he made his way to the door. If there was a sound as of someone rapidly retreating from the pathway, she did not hear it, and Juan gave no sign. When he reached the roadway there was no one to be seen but a few tired Chamorros, slouching along in their crude, dusty sandals.

The moon rode high in the heavens when Juan reached the fork in the road that led to Tuson Beach. Once he stopped to rest. Though he did not turn, he fancied he heard a faint crackling on the path behind. He smiled strangely as he resumed his journey.

Finally, after leaving the road, he stopped before a rotting ipil tree, which lay at full length upon the ground. From behind the log Juan produced a spade, its surface fresh with earth. Then with infinite care he knelt and crawled toward a mass of branches piled together at one spot. He drew these back gingerly.

Under the rays of the moon yawned a rectangular pit, unpleasantly suggestive of an open grave. As a twig snapped some distance to the rear, Juan knelt and peered into the pit as if in search of something. Then he stood up and glanced around uncertainly. Muttering to himself, he walked back to the log and stood there, irresolute. At last, with an irritated curse, he started back along the path he had used. For several minutes he proceeded, with no attempt to reduce the sound of his progress. Then he halted and looked back. There was no one following him. Slowly he retraced his steps, this time moving with utmost care.

At one side of the pit stood Pedro, his heavy body bent far over as he gazed eagerly into the aperture. For a second a drifting cloud cast a shadow upon the ground. Then the cloud passed and the moon shone squarely into the pit. Pedro hesitated no longer. With a quick motion he removed his coat, folded it carefully, and placed it near the edge of the hole. Beneath the coat was revealed a long machete, which Pedro also laid upon the ground, after a glance along the path Juan had taken. Then, spade in hand, he lowered himself into the pit and began to dig.

Once he stopped abruptly and gave an uneasy glance about him. An iguana, darting from beneath the fallen log, flashed by a few inches from his head. He shivered, though his labor had sent perspiration in beads to his swarthy face.

He returned to his work with a sudden fierceness, as though in an overpowering desire to be gone from that cheerless spot.

The top of the pit was now at his shoulder. As he thrust his spade into the ground, the hard surface seemed to yield slightly. He placed his foot upon the spade and threw his weight against it. Almost instantly there came an ominous crackling and the earth trembled beneath him.

With a cry, he leaped backward. Before him was opening a dark fissure . . . strangely without further effort on his part. Clawing frenziedly at the sides of the pit, he sought to force himself upward from the fearsome abyss that slowly gaped before his terrified eyes.

The spade, dropping from his nerveless hands, plunged downward and was gone!

There was a dull, rending crash . . . then a sobbing scream which fell away with startling swiftness and ceased abruptly . . .

Juan, cautiously crawling to the edge of the pit, rested his shaking hands on the coat that had been Pedro's, while he stared with awestricken eyes into the Devil's Punchbowl.

As he watched, a bat winged its way through the moonlight that filtered through the ragged opening into the black void below.

Late on Saturday afternoon Captain Sinton returned from Tuson Beach. Juan, impassive of face, stood in his accustomed position at the door of the serving pantry, while the officer seated himself at the table.

"This Devil's Punchbowl is a sinister place," he said in reply to a question from Blake. "Sinister and yet fascinating. There was one thing that puzzled me—and I can't figure it out yet. Well back from the entrance I came across a rectangular hole, dug right through the roof of the cavern. I wonder how it came there?"

Blake glanced around at the other officers, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Guam is full of queer things," he said calmly. "But you can bet this—no Chamorro had anything to do with it."

"Speaking of Chamorros," observed the Mess Treasurer, "reminds me that I'll have to get someone for Juan's place; he's saved so much money he's quitting us to get married."

"Married?" repeated Captain Sinton, in surprise. "I thought the rival from Manila had dashed his hopes." He turned to the headboy. "Juan, what happened to the other fellow?"

Juan smiled politely.

"He not around any more, sir," he replied in his choppy English. He raised his slim shoulders in a gesture of indifference. "Maybe Tatamona get him," he added serenely.

But Captain Sinton did not hear him. He was thinking of the cery cavern he had seen through that peculiar, grave-like hole.

THE ISLAND OF GUAM Continued

Recommendations of leasing Government land.

Collection of delinquent taxes.

Serving of summons for all Courts of Guam.

Collection of all fines and court costs, adjudged by the Courts of Guam.

Collection of Surveyor's fees.

Enforcement of encroachment on property by animals.

Capture of all stray animals within the city limits.

Capture of all animals who stray on highways or are tied so as to obstruct traffic.

Enforce the law against cruelty to animals.

To determine what Bulls are fit for breeding purposes and castrate all others.

To see that all Bulls for breeding purposes are registered.

To see that all Cattle and Horses are registered.

To see that no merchant extends credit to a minor except by specific authority of the Head of Police Department.

To see that every person, firm or corporation conducting business, selling or trading obtain a license.

To serve and execute all criminal processes of the courts of Guam.

To pursue and arrest all suspicious persons.

To investigate all cases before the Courts of Guam can try them.

To enforce the fishing laws of Guam.

To see that all houses in Guam are numbered.

To stop all Processions and Demonstrations without a permit.

To make sanitary inspections.

To see that all Tuba trees are licensed.

To inspect scales, weights, measures.

To enforce the game laws.

To enforce the Forestry laws.

To see that all Fore Arms are licensed.

To see that all Natives have a Certificate of Identification.

To enforce the Liquor laws.

To prohibit the wearing of uniform by unauthorized persons.

To prevent the taking of pictures in unauthorized places.

General supervision over Pool Rooms.

To collect school fines.

To enforce the Traffic laws.

General supervision over Guam Militia.

To attempt to enumerate or dilate upon the various duties and exploits of the Insular Patrol Department, and the results obtained, would, perhaps, be boresome, and unwarranted vain-gloryousness on the part of the Insular Patrol Department. Suffice it to say that the aim of the Insular Patrol is to conscientiously perform its duties in accordance with existing orders and laws; secure in the belief that a thorough, impartial, conscientious and consistent performance of its duty is for the best interests of all the residents of the Island.

Our desire is to merit and maintain the respect and confidence of the good citizens of Guam—we trust that one and all will take this into consideration, and meet us half way in our efforts.

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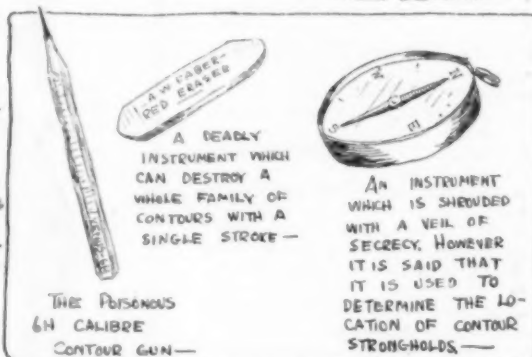
CONTEST CLOSING AUGUST 10, 1927.

THE UNSUNG SAGA OF THE CONTOUR CHASERS

—A BURLESQUE OF A VERY SERIOUS MATTER—Apologies to all Topographers—
—BY FELLOWES—

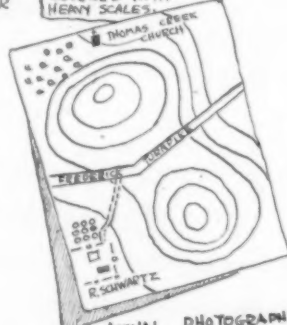
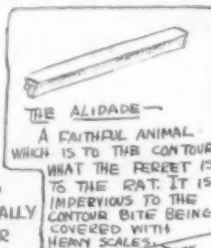


IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN THAT THERE EXISTS IN THE MARINE CORPS A SMALL BAND OF BRAWNY AND FEARLESS MEN WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO TRACK THE DEADLY CONTOUR TO ITS NEST, AND THERE, IN HAND TO HAND CONFLICT, REDUCE THE FURIOUS FAMILY TO SUBMISSION. NO MILITARY OPERATION CAN BE SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT UNTIL THE COMMANDER IS ASSURED THAT ALL CONTOURS IN THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS HAVE BEEN SUBDUED.
—(ARTIST'S NOTE)—



LETHAL WEAPONS USED BY CONTOUR HUNTERS.

AN INTREPID CONTOUR HUNTER WHO, AFTER WEEKS OF WEARY AND HEARTBREAKING STALKING, HAS FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN TRACKING A CONTOUR TO ITS LAIR.—



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEST OF DEADLY CONTOURS FOUND NEAR GETTYSBURG, PA. (Note the famous expression of the one in the foreground).

XX GARPOSTY!
CUR-R-RES!



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A PECULIAR FEATURE OF CONTOUR STALKING IS THAT IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO CATCH THEM IN THE RAIN, EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE VISIBLE, DUE TO THE DELETERIOUS EFFECT OF RAINWATER ON THE WEAPONS USED IN THE HUNT. THIS IS THE SAD PICTURE OF AN INFURIATED HUNTER BEING MOCKED BY HIS QUARRY. THE HILLS IN THE DISTANCE ARE INFESTED WITH CONTOURS.

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LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY, Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station.
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NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, Marine Barracks, Naval Torpedo Station.
NEW YORK, N. Y., Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
NORFOLK, VA., Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, Marine Barracks.
PENSACOLA, FLA., Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
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